



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

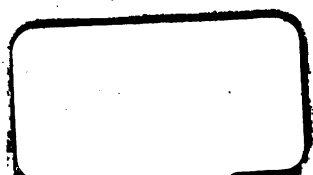
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

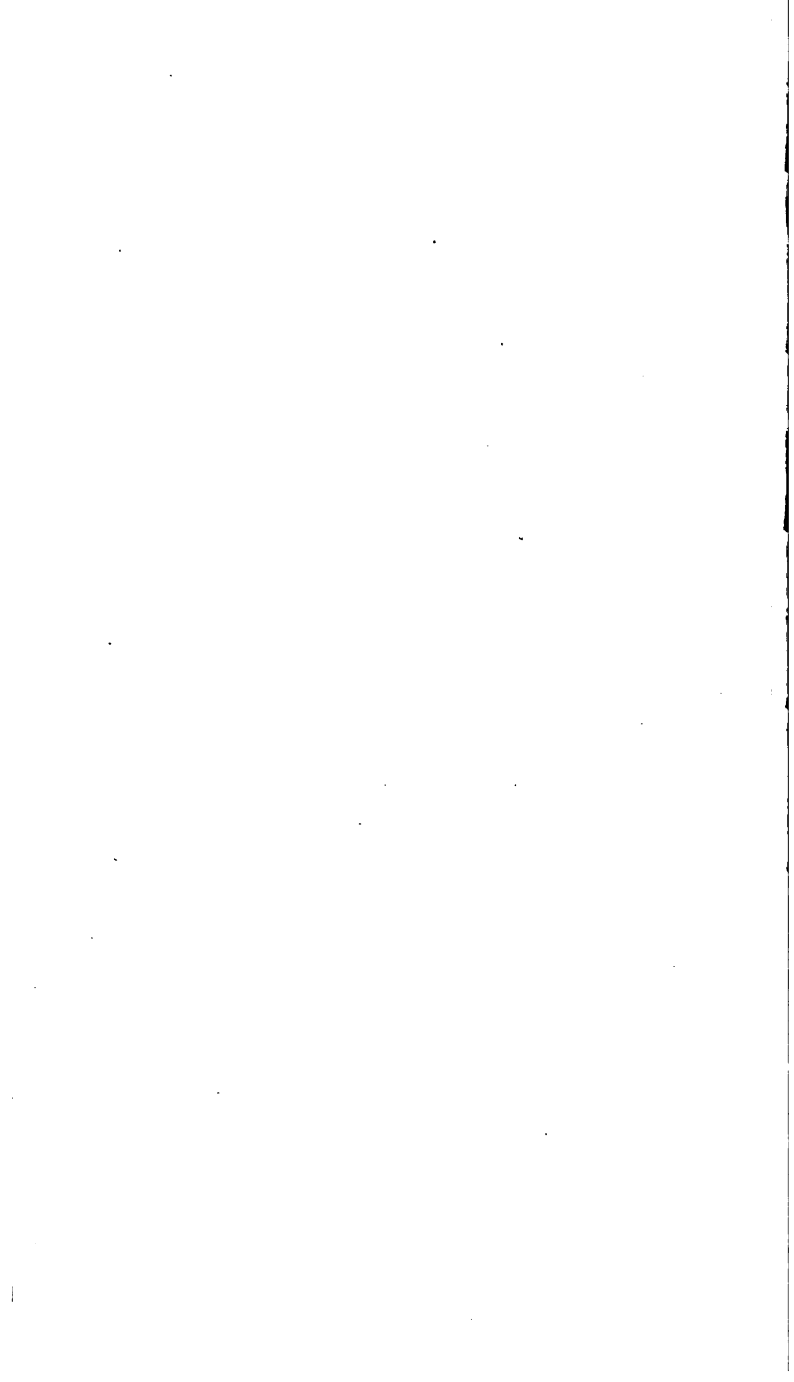


3 3433 08248343 3



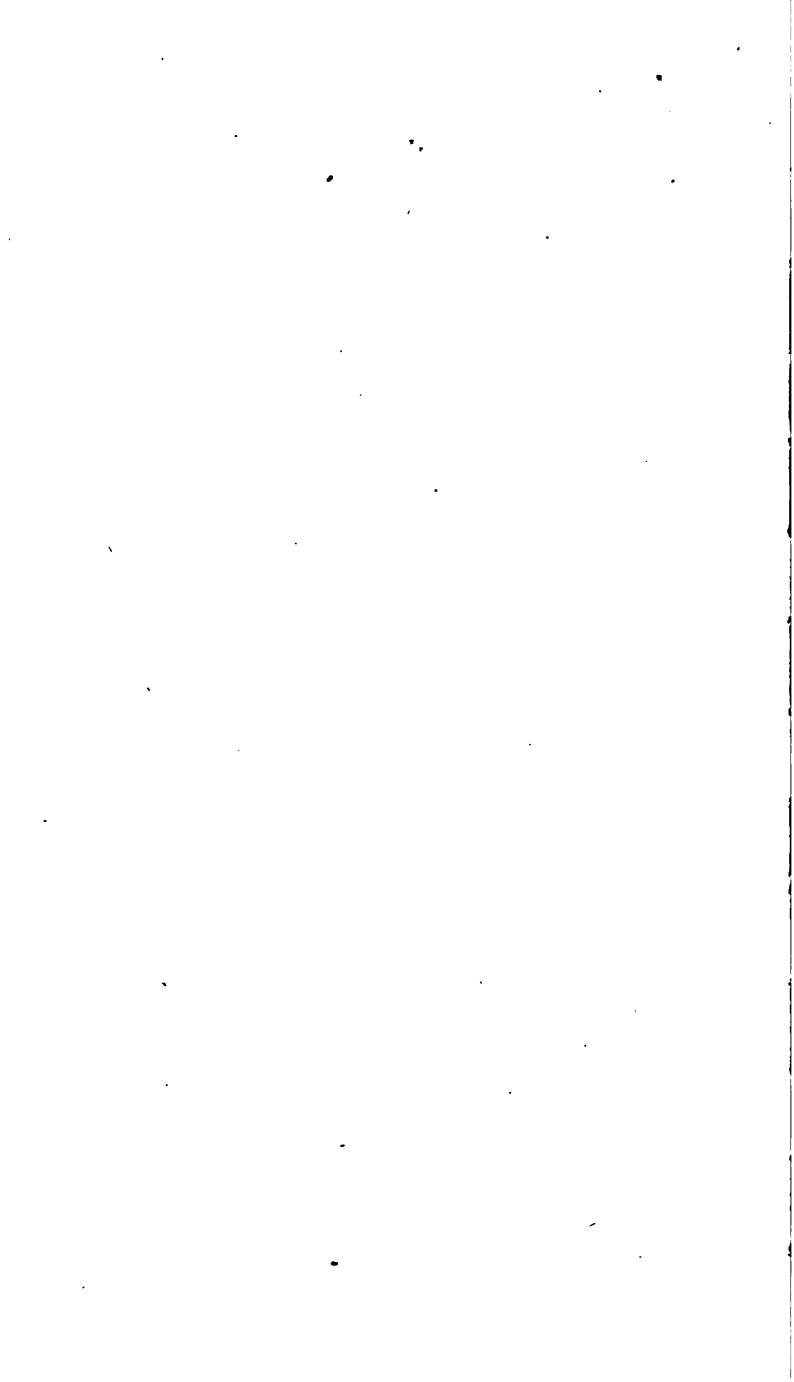
THE

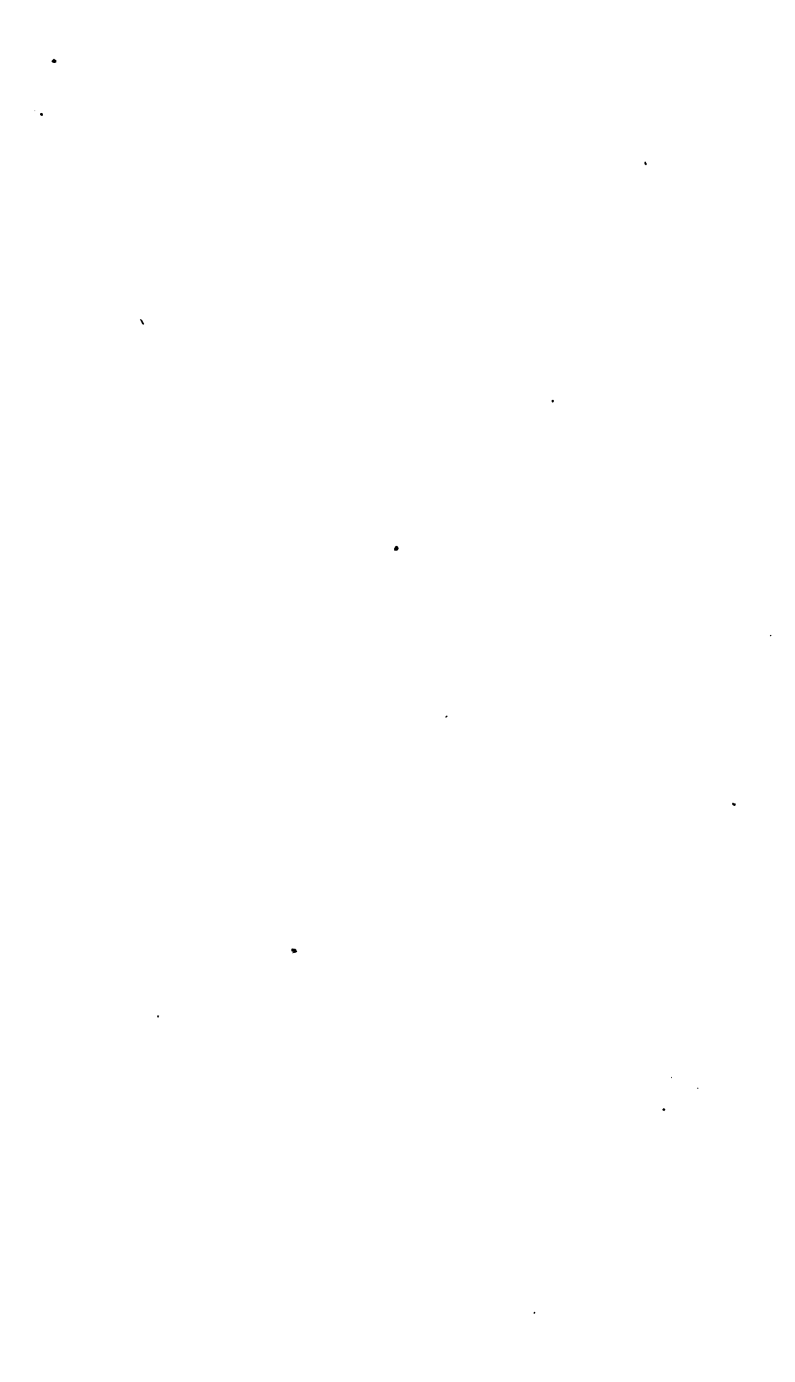
EVZ

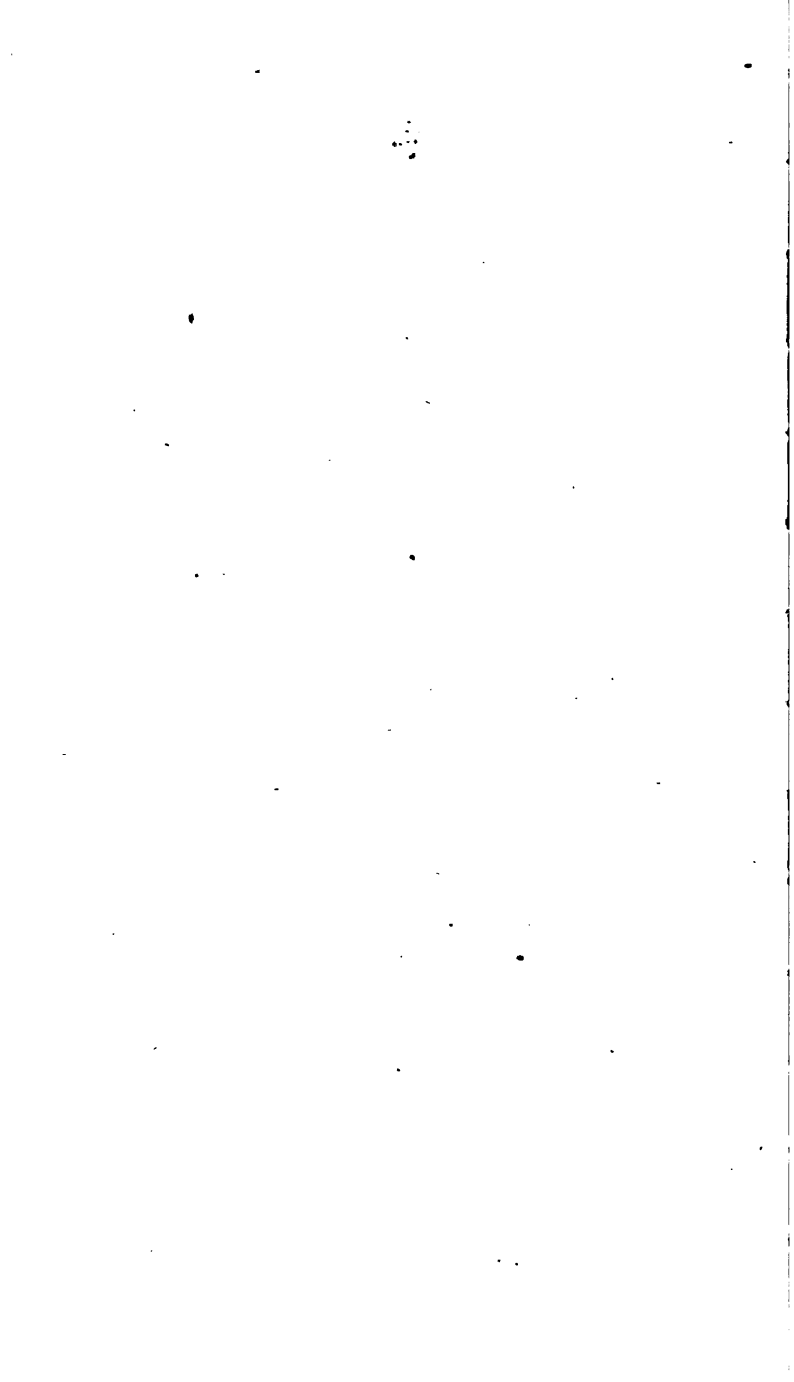




~~470~~
Bv2:
~~1030~~











QUEEN OF GREECE.

LITH. OF G. & W. KNOX.

THE
GREECE

OF

THE GREEKS:

BY

G. A. PERDICARIS, A.M.

LATE

Consul of the United States at Athens.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

The Deity has chosen to follow these clues; but I am not surprised thereby, for I know that Destiny is ever striving to produce something new, and to make the weak as well as the strong by the power of its agents."

LAUSANNE.

NEW-YORK:

GALT & BURGESS, 62 JOHN STREET.

1844.





THE

G R E E C E

OF

T H E G R E E K S :

BY

G. A. PERDICARIS, A.M.

L A T E

Consul of the United States at Athens.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"The Deity has changed to nothing these cities; but I am not surprised thereby, for I know that Destiny is ever striving to produce something new, and changes the weak as well as the strong by the power of Necessity."

PAUSANIAS.

N E W - Y O R K :

P A I N E & B U R G E S S , 6 2 J O H N S T R E E T .

1 8 4 5 .

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1845,

BY G. A. PERDIGANIS, A.M.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of N. York.



NAMES OF TOWNS

1. Corinth.
2. Napoli.
3. Argos.
4. Tripolitza.
5. Carylena.
6. Kalyvia.
7. Sparta.
8. Gythium.
9. Arcopolis.
10. Limani.
11. Kiritas.
12. Kalamae.
13. Messene.
14. Nesti.
15. Navarino.
16. Mithone.
17. Arcadia.
18. Phigalia.
19. Olympia.
20. Pyrgos.
21. Elis.
22. Manoladis.
23. Patras.
24. Aegium.
25. Kalavryta.
26. Akrala.
27. Vocho.



INTRODUCTORY.

BEFORE we cross the Isthmus, let us take in brief review some of the more prominent events which commenced with the conquest of the Peloponnesus by the followers of Mahomet, and which preceded their expulsion.

The power of the Venetians, whose castles and fortifications crown the hills, and girt the shores of the peninsula, gave way before the Turks, who, after the capture of Palamedia and Napoli, in 1715, established themselves as lords paramount in the Morea.

But while one conqueror was driven out of the land by another, the original inhabitants, and with them the still few remaining embers of liberty, yet lingered in the glens, and still glimmered on the mountain tops of Arcadia, of Achaia, and Laconia. Nor was the cruelty and the fanaticism of the Turks calculated to allay the fears and the suspicions of those who preferred the toils and privations of mountain life to the luxuries and the servility of

cities and villages ; they preferred the risks of the outlaw to the safety of the bondsman.

The Turks, though loath to endure the presence of these Gaiours, were at the same time unable to extinguish an evil which was indigenous to the land, and which was nurtured and countenanced by the Greeks in the towns and the villages, who sympathized with the brave klefts, even at the expense of incurring the displeasure of their masters.

To the klefts of the mountains, and the pirates of the seas, were added with time the growing and powerful influence of the Primates, or the Cojabasees, i. e., Bigheads, who, though dependant upon, and subservient to the Turks, owed them nevertheless the tribute of hatred ; and while they continued to be in perfect understanding with the rebels on the mountains, they seldom lost the opportunity of soliciting the sympathy and the aid of those who were united to them by the sacred bonds of a common faith.

It was through the machinations of the chief Primates, that in 1769, the Messenian Castles witnessed the presence of a Russian armament, and it was through their instrumentality that the people rushed to arms with the firing of the first cannon against the walls of Navarino. But the Primates of Vostitza, and with them the people, were soon overpowered by the Turks, and by those hordes of Albanian banditti who, animated by revenge and love of booty, spread over the whole of the Pelo-

ponnesus, and overpowered its helpless inhabitants, who had no other *appui* but the presence of a few ships in the Messenian seas, and a few Russians within the walls of Navarino!

With the disappearance of the Russian forces, the Greeks returned to their senses and their allegiance; and the Turks, having satiated their cruelty, resumed once more their authority over the land. But the wild Albanians were not willing to leave the rich valleys and fertile plains of the Peloponnesus, and by their cruelties towards the peaceable peasants, and constant collisions with the klefts, increased the miseries of the Greeks, and the fears of the Turks.

The Turkish government felt at length the necessity of exterminating the Albanians as well as the klefts, and Hassan Pasha, the high admiral of the empire, adopted the wise policy of uprooting one evil by the agency of the other. With this object in view, he first called to his aid the Greek chiefs, and then marched against the Albanians, who sought refuge within the walls of Tripolitza, and who beheld the plains of the city and the neighbouring mountains covered with the tents of the Vizier and the wild forms of the klefts, their inveterate foes.

They were too brave to yield without a struggle; but their enemies were as brave as they, and while the dauntless Hassan Pasha rushed into the city at the head of his Delhis, the Greeks intercepted the

fugitives in the mountain passes, and gave the finishing stroke to this work of slaughter. Out of twelve thousand Albanians, seven hundred only cleared the Isthmus; while the rest, together with those who were left in other cities, were butchered by the Turks and the Greeks, who, in commemoration of their united triumph against a common foe, raised as trophies pyramids with the skulls of the Albanians.

Two years after this sanguinary event, Hassan Pasha essayed the extermination of the Greek klefts, and having succeeded against two of the principal chiefs, he drove the rest to their hiding-places, and brought about for a while a comparative tranquillity. But the Turk, like the cultivator of a rich soil, had to weed his domains every other year, or else he was sure to be overrun by the growth of its rank luxuriance. The old evil had scarcely been rooted out, when a new and more vigorous crop of klefts sprung up in different parts of the Morea. It was at this time that the Capetanata, or chiefdoms, were established in almost every province, under the auspices of different chiefs; amongst whom the celebrated Colocotroni, like the imposing mountains of his native Arcadia, towered above the rest.

The Turk went once more to weeding, and once more cleared the land of its briars; but the seed of the rebel weed was in the soil, and no weeding could arrest its growth. The klefts who disappeared in 1817, reappeared in 1821, as *rebels*, and

planted the standard of the Cross in the stronghold of the Turk, who, like the conquerors that had gone before him, paid the penalty of tyrants.

The Peloponnesus has justly been denominated the Acropolis of Greece. Its position and physical conformation gives it an acknowledged advantage over the other portions of the country. Its mountains continued through all time to be the strongholds of liberty, and in the course of the last revolution, when the plains of Corinth, of Elis, of Messenia, and of Argos, when the whole of Greece was overshadowed by the presence of a superior antagonist, the spirit of freedom still sat on the heights of her Acropolis, on the mountain tops of Arcadia and Laconia.

Here, within the narrow limits of this peninsula, are to be found the earliest trophies of liberty, and there is hardly a foot of land which has not been dyed and consecrated by the triumphs and the sufferings of man. Its history is a succession of fierce struggles, and what the poet has said of Corinth may be applied with greater propriety to the whole Peloponnesus :

“ But could the blood before her shed,
Since first Timoleon’s brother bled,
Or baffled Persia’s despot fled,
Arise from out the earth which drunk
The stream of slaughter as it sunk,
That sanguine ocean would o’erflow
Her Isthmus, idly spread below :

Or could the bones of all the slain,
Who perished there, be piled again,
That rival pyramid would rise
More mountain-like, through those clear skies,
Than yon tower-capt Acropolis,
Which seems the very clouds to kiss."

CHAPTER I.

MEGARA.

I LEFT the city of Athens early in the morning, on the 3d of October, and passing through the olive groves to the west of the capital, I crossed once more the stream of the "meek Cephissus," and leaving to the right and left the groves of the Academy, and the bright seas of Salamis, I climbed the heights of Ægaleos, descended through the pass of Daphne to the sea, and having enjoyed the view of the Eleusinian bay, with its calm waters, and its borders of majestic mountains, I coasted along the soft but desolate shores, till I came to the equally desolate but beautiful village of Eleusis.

In former times, the right and left side of the "Sacred Way," which led from Athens to the great temple of Ceres, was adorned with the temples of the gods, and the monuments of heroes and philosophers. It presented an unbroken chain of agreeable objects, well calculated to prepare the mind of the pilgrim for the mysteries of the Eleusinian sanctuary. But at present, almost every object but the natural features of the land have disappeared,

and the traveller, who is fortunate for being able to recognise some few of the localities in his way, finds himself encompassed by ruins and desolation, even when within the precincts of the great temple.

A few broken columns of the temple, and some few opened tombs and tumuli in its vicinity, are all that remain of Eleusis. The Venitian tower on the brow of the hill, and the huts of the Albanians in the plain, belong to the desecrations of modern times, and are consequently neither in unison nor in relation with the objects and the scenes which once animated the courts, and enlivened the porticoes of Eleusis, the "religious capital of Greece." But while the altars of the heathen gods have ceased to burn, and the hearts of their worshippers have long since ceased to beat, the place which was once dedicated to religion has not lost its sanctity; it still has its holy influence; it still teems with moral lessons.

A few paces beyond the village of Eleusis, we left the carriageable road to Thebes for the foot-path which leads to the Morea. The first hour and a half after leaving the Eleusinian plain, led us along the sides of Mount Candili; and while we were winding our way through the mazes of the pass, which is now known by the name of Cerata, we had to the right the sides and the crags of the mountain, and to the left the hushed seas, and the island of Salamis. The bay at this time was as calm and as solitary as if it had never been agitated by the armaments of contending nations.

Ægaleos, the island of Salamis, and the Pass of Mount Cerata, command some of the best views of the scene of action.

As soon as we descended from the sides of Mount Cerata to the plain along the sea-shore, we entered the territory of Megaris, and shortly after fell in with a praiseworthy work of the Megarians—the carriageable road which was intended to unite the town of Megara with the capital of Greece, but which, having received but little aid from the government, has not as yet succeeded to double the rocky pass that lies between it and the plain of Eleusis. The work, though incomplete, is not altogether useless. We travelled over it for nearly two hours, and when we came out of the olive-groves which threw their branches and their purple fruit over it, we saw to the south-east and against the mountains of the Isthmus, first, the two conical hills of Caria and Alcathous, and shortly after, the habitations of Megara, the only place in Megaris and Attica inhabited by Greeks.

We had scarcely enjoyed this beautiful picture, when we found ourselves not only in the street of the town, but in the vestibule of Mr. Vlachos's khan, which, being lately built, looked neat and comfortable; but at the time of our arrival the inmates, the landlord and the lady, were in open war, and for a while I doubted the propriety of entering a territory involved in a domestic feud, which promised to last as long as the Peloponnesian war, and which

might not end without the mediation and interference of the Allied Powers. In this, however, I was mistaken ; the contest, though fierce, was short, and the countenances of the Megarians, like the skies of their native land, grew brighter and milder after the storm.

Leaving the cares of hospitality to Mrs. Vlachos, I put myself under the care and the guidance of Epaminondas the Modern, who led me through the labyrinths of the streets to the top of the Alcathean rock. Besides two or three little chapels which probably occupy the site of ancient temples, and the Venitian tower which surmounts the apex of the hill, there was nothing else except some few fragments of the many monuments which adorned the sides of this hill in the days of Pausanias. Time had done its work, and the rock owned nothing but the associations of its past history.

From the top of the Alcathean rock, we had before us, and almost at our feet, not only the habitations of the town, that ascend the sides of the hill, and which, by their irregularity and terraced roofs, form a picture of themselves, but also the plains, the olive-groves, the seas, and the mountains of Megaris. The prospect, though less extensive than that of the Athenian plain, has all the peculiarities of Attica. While on the top of Alcathea, it was my good fortune to enjoy the scene so truly described by Byron :

“Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea’s hills, the setting sun;
Not as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light!
O’er the hushed deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina’s rock, and Idra’s isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O’er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer’d Salamis!
Their azure arches, through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.”

On our return to the khan we rolled down the hill, and in seeking our way through by-paths and alleys, we got among the houses of the Megarians, who very kindly allowed us to pass over their terraces, which in many cases serve as bed-rooms and as balconies, or look-outs, to the matrons of the town. This sort of ramble was rather fatiguing, but it afforded a better opportunity of seeing the place than a week’s stroll through the streets. The hour of the day, too, was rather propitious. The men were returning from the fields; the women sat with their distaffs on the tops of the houses; and what with the children in the streets, with the chickens, the dogs and the donkeys in the court-yards, the interior of the town presented as lively a scene of

life as in the days when Megara was the capital of a kingdom, and the mother country of colonies.

The province of Megaris, now as in ancient times, comprehends the mountainous portion of the Isthmus, and its capital occupies its old position. The habitations of the people are still clustered round the rocks of Caria and Alcathous, and are still piled upon each other ; but the monuments, with the exception of a few truncated statues lately discovered, and a few ruins of doubtful origin, have all disappeared. The long walls which joined the city to the beautiful port have mingled with the earth, and Nisæa has preserved little else besides its locality. Thus the city and the province which founded such cities as Byzantium, have all but disappeared from the face of the earth ; its present population being little more than 7000.

Megaris, though apparently sterile, is nevertheless rich in resources. The land is well adapted to the cultivation of the mulberry and the olive tree. Her olive groves, and the oil of the province, are both noted, and its people seem to be frugal and industrious ; but from the days of Chalchas, who, according to Homer, know the past, the present, and the future, to the days of the present Demark of Megara, who knows neither the past nor the present, the people have followed the absurd custom of dividing their landed estates into as many parcels as there are inheritors ; and this, which is often carried to the extent of dividing each field into

parcels, has cut up their little possessions into new strips, and has imposed upon the owners the necessity of going to their occupations in a body. When I asked what the crier was at, I was told that he was calling the people to their work.

Besides this evil, which is not calculated to advance the interests of the place, the people labour under other troubles. Before the revolution, as well as since the pacification, the landed proprietors have been in the habit of anticipating their income, and as every year left a small arrear of debt, they have at length found themselves in the hands of creditors who extort from them twenty, twenty-four, and often forty per cent. interest. Under such a state of things it is impossible for them to exist, and the only way of escape from the fate which awaits them would be the interposition of the law, and more than that, the completion of the road, and with it a more direct and easy way of communication with the capital.

We feel the more interested in the fate of the Megarians, as the inhabitants of Megara, unlike those who occupy the villages of Attica, are of Greek origin. Their houses are unlike those of the Albanians, and they differ as much in their manners and appearance as they do in language. The men, who are noted for their pedestrian feats, are remarkable for their light and graceful appearance; while the women, though wanting in the education which would make them the belles of King Otho's

court, have nevertheless the finished features and the subdued air which we notice in some of the monumental bas-reliefs. Their noble forms, their fine countenances, and their large black eyes, are worthy the study of the artist.

CHAPTER II.

THE ISTHMUS AND CORINTH.

WE issued out of Megara, crossed its little plain, and ascended the acclivities of the Geraneian mountain, while the greater portion of Megaris was still enveloped in the morning mists, when its mountains formed the borders, and the twin hills of the Acropolis the islands of the beautiful mirage at our feet.

A ride of little more than an hour over barren hills and steep acclivities, brought us to the public road along the eastern coast of the Isthmus—the road which for ages continued to be the great thoroughfare between the capitals of Corinth and Attica, between Southern and Northern Greece, and which witnessed the passage of formidable armies, lay now in ruins and overgrown with grass; but as a great part of this remarkable work is cut in the rock, and as portions of it are supported on the sea-side by massive blocks of stone, we had sufficient indications of its former magnitude, and our attention was more than once arrested by the deep ruts of the carriage-wheels in the lime-stone rock.

Besides the Scironian pass, there is, on the western shore, another, so steep and so exposed to the force of the winds, that the Peloponnessians, on their return from the battle of Leuctra, lost their shields. Between the two is the great Derveni, or pass, which winds its way along the sides of Mount Geraneia, and which became noted for the destruction of the Albanians after their defeat before the walls of Tripolitza. All these passes are remarkable, but the first, or Scironian pass, from its position and comparative advantages over the other two, has been, and is to this day, the principal thoroughfare.

The more difficult portion of the eastern pass, though elevated far above the sea, had only a gentle ascent, and we continued to travel with the precipitous sides of Mount Geraneia—which rise from the level of the sea to the height of 4495 feet—and the waters of the Saronic gulf to the right and left, till we came to the Scirônian rocks, the key of the pass. The rock which, according to the ancient tradition, witnessed the cruelties and the well-merited punishment of Sciron, has a smooth perpendicular surface, and the road was carried around it by the aid of an artificial gallery. This continued to connect the two neighbouring provinces of Megaris and Corinth till the early part of the late revolution, when the Greeks broke down the galleries, and thus interposed another difficulty in the way of the Turkish armies. Nothing can

be more sublime or more awful than this portion of the pass. To the broken arches of the galleries, and the overhanging rocks of the mountains, add the heaving masses of the Turks and the Greeks on either side of the abyss, and we have something of the scene it presented in the course of the national struggle.

Since the restoration of peace, the government has had no time to repair the loss of this useful work, and the people have supplied the want of it with a footpath, which is as honourable to their enterprise and boldness, as it is disgraceful to the negligence of those who rule over them. The modern path descends by a series of temporary galleries to the sea, and then ascends again the sides of the hills. However beautiful as a picture, it is a life and death affair as a work of use. It does pretty well when the weather is fair, but when the sea is agitated or swollen by the storms of winter, the passage becomes impracticable.

In our descent to the sea, we gave the lead to our horses, and then followed the guide; but just when about half way, we fell in with a herd of cattle, which being frightened by the surge of the sea, or some other cause, rushed madly through the windings of the foot-path, and thus rendered our position doubly difficult; we had to hang on the rocks, or expose ourselves to the danger of being thrown into the sea; but we did not fail to wish His Majesty's Minister of the Interior in the hands of a

Sciron. Such a road, and so near the capital of the kingdom, is only excusable on the plea of poverty. But why not spend some of the gold which decorates the uniforms of the king's ministers in repairing the public thoroughfares?

On the other side of the Scironian rocks we found the valley and the little village of Kineta, which, though deserted, is still encompassed by groves of fig and olive trees, and then entered a succession of little plains and valleys, which stretch from the last mentioned village to the port of Kalamaki, with the mountains of the Isthmus and the waters of the Saronic gulf to the right and left. There being nothing of interest, we continued to press on for Corinth; but a heavy gust of wind and rain obliged us to seek refuge in the khan of Kalamaki, and gave me the opportunity of making the acquaintance of Captain Petmeza, a noted chief of the Peloponnese.

In the latter part of the afternoon the rain ceased—the clouds which but a moment before enveloped both land and sea, rolled away: and the bay of Kalamaki, the mountain and the islands to the south-east of it—the ruins of Kenchries—the Isthmus, and the rock of the Acrocorinthus—were all before us, fresh and beautiful as when their possession was first disputed by Neptune and the sun. There being no time to be lost, we set off for Corinth, and our company was further augmented by Captain Petmeza and his followers, all of whom being in

their national costume, added materially to the picturesque effect of the scene.

The public road from Kalamaki to Corinth has been lately graded ; it first winds along the sea-shore and the Hellenic ruins of Kenchries, passes by the Hexamillia, and then descends from the higher points of the Isthmus to the city. It is an easy and agreeable road, but Captain Petmeza, who cherished an inveterate dislike to carriage roads, described it as too long and too dull, and advised us to follow him through a path which, besides being shorter, had the still greater advantage of being more varied in its scenery. Leaving the public road to the left, we took the foot-path to the right, and after passing over some low and swampy ground, entered a wild ravine, in which I thought I noticed the remains of the Diolcus, or ship-way of the ancients, but which, to the eyes of my companion, was the more interesting, as it reminded him of the days when the land was subject to the sway of Turks and klefts.

My companion, who was first a kleft and then a chief, was familiar with the scenes of these regions. He had a story for every rock ; and while in his company, and listening to his entertaining narrative, I went with him back to the exciting times when the Isthmus was a camp, and I almost felt that he was leading me to the city, through the tents of the beleaguering infidels !

From the ravine we ascended the elevated por-

tions of the Isthmus, and shortly after came to the point from whence we saw the seas of the Saronic and Corinthian gulfs, with the city of Corinth and the Acrocorinthus. Abounding as Greece is in beautiful localities and magnificent prospects, there is nothing that can surpass or even equal the one which is commanded from the hills on the Isthmus—the blue seas, the cultivated hills, and the rich plains, with the sites of such cities as Sicyon and Corinth, were encompassed by a border of magnificent mountains.

The position on which we stood was the camp of Dramali, before the capture of the Acrocorinthus, and, as my companion said, “but for the vagaries of those who were enamoured with the *old stones* of Athens, it would have become the capital of Modern Greece.” The Isthmus of Corinth was recommended to the government as one of the most appropriate localities for the foundation of a great capital—for to the advantage of its central position it added the still greater convenience of being in the vicinity of two seas, and in the neighbourhood of the richest lands in the kingdom. Nor was it deficient in associations—the scenes of the Isthmian games—the Acropolis and the city of Corinth—the sight of Sicyon, the seas, and the islands of the Ægean—the mountains of Argolis, of Arcadia, of Phocis, and Locris—were equal, if not superior, to the localities commanded by the most eligible positions in the country—they are sufficient to satisfy

the most extravagant admirer of Ancient Greece. But the project which promised so much to the husbandman and the scholar, promised still more to the commerce of the country; it promised to accomplish what has been a great desideratum for ages—to unite the *Ægian* and the *Adriatic*—to give to Greece and the East a new emporium!

The foundation of the capital on the Isthmus of Corinth would have been the crowning work of the Greek revolution, but the ill fate of the land has defeated the project—the manifold advantages of this locality, and the prodigality of nature, are left abandoned and neglected; a few miserable villages, and the equally miserable representatives of Corinth and Sicyon, are almost the only points of relief throughout the length and breadth of this magnificent panorama, which, but for the ignorance and the folly of strangers, might have been teeming with life.

From the Isthmus to the city of Corinth, there was hardly anything to disturb the repose of nature. Here and there was to be seen a flock of sheep on the hills, or some solitary sail on the waters of the gulf; but these were calculated to add to, rather than diminish, the solitude of the scene, and we continued our journey in profound silence, till the ruins of Corinth awoke us from our revery. The high walls on each side of the street were still standing, but the greater portion of the area was covered with the ruins of its former habitations; and the only

resting-place we could find in the once opulent city of Corinth, was the poor locanda of Signor Antonio.

I took advantage of the evening twilight to visit the few remaining localities of interest in the city; and having wandered through a string of khans and miserable hovels in the lower part of the city, I at length found myself among the ruins where Alp met

“The maid who might have been his bride;”

but where *I* met with as perfect a scene of desolation as is to be found even in the city of Corinth. Now as before the revolution,

“There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!”

and this interesting ruin is almost the only remnant of ancient Corinth.

Having no Francesca “by *my* side,” and the evening air being rather too chilly for a *solitaire*, I left the columns of the temple to watch over the soft scenes of love and glory, and then repaired to the governor of the province, whose quarters, though in sight of the ruin, were as inaccessible as the Acrocorinthus. In the upper loft of the tower I found, besides the governor and his intelligent lady, half a

dozen Corinthians. Excepting the lady, they all seemed to be employed in some plot or local intrigue, and for a while they looked as if they would rather have me in America than in Corinth. Fortunately, Capt. Petmeza came to our relief, and his curiosity about America and its aborigines furnished us with themes of conversation for the evening. The old chief seemed to be particularly pleased with the simplicity of savage life; the bow and the blanket of the Indian were better adapted to his way of acting and thinking than the elaborate forms and uniforms of civilized life.

Having contributed my share to the entertainment of the evening, I felt myself entitled to a return, and the governor of Corinth proved very liberal in all matters, except in such as were too nearly connected with the politics of the place and the day. The province of Corinth, though the largest in point of territorial extent, holds the sixth rank in point of population among the provinces of the Peloponnesus. The present number of inhabitants is a little more than twenty-five thousand; while Mantinea, with half the extent, and most of this mountainous, has more than fifty-three thousand people. Even in its present state of depopulation, Corinth yields to the national treasury an annual income of more than 600,000 drachmas, and might be made to yield three and even four times this amount under a different management; but unfortunately, most of the landed estates, the

very best portion of them, belong to the national domains, and the peasants who cultivate them are obliged to pay to the national treasury twenty-five per cent. of the gross produce; and as if this were not enough, they are farther subjected to the vexations of the tithe-gatherers, who are the worst scourges of the land, and they are thus deprived of the protection they enjoyed when they were the tenants of the Turkish Beys. So that, while the city is a hotbed of politics, and its port filled with mud, the interests of agriculture are labouring under the manifold evils of a system of taxes which is disgraceful even to Turkey. We have driven out the Turks, but why keep their system of taxation and vassalage? The governor of Corinth shrugged his shoulders, and twisted his mustache.



RUINS OF CORINTH.

LITH OF G.W. ENDICOTT.

CHAPTER III.

ACROCORINTHUS AND DERVENAKIA.

EARLY in the morning we left the locanda of Signor Antonio, and passing by the copious fountain at the foot of the Acrocorinthus, commenced our ascent to the citadel by a narrow and winding foot-path. A ride of little less than an hour brought us to the foot of the walls, and in sight of the entrance, whose massive gate and high towers were of themselves a sufficient recompense for the trouble we had taken.

Leaving our horses outside of the castle, and passing over the drawbridge into the outer enclosure, we were shortly after admitted into the interior of the citadel by the sentinel on duty. To the right of the gate, and under the shadow of its towers, we noticed the celebrated fountain of Peirene, and further in we found a number of wells cut in the rock; but with these exceptions, and one or two Turkish houses in the possession of the garrison, the rest of the area, which, as late as 1821, had, besides two hundred and fifty houses, four Turkish mosques, and four or five churches, with

the cathedral of the province, had nothing else to show but a vast heap of ruins, wherein the altars and the temples of the heathens were lying side by side with the mosques of the Turks, and the sanctuaries of the Christians. A flock of sheep were browsing among the ruins, and though the fountain of Peirene was still flowing, it seemed as if life had ceased to throb. Even the few sentinels on duty looked more like the ghosts of departed warriors than like living beings.

We rambled for a while through the ruins within the walls, and then climbed to the eastern pinnacle of the rock, from whence we enjoyed the magnificent prospect at our feet. In the early part of the morning, the greater portion of the view was partially concealed by a bright haze, but these golden exhalations were soon dispelled by the rays of the sun, and the half of Greece was spread before us. In the fore-ground of the picture lay the city of Corinth, with its mournful ruins, and its soft hills: farther to the east, and to the right and left of the Isthmus,

“The land-mark of the double tide,
That purpling rolls on either side,”

were the waters of the Corinthian and Saronic Gulfs, with their soft islands and rocky promontories; and beyond these seas, the picture, which comprehended such names of classical celebrity as Sycion, Cryssa, Salamis, and Athens, was bound by a magnificent border of mountains, among which I could easily

recognise the forms of Cytheron, Hymettus, Helicon, and Parnassus !

Surely nothing can be more magnificent than the prospect from the Acrocorinthus, and nothing more grand or more imposing than the Acrocorinthus itself. The dwellings of man and the sanctuaries of religion have indeed disappeared, and even the cannon, which in the course of the last three hundred years enveloped in their smoke the rock of the Acrocorinthus, and so often disturbed the repose of nature, have been thrown into the plain and coined into vile leptas ; but the walls, with their battlements, and the towers which crown the "hoary rock," are still standing, and while under their effect I knew not which to admire most, to which to give the preference, to the works of nature and of art which rose above the earth and suspended themselves in the air, or to the associations of history and of poetry, which from the earliest to the latest days have enveloped this scene in their splendid folds

"Many a vanish'd year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth ; yet she stands
A fortress form'd to freedom's hands."

To the stirring scenes which were enacted within and without the Acrocorinthus through the succession of ages, the late revolution has added another episode to her interesting annals. The siege of the

Acrocorinthus by the Greeks, and the invasion of the Peloponnesus by Dramali Pasha, forms the closing scene in the history of her last conquerors.

The Acrocorinthus, besides being well stored with ammunition and provisions, was too strong a post to be surprised, or brought to terms by the insurgents; but Kiamil Bey, the chief spirit of the place, was invited to Tripolitza previous to the opening scene of the struggle, and while in the capital of the province, and deliberating with his compeers as to what was best to be done under the existing state of things, the Greek revolution broke out, and like a long smothered fire, spread all over the country. Every place of importance was besieged, and at length Tripolitza, the city in which the Beys and the Agas of note had congregated, became the rallying point of all the Greek forces. The siege was followed by the capture, and the ill-fated Tripolitza witnessed the sad overthrow of her fortunes. The massacre which followed the surprise of the city was without discrimination; but while the infirm and the innocent suffered with the strong and the guilty, prudential considerations induced the Greek chiefs to interpose their authority in behalf of the principal Turks, and amongst them was the well known Kiamil Bey of Corinth.

The wealth and influence of Kiamil Bey were the considerations of this merciful act on the part of the Greeks, and accordingly the illustrious prisoner was carried from Tripolitza to Corinth, where, partly

through promises, and partly through threats, he became instrumental in the surrender of the citadel, which had been for the last century in the hands of his ancestors, and which at this time contained his wealth, his devoted followers, and his family.

The surrender of the fortress was followed, first by the pillage, and then by the massacre of its defenders, and Kiamil Bey found himself a prisoner in the stronghold of his power. With his imprisonment his good star seemed to desert him, and to his other misfortunes was added the sight of his palaces and his villages, which glittered in the city and gleamed in the plain, and the consequent recollection of the magnificent heritage he had lost. The only pleasures which his fortunes had spared him, was the enjoyment of his consoling chibouk, and the presence of his family, though the last were often the means of adding to the anguish of his heart by their participation in his sorrows and humiliations.

The great object with the Greeks after the surrender of the citadel, was the wealth which this distinguished Turk was supposed to possess; but Kiamil Bey, either because he had nothing to give, or because he was animated with the hope of speedy deliverance, refused to comply with the wishes of his captors, and submitted to his fate and his sufferings with the dignity and the resignation which became the gravity and the fatality of his race.

Kiamil Bey prayed, and smoked, and played with his beard for six months. He looked upon the seas,

but excepting the Greek mysticoes, not a ship of his nation was to be seen. He watched the Isthmus, and saw nothing but Gaiours. His patience and hope had nearly given way, when the horizon was darkened, and before he could explain the cause, Dramali, with eight other Pashas, rolled down the mountain, and burst upon the Isthmus like an impetuous and resistless tide. The mountains and the plains were covered with the most splendid army that was ever witnessed since the days of Bajazet, and the description of the poet was in this instance verified to the very letter.

“ On dun Citheron’s ridge appears
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears ;
And downward to the Isthmian plain,
From shore to shore of either main,
The tent is pitched, the crescent shines
Along the Moslem’s leaguering lines ;
And the dark Spahi’s bands advance
Beneath each bearded Pasha’s glance,
And far and wide as eye can reach,
The turband’d cohorts throng the beach.”

Kiamil Bey beheld from the window of his prison this animating and imposing spectacle which spread below, and which called the garrison to witness in silence and fear the strength and the splendour of the power they had brought against them. It was at this moment that the illustrious prisoner conceived himself on the threshold of his prison, and his apprehensions gave way to delightful anticipations.

He once more found himself surrounded by obedient and beautiful slaves. His palaces were again thronged with the bravest of his race, and freedom, with all her charms and fascinations, invited his eyes to dwell upon the luxuries and the splendours of oriental magnificence; but at the moment when his hand lay upon the insignia of power, that were thus brought within his reach, and while his imagination was feasting upon scenes which thrilled and bewildered his whole system, the angel of death summoned him before his Maker.

At the time of Dramali's appearance before the walls of the Acropolis, the fortress was not only ill provided with provisions and ammunition, but poorly garrisoned, and the commandant, who, a few days after the desertion of his men, destroyed himself, was obliged to follow the men whom he could no longer govern. The Greeks, who could not anticipate anything less than a siege, took occasion to decamp before the passes were closed, and amid the hurry and trepidation of the moment Kiamil Bey was forgotten, and might have escaped with his life had it not been for one of the men, who chose to close the scene of their dastardly conduct by shooting the unfortunate prisoner. The last scene of the tragedy was thus aggravated by a bloody and cowardly act.

The tranquillity which reigned in the fortress through the night was too remarkable to escape the notice of the Turkish general. He attributed the

silence of the Gaiours to anything but the right cause, and when, on the next morning, he went to reconnoitre the fortifications, he found, to his great surprise, the gates of the outer and inner enclosures thrown open, and the *Hanum* of Kiamil Bey awaiting his arrival at the entrance of the Acrocorinthus. The scene was not only unexpected, but very affecting, and the widow of Kiamil Bey, who delivered the castle, and the treasures of her husband, into the hands of the fortunate Dramali, was treated with the kindness and the attention which was due to her sufferings and her rank. The salutes from the battlements of the Acrocorinthus, proclaimed to the Turkish army the conquest of their general; and Dramali, who attributed the capture of so strong a fortress to his good fortune, could not but look upon the singular event which marked his entrance into the Peloponnesus as the harbinger of the success and the glory which was soon to crown his arms and his name. How could he think otherwise, when the Acrocorinthus and the plain below presented so many exhibitions of his power?

We left the Acrocorinthus about half-past nine, and passing by the Pente Scouphia, descended into the valley of Kleonæ, and from thence to that of Nemea; the first of which is about two hours, and the last a little over three from Corinth. They are both encompassed by high mountains, and are more remarkable for what they have been than for what they are. The valley of Kleonæ has only some

few doubtful ruins of her former prosperity, and Nemea has preserved only three columns of her once magnificent temple. We spent about an hour near the sources at Kortessa, and then passing by the fountain of Adrastus, descended to the ruins of the temple, which, being encompassed by rugged mountains and desolate fields, is well calculated to awaken in the mind of the beholder by contrast the recollections of its past splendour. The temple has lost the accompaniments by which it was surrounded; the stadium is hardly recognised, and the sacred grove, which shaded and embellished the sanctuary of the gods, has disappeared. The ruins present a mournful sight.

The little plain of Nemea, though in ancient times it received the epithet of "rich" and "well watered," now looks exceedingly dreary, and if the mountains which encompass it were then as rocky as they now are, the Nemean lion must have had rather indifferent quarters. We had no time to visit the "cave of the lion," and there being nothing else to detain us, we turned to the left of the path we had hitherto followed, and shortly after fell in with the road from Kleonæ to Argos, just at the point where it enters the pass of Tretus, or the modern Dervenakia.

We entered the pass, which well deserves the name of "perforated," and after spending nearly half an hour in the bed of a torrent, with the hills partly naked, and partly covered with myrtles and

olanders, on either side of the road, we issued at the head of the glen, where we were surprised by one of those brilliant and magnificent scenes which abound in Greece, and which so often break upon the eye of the traveller. The hills of Mycenæ, the Acropolis of Argos, the plains and the seas of Argolis, the imposing castle of Palamedî, and the fantastic crags of the surrounding mountains, were all glittering in the light and the splendour of their native sky.

The pass of the Dervenakia, which introduced us into Argolis, and which of itself is an interesting object, is still more so on account of the scenes it witnessed, and the historical associations to which it is by right entitled. It was one of the principal roads between Corinth and Argolis; it gave lodging to the Nemean lion, and passage to the kings and the heroes of Mycenæ. In our own times, and in the early part of the Greek revolution, it witnessed the defeat of the Turkish armies, and in consequence became the Marathon of Modern Greece.

Shortly after the capture of the Acrocorinthus, Dramali, animated by this success, resolved upon another step, and on the 25th of July, burst into the plains of Argolis. At the approach of his vanguard, the Greeks, who were then employed in the siege of Napoli and Palamedî, fled to the mountains, and the Turks, who hailed him as their deliverer, expressed their joy by a salute of five hundred guns. To this, which in his estimation, and in the eyes of

his brave followers, had the appearance of supernatural agency, he added the destruction of Argos, the discomfiture of the Greeks within the Acropolis, and in the mills of Learna; and at length left none to oppose his power, or dispute his authority, but some few detached bands of Greek warriors, who, from the heights of the neighbouring mountains, watched the movements of an army whose tents and foraging parties dotted the plain, and peopled the hills of Argolis.

Dramali had hitherto succeeded to re-subjugate the provinces of Corinth and Argolis, and to possess himself of two of the most important castles in the Peloponnesus simply by his presence. One important post after another had fallen into his hands without an effort, and while encamped in the fertile plain of Argolis, with the celebrated walls of Mycenæ, of Argos, of Tyrinth, and of Palamedî, before him, he looked forward to the time when the plains of Arcadia, of Sparta, of Messenia, of Elis, and Achaia, would witness the same splendid scene which was now reposing, mountain-locked, in one of the richest provinces of the Morea. His heart swelled at the presence of his brave warriors, and he could not well resist the temptation of

———“dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.”

But while there was no power sufficient to resist him, the two provinces in his hands were ill sup-

plied with the necessary provisions for the support of his immense army. The city of Corinth was in ruins; the Acrocorinthus had plenty of stones, but no grain; the Pasha of Napoli and of Palamedia refused to give him admittance through fear of famine; and while Dramali Pasha, who had already exhausted the provisions he had brought with him, was awaiting the arrival of the Turkish fleet to relieve him, the heavy laden transports were seized by the Greek corsairs under his eyes. In the meantime, the fields in the plains were set on fire; Erasinus, the principal source of water, ceased to flow, and his bravest followers began to desert him.

It was under these circumstances that Dramali Pasha resolved to fall back upon Corinth, but retreats are easier conceived than accomplished. In the present case it was only a choice of evils; for the nine days which had elapsed since his entrance into the plain of Argos were sufficient for the Greeks to recover their spirits, and Colocotroni, with some of the most distinguished chiefs, managed to steal a march upon the Turkish general, and was already in possession of the passes which lead from Argolis to Corinth, and which Dramali, with fatal indiscretion, had left unguarded. The time had now come when the Greeks and the Turks were to measure their strength.

On the morning of the 15th of August, the Turkish Vezir gave orders for retreat. A detachment of

three thousand infantry penetrated to Kleonæ over the mountains, and through the plain of Nemea, while the main body of the army essayed its passage through the pass of the Dervenakia, and its vanguard had nearly cleared it, when Colocotroni and his followers, who had taken their position on the hills to the left, opened their destructive fire upon the advancing masses at their feet. The Turks, who, in the moment of confusion and disorder, thought of nothing but escape, pressed on. The Greeks continued the fire along the whole length of the defile, and the mazes of the pass being choked with the dead and the wounded, the advancing cohorts of the infidels rode over their companions, and lashed themselves against the sides of the hills, like the angry waves of the ocean when impelled against the rocks of some sturdy promontory.

A portion of the Turks were drifted against the opposite hill, and accident or knowledge enabled them to find the footpath along the mountain, but scarcely had they time to congratulate themselves upon their escape from Colocotroni, when they fell upon Capt. Nikitas, who had posted himself on the heights of Agios Sostis, and who performed his duty so well, that the history of the times has knighted him with the title of "Turk Eater."

The passes of the Tretus and Agios Sostis being thus closed, the Turks fell back upon Argos, and the hitherto victorious Dramali pitched his tent on the hills of Mycenæ, and in sight of her magnificent

ruins. To a more enlightened warrior, the Gate of the Lions, and the tombs of Agamemnon and his successors might have offered some source of interest, but to Dramali their lessons of glory and sorrow were a closed book; he was so blessed with ignorance that he could not attribute any share of his misfortunes to the influence of the ruins, which held before his eyes the supremacy of ancient Greece.

Having remained through the 6th and the 7th at Mycenæ, and having gathered his scattered forces, he started once more for Corinth. The passes of the Dervenakia and Agios Sostis offered too many obstacles, too many unpleasant recollections, to be tried again, and the third outlet, the Contoporeia at the foot of Agios Oros, was already in the keeping of Papa-Fleshas and his brave associates; but the Turks, though aware of this fact, had no choice. Seas, mountains, and death, encompassed them on all sides, and they rushed through the rocky bed of the glen with the haste and the disorder which characterizes large bodies of men, and especially of Turks, when under apprehension of danger. The bloody scenes of the 6th were renewed on the morning of the 8th. The Turks found the Contoporeia worse than the Dervenakia; for to the fire of the musketry was added the still greater evil of the rocks which came upon them from the hills. Amid the fire, the smoke, the dust, and the roar which rumbled and thundered through the glen, Dramali forced his way out of the plain and the

pass, where he left his tents, his artillery, his treasury, the insignia of his rank, the bodies of his followers, his shawl, his sabre, and scimeter, to swell the trophy of his enemies !

My mind was still dwelling on these memorable scenes of the Greek revolution, when we came in sight of Mycenæ. Leaving, therefore, the road to Napoli and Argos to the right, we took the footpath along the hills, and in the space of twenty minutes found ourselves in the presence of the ruins, and the naked mountains, whose rugged and sterile sides formed an appropriate back-ground to the desolate picture before us. Both ruins and mountains looked time-worn, and well fitted as a locale for the habitation of the tragic muse, but the kingdom and the wealth of the Atridæ would hardly induce me to make it my home ; it is only fit for villains.

But while the position of this celebrated city is peculiarly unfavourable, nothing can be more interesting than its ruins. They are now much in the condition in which they were found by Thucydides and Pausanias. Like the neighbouring hills, they escaped the overthrow of empires and the revolutions of time ; and when they ceased to be the habitations of man, they were then peopled by the intellectual creations of the poets, whose Agamemnon, whose Orestes, and whose Electra, still welcome the traveller to the scenes of their glory and their sorrow.

The Gate of the Lions, which, in the days of Dr. Clarke and Dodwell, was buried under the accumu-

lated rubbish of ages, is still surmounted by the lions, and the late excavations have greatly improved its proportions. The lintel which supports the lions is fifteen feet and a half long, and more than six wide, while the stone on which the lions are sculptured has a base of eleven feet, with an altitude of nine. The propylæ of Mycenæ have all the imposing grandeur of the Cyclopean age.

Next to the propylæ and the Acropolis is the tomb of Agamemnon, or the treasury, at the foot of the hills, and out of the citadel. Excepting the aperture on the top, and the entrance on the side of the hill, there is nothing else visible of this singular monument. The interior has two chambers, a greater and a lesser. The first is circular in its form, and resembles a beaver lodge. It is all lined with stone, and has a diameter of sixteen yards. Its altitude, in its present condition, is nearly equal to its breadth; but here, as in the Gate of the Lions, the object which strikes us with surprise and astonishment, are the lintels of the entrance. The innermost is so large and so massive, as to give some colouring of truth to the fabulous story of the giants who piled Pelion on Ossa. This block is sixteen feet wide, four feet and a half thick, and twenty-seven long! Dr. Clarke says, "there are other stones of immense size within the tomb, but this is the most considerable, and it may be mentioned as the largest slab of hewn stone in the world, excepting, perhaps, Pompey's Pillar!

Our age stands demeaned before the colossal piles of Mycenæ, and their contemplation inspires us with feelings similar to those which are suggested by the marvellous stories of the epic muse.

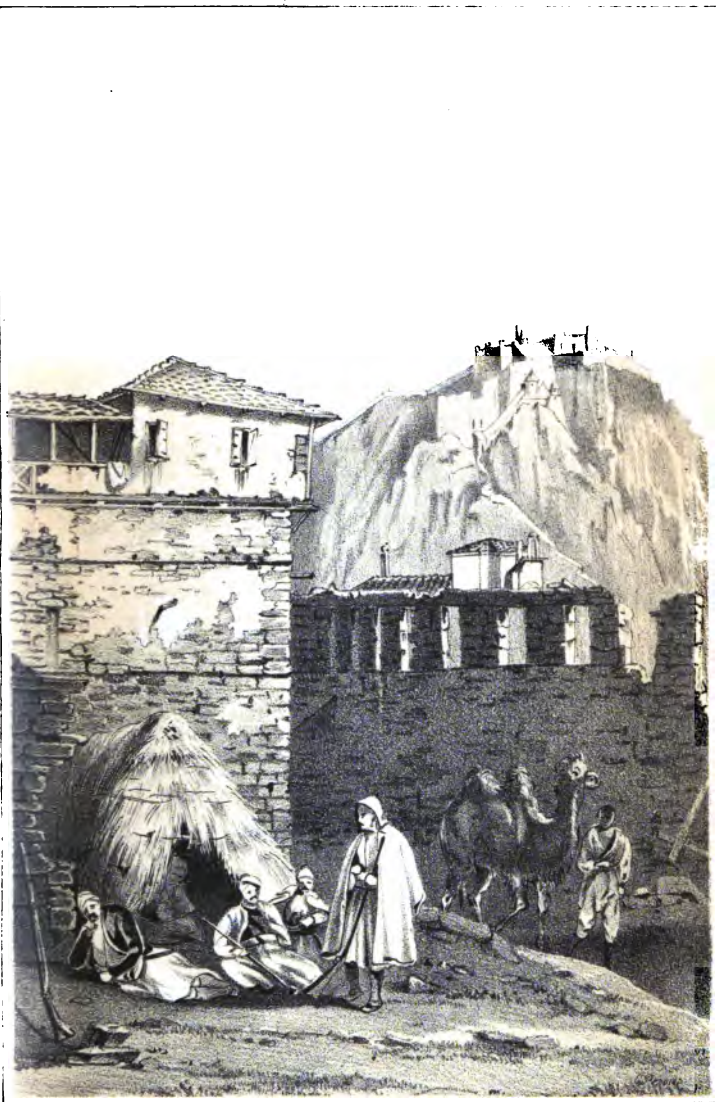
From the desolate hills of Mycenæ we descended to the plain, and in our way to Napoli, which promised new pleasures, we passed by a number of ruined villages, some of which were remarkable for their having been the sites of towns and temples, and also by the "lofty" walls of Tirynth. The colossal walls of this city offered a great temptation, but the day was too far spent. The sun had left the battlements of Palamedî, and even the purple hues which succeed its setting had already given way to the mellow twilight of the evening. The peasants and the town's people were hastening to their homes, and there was nothing left us but to close the day with the storming of Napoli.

CHAPTER IV.

NAPOLI AND PALAMEDI.

THE fine road which was constructed by Capodistrias, between Argos and Napoli, led us into the streets of the last mentioned city. The walls by which it is encompassed, appeared to be in good order, and the absence of ruins, with the presence of well built houses, placed the former capital of Greece in perfect contrast with the cities through which we had passed in the course of the last three days.

After a long day's journey, it was really pleasant to find myself in the midst of agreeable objects, in the streets of a city which bore great resemblance to Athens, and which was not wanting in the comforts of European towns. In the Hotel de l'Abondance, where we alighted, we found, besides a restorateur, a set of pretty good apartments, and accommodations which promised a good night's rest; but alas! for the hopes of mortals! the Hotel de l'Abondance, besides abundance of good things, had also abundance of evils, and before the night was through I had reason to sympathize with Dramali



NAPOLI AND POLAMEDÌ.

LITH OF G. W. ENDRICOTT.



and his followers. I went from the bed to the sofa, and from thence to the bare floor, but the foes were everywhere. The Dervenakia, Agios Sostis, and the Contoporeia, were all in the hands of the Autochthones!

With daybreak I left the hotel, and passing through the citadel, I began my morning researches by an early visit to the rock of Palamedí. The subterraneous passage which connected the 'Iteh Callè to the fortress above it has fallen into disuse since the surrender of the place into the hands of the Greeks, and the present approach from the city is by means of a footpath cut in the sides of the rock, and consisting of a series of stairs. In addition to this exertion, was added the force of the wind, which at the time was sweeping and sighing through the fissures and the steep sides of the Palamedí, and threatening to make away with my hat or coat. The fine views I had of the city was a compensation for my steep ascent, and after a little delay I was admitted into the sallyport, and from thence to the quarters of the commandant, where I met a number of officers, and from whence I was accompanied to the second and third part of the fortifications, which crown the top of Palamedí.*

* According to Leak, the name of Palamedí is the most ancient relic of antiquity at Napoli; "for Palamedes having been a native hero, the reputed son of Nauplius, who was son of Neptune and Amarynthe, the name is so connected with the ancient local history of the place, whether true or fabulous, that we cannot but infer

The interior of this remarkable fortress is much in the same condition as it was when left by the Venetians, and now, as formerly, consists of three redoubts, each detached from the other. The fortress, however, has the shape of a pentagon, and besides five regular bastions, it has seven towers, which at present bear the classical names of Achilles, Miltiades, Themistocles, Epaminondas, Leonidas, and Phocion.

With the exception of the south side of the castle, where the principal entrance is approached by a circuitous but easy path, all the other sides of the walls are encompassed by precipices, which add to the strength, as well as the imposing effect of the fortifications, and the fortress is farther fortified by a luxuriant growth of Cactus. Nature and art have rendered their aid to the strength of Palamedi, and but for the want of provisions it might have continued in the hands of the Turks to this day.

After the defeat of Dramali, the garrison of Palamedi submitted to all the horrors of famine as long as it was possible, and at length descended by the covered passage to the town, which was still in the hands of the Turks. The Pasha urged them to their duty by promises and threats, but these were of no avail; and while the authorities of the town were engaged in expostulating with the gar-

that Palamedia has been applied to this hill from a very early period, although no ancient author has had occasion to notice it.

ri-son, the Greeks scaled the walls, and hoisted the national flag, on the 12th of December, the anniversary of St. Andrew's, the tutelary saint of the Peloponnesus.

The capture of Palamedí was followed by the surrender of the city, and ever since the fortress and the town continued in the hands of the Greeks, who, in the process of time, witnessed the presence of Ibrahim Pasha, the arrival of Count Capodistrias, and the disembarkation of King Otho. The fortress of Palamedí, therefore, instead of being neglected, or allowed to suffer the fate of other fortifications, has been kept in pretty good order, and is at this day in far better condition than any other fortress in Greece. In addition to the sums already spent in repairs and improvements, the government, which is too poor to repair the Scironian Pass, continues to expend ten, and sometimes fifteen thousand drachmas annually in the repairs of the walls and the towers of these fortifications.

Palamedí is not only better kept up, but better garrisoned than any other fortress. Its walls, or rather the casements of the forts, which were formerly used as magazines for provisions, are now used as state prisons for criminals, and they present to the eye of the visitor another feature of sorrow and interest. These prisons, though perfect dungeons, are not without some point of relief; and I was pleased to find that the government, actuated by a due regard for the moral and physical improve-

ment of the convicts, has introduced in some respects the penitentiary system ; and I was pleased to find within the walls workshops in which many of the prisoners are learning trades, by means of which they may relieve the state from the burden of supporting them, and hereafter gain a livelihood. The plan is worthy all commendation, and the shops spoke well of the industry and the order of their inmates. But while the institution is highly useful, the locality is in every respect inappropriate ; and it were well if the government would leave this rock to the eagles, and remove the workshops of its penitentiary to some more eligible position than the fortress of Palamedì.

It being a fête day, the unfortunate convicts were all in their cells, and their presence was by no means the most promising or agreeable picture. The iron bars of their prisons, and the heavy chains which hung on their persons, was a pitiful sight, and yet the fortress and the garrison looked as gay and as elated as if there was no sorrow and no suffering in the land. The scene presented quite an illusion. The prisoners, the officers of the garrison, the smoke, and the peals of the cannon, whose reverberating echoes set the world at our feet in an uproar, seemed to bring back the olden days,

“ When banners waved on high, and battles passed below.”

Palamedì, unlike the Acrocorinthus, is in excellent condition. Its forts, sallyport, and ramparts,

are all bristling with the cannon of its former occupants.* Still, even in the best point of view, it only speaks of the evils which have oppressed the land; and here, as in the Acrocorinthus, it was quite a relief to turn from the walls and the embattlements, which have been heaped and piled on the brow of Palamedì by the agency of man, to the bounties of a benign and beneficent Creator—to the mild seas, the beautiful plains, and the magnificent mountains of Argolis.

From Palamedì, where I spent the three first hours of the day, I returned to Itch Callè,† and from thence to the city of Naupli, which, having been the capital of Greece during the presidency of Count Capodistrias, and the days of the Regency, had the start of every other city in Greece; and which, with the exception of its Acropolis, is free of the rubbish and the ruins that disfigure almost every other town of the country.

The removal of the capital to Athens has arrested the progress of Napoli, and its inhabitants, who invested a great portion of their fortunes in buildings, were overtaken in the midst of their golden dreams;

* The fortress of Palamedì has 288 guns, and 29 mortars of all sizes. On many of the cannon and the mortars I noticed the armorials of the Venetians and the Turks.

† Itch Callè, or the inner castle, is the name which the Turks applied to the Acropolis; and its derivation is not, as Col. Leak thought, from the word Indjé Kalesi, the Fig, or Cactus, which encompass its walls, but from Itcheri, or *inside*.

but the appearance of the city remains the same, and there is within its walls sufficient life and animation to make it agreeable. For besides being the capital of a province which has a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, it enjoys the advantages of a good port, and that of rich lands in its vicinity. Napoli, however, is more noted as a military post, than as a provincial or commercial town. The walls of the city, like those of the citadel of Palamedì, have been kept in pretty good order, and the public edifices, some of which were built by the Venetians, and repaired by Capodistrias, being more ample and in better condition than those of other cities, have induced the government to keep in Napoli the principal part of its military establishment, and a considerable part of its available forces. The streets of the city, therefore, are enlivened by the crowds of armed men, and in the different barracks for the infantry and cavalry, as well as in the royal military arsenal, are invested at least forty millions of drachmas of national property.

From the Plantain Square, which at the time was gay with the military and civil officers of the city, I went in company with a friend to the scala, or landing, where we found plenty of good things, and abundance of idlers, and from whence we enjoyed the best view of the port, and the castle of Bourgee, which commands the entrance of the port; and which, rising from the sea with its port holes and embattlements, adds another and a very interesting feature

to a picture already abounding in beautiful and imposing objects. The little island of St. Nicholas, in the bay of Napoli, looks as picturesque and fairy-like as the Boromean islands in the waters of the Lago Maggiore.

From the Scala and its motley crowds, I was taken to the Bulesticon, which, from a Turkish mosque, was converted to a Senate Hall, and which at present is desecrated by being used as a prison, and a receptacle of modern filth. To these we added a visit to the church of St. Speridion, whose porch witnessed, in 1832, the death of Capodistrias. The marks of the balls are still to be noticed in the door of the church, and the sad scene is still fresh in the memory of the people.

The city of Napoli, which wants nothing but sunshine to render it a very agreeable place of residence, is almost totally devoid of antiquities. A few ruins of the old walls, and its name, seems to be the only thing it has preserved of its pristine importance. In our way to the church of St. Speridion, I noticed a copious fountain, and I was disposed to take it for the celebrated Canatrus, whose waters served to renew the virginity of Juno, and to which the inhabitants still attribute the beauty of their women; but whatever may have been its effect, in this respect it seems to have lost its peculiar virtues for the daughters of Napoli.

In the course of my perambulations, I sought in vain for the bas-relief of the Ass, which, having

taught the inhabitants of Natuplia the art of pruning the vine, was rewarded with the honours of an apotheosis, but which has since been made away with by other asses.

CHAPTER V.

TYRINTH AND ARGOS.

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon, we issued out of the land gate, and leaving to our right the rock of Palamedi, and the tomb of Ypsilanti at the foot of the fortifications, entered the little town of Pronea.

Pronea is in sight of Napoli, and having sprung into existence during the happy days of the last mentioned city, it has lost in the course of the last eight years much of what it gained by the former prosperity of its neighbour, and its habitations are fast falling to ruins. Pronea, however, though of modern date, holds a prominent place in the annals of modern Greece, and is more particularly known as the place where the Greeks held their last and memorable assembly, previous to the arrival of their king.

The Greeks, it appears, were not ignorant of what the Allies had done for them, and being naturally solicitous about their rights and privileges, they determined to supply the omissions of their protectors by providing beforehand the Constitution

by which the country was to be governed ; and as Napoli was then in the hands of the French troops, and as it was not thought proper for the assembly to hold its sessions within the walls, a temporary hall was erected at Pronea.

In the early part of August, 1832, the members of the National Assembly came together, and having first recognised the acts of the three Great Powers, in choosing Prince Otho as King of Greece, they next proceeded to prepare the Constitution which was to define the rights and the privileges of the people and the king. This step of the Greeks was very natural, very timely, and very lawful ; but for reasons better known to Lord Palmerston than to the members of the Assembly, the foreign representatives disapproved of the act, on the ground of its being premature, and advised the highest authority of the land to postpone every definite action on this head till the arrival of the king. The Greeks, however, either because they had greater interests at stake, or because they had less faith in kings than the foreign representatives, did not think fit to abide by the advice of the ambassadors and the dignified representatives of France, and more especially of England and Russia, having failed to accomplish their object by means of diplomatic notes, resolved to bring it about by intrigue. They found no difficulty in bringing to their side some few of the more influential members of the Assembly, but as the many proved indifferent to threats and to promises,

they, the ambassadors, found it necessary to use more foul means, that is, *gold*. The Assembly was entered by armed traitors, and its members carried away, or beaten out by force.

This is a brief sketch of the infamous scene at Pronea, and were it not for the patriotism of the many, who yielded only to superior force, we would almost despair of Greece and the Greeks; while on one hand we see some of her best sons abandoning the cause of their country, and on the other we behold the *honourable* representatives of foreign courts forgetting what was due to themselves and to their superiors, in taking part with traitors who deserved to be hanged. The present absence of the then Russian, and the English minister, from the *scene of their glory*, and the expatriation of their coadjutor in this traitorous act, offer some consolation, and give to the friends of Greece the hope, that the time may yet come when patriots will be honoured, and traitors of all grades and descriptions hanged.

Another object of interest in Pronea, is the colossal lion which is erecting at the expense of Louis, the king of Bavaria, and in honour, not of the traitors upon whose acts we have already commented, but of the Bavarians who fell in the cause of Greece. The arrival of these heroes took place subsequent to the pacification of the country, and though they helped to lighten and to impoverish the treasury of Greece, it is difficult to find out the cause for which they died. It is true, some of them fell into

the hands of the Spartan women, and the ransom of each hero occasioned an additional expense of a live pig to the national treasury. It is also true that some of them died by eating yellow cucumbers, and drinking *eau de vie*. It is just and proper that their death and sufferings should have been commemorated by the use of some appropriate emblems, but a lion, and that, too, a colossal lion, might have been better employed.

This monument, as a work of art, is worthy the genius of the sculptor, and the munificence of his royal patron; but the lion, which is cut out of the rock, and which promises to be a work of great merit, is not in keeping with truth; and we cannot but ask of the artist and the patron, Why was it, that while Greece had so many objects of true merit, when her fields and her passes were still covered with the bones of the infidels and her heroes, when such men as Kyriakoulis and Elias Mavromechalis, when Ypsilantis and Papa Fleshas, when a whole legion of heroes were left to lie in the fields, and in the tumuli of Messolonghi and Athens, that the artist and his noble patron should be both employed, not in commemorating the noble and generous virtues of the truly great, not in perpetuating truth, but in the ignoble work of entailing a lie upon posterity? Fie upon such prostitutions!

We left Pronea, and passing by the summer-house of Admiral Miaulis, and the model farm of Capodistrias, turned to the right to pay a passing

visit to the ruins of Tyrinth, which form so important a feature in the neighbourhood of Napoli. The walls, to which the epithet of "lofty" is applied by Homer, and whose origin is lost in the distance of ages, are of small circumference, but though the space which they occupy is small, the walls are truly Herculean. Their general thickness is twenty feet, and in some places they are twenty-five; their present height, in the most perfect part, is forty-three feet.

The long and wide gallery within the body of the walls, with its loop-holes and its pointed roof, has long been a wonder and a puzzle to the antiquarians. They have not as yet been able to divine the use to which it was applied by those who built, and who inhabited these wonderful walls, and it is hardly worth while to note their conjectures. It will suffice to state, that the gallery is not altogether without a profit to posterity; for while it has given employment to the antiquarians, it also serves as a studio to the practical philosophers of the land—the donkeys of Argolis.

From the top of the Acropolis, the surface of which was ploughed up and planted with tobacco, we enjoyed a very extensive prospect of the plain, and then descended through the gates and the towers of a fortress "which is likely to brave the attacks of time, through ages even more numerous than those which have elapsed since they were built. Owing to its walls, the city is celebrated in

the poems of Homer ; and the satisfaction of seeing an example of military architecture of the heroic ages, as it was beheld by him, is, perhaps, granted to the moderns only in this single instance."

The lofty walls of Old Tyrinth are rendered still more sublime by their contrast with the Lilliputian huts of New Tyrinth, which, like Heracleum, in the vicinity of Athens, is a military colony, and inhabited by the yellow-haired bipeds who have been imported into the country from the hyperborean regions of Germany. The object of the government in establishing these colonies, was to give a home to those who had served in the army, and by their knowledge to aid the agriculture of the land. It was for this reason, and also with the hope of supplanting the turbulent natives by a more submissive race, that while the colonies of the Greeks were allowed to languish, in consequence of delays and procrastinations in granting them the lands for which they perilled their lives, the Bavarians received not only lands, but houses and money ; yet, despite these extra favours, the colonies of Heracleum and New Tyrinth are remarkable for being the most notable failures of the most notable quacks that have ever been entrusted with the destinies of a nation.

At New Tyrinth, we joined again the public road to Argos, and after a short ride of an hour and a half, in the course of which we crossed the dry bed of Inachus, we found ourselves in the gardens of

the latter city. On the other side of the gardens, the mulberry and olive plantations, was the town of Argos, and to the rear of it rose the hill and the castle of the Acropolis with surprising effect; but while the picture before us was soft and dreamy, the interior of the town was in a sorry plight, and passing through the street, we sought the principal object of attraction—the castle of Larissa.

A ride of fifteen minutes brought us to the castle, and there being neither gates nor sentinels, we entered the interior, which, in the course of the late revolution, became the scene of important transactions, but which at present lies in a state of utter desolation. It was from the walls of this castle that, in 1822, Demetrius Ypsilanti, the sons of Mavromechalis, and Colocotroni, contemplated the camp of Dramali, and the burning fields which they had set on fire; and it was here that they received from Dramali the summons of surrender, and it was the table which Ypsilanti spread before the bearers of this message, “out of the small stock of luxuries reserved for his own table,” that misled the Turkish general, and induced him to remain in the plain till the passes were in the hands of Colocotroni.

The Acropolis has suffered still more in the course of the revolution, and though very beautiful as a ruin, it has hardly anything of interest within its walls; but the traveller is amply repaid for his trouble by the objects of interest and celebrity which it brings before him, for nothing can be more rich

or more mild than the prospect from the ramparts of this ruined castle. The plain of Argos, with the seas and the mountains which encompass it, is a picture of plenty. Its mulberry, its olive and currant plantations, and its verdant fields, fill the eye with delightful images, and its extent, though small, comprehends more objects of classical celebrity than any other portion of equal extent. Within it, and within the eye of the observer, are the ruins of Mycenæ, and of Tyrinth; to the left is the bed of Inachus, and to the right the lake of Lerna, and all so perfectly characteristic, that he who has seen the plain of Argolis from the heights of Larissa, has seen a natural and classical epitome of Greece.

From the Acropolis we sought our way to the theatre at the foot of the hill, which, being cut in the rock, has braved the effects of time, and is one of the most perfect things of the kind in Greece. Sixty-four rows of seats rise one above another, and so well preserved, that I found no difficulty in distinguishing the various parts of this truly remarkable and vast structure. I could not, however, see how it was possible for a spectator, who was perched half way up the hill, to hear what was said on the stage, and by way of experiment I sent my servant to the pit, and the trial convinced me that my suspicions on this head were without foundation. I heard every word he said distinctly.

In 1829, the area of the theatre was cleared by order of Capodistrias, and a temporary hall was

erected for the accommodation of the assembly. Among the members of the Panhellenium, and the spectators who flocked from every part of Greece, and who seated themselves on the seats of the old theatre, were to be seen such illustrious personages as Miaulis, Conduriotes, Colocotroni, Petrom Bey, Grivas, Zaimes, and a hundred others of almost equal note. The occasion for which they were convened was worthy the celebrity of the place, and the hallowed associations of the past seemed on this occasion to blend themselves with the events and the interests of the present.

On my way to General Gordon's, the distinguished Philhellene, and historian of Modern Greece, I passed through the street of the city, and the presence of its people, who are said to be as prone to crimes as the old inhabitants of Argos, were to me the greatest wonder of all the wonders I had seen in the course of the day. The city before me was founded 232 years after Sicyon, and 1856 before Christ; it had, therefore, an uninterrupted existence of 3698 years. In the course of this time, one empire after another rolled away; entire races of men appeared and passed away. Her neighbours and rivals, the cities of Tyrinth and Mycenæ, have been in ruins time out of memory. Argos itself has lost all her monuments of antiquity but her theatre, and in the process of time all her old inhabitants, and yet such is the importance of the place, such the vitality of its position, that at this moment, and that, too, after

having been reduced to ashes more than once in the course of the late revolution, it has a larger population than the city of Napoli. The soil and the sun seem to be so prolific, that the generations of man are like "the leaves of the forest," that fall, but are forever being renewed.

At General Gordon's, which, with the exception of General Kalergi's residence, is the only comfortable habitation in Argos, I was hospitably entertained by Mr. Major, who is the present lessee of General Gordon's extensive estates in Argolis. Mr. Major, who has devoted the greater part of his life to agricultural pursuits, was attracted from Germany to Greece by her mild climate. He is a man of enlarged views and elevated benevolence, and is destined to confer important benefits upon the country and its inhabitants. He has already improved the silk and the wine of the place, and has thus entitled himself to the gratitude of the Greeks.

CHAPTER VI.

PASS OF PARTHENI AND TRIPOLITZA.

On leaving Argos for Tripolitza, Mr. Major was pleased to accompany me in my visit to the Lake of Lerna, and the little village of the mills at the head of the gulf, and nearly opposite to the city of Napoli. As these objects of interest were not directly in our route, we started before the rest of the company, and leaving the public road to the capital of Mantinea to the right, we took the footpath to the vineyards and the currant plantations of Argos. This led us through the richest and best cultivated portion of the plain. The vineyards, the mulberry and currant plantations, were in a high state of cultivation; but the plain was cut up by ditches and water-courses in every possible direction, and the roads in such a miserable condition, that the farther we advanced towards the sea and the Learnean marshes, the worse they grew. To be sure, the sight of canebrakes, of water, and above all, of mud, soft and deep, were not only novelties to us, but great rarities in this part of Greece, and we felt like the old hero when he went in search of the many-

headed hydra; but after rambling through thickets of canebrakes, and getting involved in bogs too deep for anything but the strength of a Hercules, we wisely concluded that "discretion was the better part of valour," and returning once more to terra firma, we joined our cavalcade at the foot of Mount Chaon, near the sources of the Erasinus, the principal stream in Argolis.

The Erasinus, whose waters have never been known to fail, except during the invasion of Argolis by Dramali, is supposed to have its origin in Lake Stymphalis, and its clear and copious stream is used for turning the mills and irrigating the plain. A little below its sources are the government powder-mills, and the great advantages of this locality may yet render the beautiful banks of the Erasinus the seat of a flourishing town. The wealth it brings is too rich to be left long neglected.

The water of this interesting stream issues from the rock, and "just above the great source there is a fine lofty cavern, with a roof like an acute Gothic arch, and extending sixty-five yards into the mountain. Towards the inner extremity it has a branch, which has an opening on the surface of the mountain above it; another branch, at fifteen yards from the entrance, leads to the left so far in, that I could not ascertain the depth on account of the darkness. A third branch to the right communicates with another cavern, which has an opening near the great entrance. Water drops from the roofs of them all,

and the earth in them yields saltpetre in abundance. Pausanias has not noticed these remarkable excavations of nature, but he states that Pan and Bacchus were worshipped at the source of the Erasinus, and we know that caverns were generally sacred to Pan. A wall in the large cavern separates a part of it from the remainder, and forms a church." The church here spoken of is dedicated to St. Sophia, and Mr. Major, who looks on everything with the calm eye of an utilitarian, would have liked to reconcile the claims of the god and the saint by turning the cavern into a wine cellar.

Taking our leave of the sources and the cavern, to both of which we devoted as much of our time as we could well spare, we resumed our journey, and following the windings of the public road, we soon rose from the plain to the mountain, where both the objects and the temperature underwent a rapid and decided alteration. About noon, and two hours after leaving the plain, we came to a spring near the ruins of a temple, where we alighted to enjoy our repast, and the beautiful prospect which it commanded. With the exception of the little glen, the rest was in perfect contrast with the scenes we had left. Not a solitary sign of cultivation or of life was to be seen. The whole expanse presented us with nothing but a nest of rugged mountains.

From the spring to a village on the northern declivities of the Akhladhó-kambo, the scene continued much the same. Even the last-mentioned

plain was exceedingly sterile, and there was hardly enough of it to justify its long and difficult name. Notwithstanding its barren appearance, it was quite a relief to the surrounding scenery, and the public road over it was almost as good as the carriageable road we left before we descended to the plain, and which, since the death of Capodistrias, is gone to ruin; but as soon as we left Akhladhó-kambo, we entered the Pass of Partheni, which, like the tragedies of the Greek classics, commenced very naturally and very prettily, but which soon began to disclose its sublime beauties. The Pass of Partheni forms a very appropriate entrance to the wild beauties of Arcadia, and the higher we rose the more difficult and perplexing grew its mazes. The general beauty of the scenery, and the ever changing forms of the objects on either side of the glen, were a sufficient recompense for the trouble to which its steep sides had subjected us, and we were so fortunate as to meet, when about half way up, with some Arcadian shepherds, who, not for love but for money, gave us some of the grapes which they were bringing on their backs from the plain of Tripolitza.

After a ride which lasted for more than an hour, we at length came out of the pass, and the first object that met our eyes in this land of contrasts, was the plain of Tripolitza. The plain before us was not only in contrast with Mount Partheni, but with everything else I had seen in Greece; for instead of opening into the sea like the maritime plains of the

Morea, it was encompassed on all sides by mountains, which rose far above it, though the plain itself is 1948 feet above the level of the sea. It looked more like the bed of a dry lake, and indeed at times it forms a lake, for the waters, having no outlet but through catavothras, or subterranean channels, often overflow it during the winter.

The plain of Tripolitza, though in length it hardly exceeds twenty-five miles, and with a breadth of less than eight, is nevertheless one of the most remarkable plains in Greece, for its position, its historical associations, and its climate. The two great rival cities of Tegea and Mantinea have disappeared, but the strong passes which lead from Corinth and Argolis into the heart of Arcadia, still illustrate its former great military pre-eminence. Nor has it been less pre-eminent in latter times. Since the days of the 'Turks, it has witnessed more scenes of "battle and bloodshed" than any other plain in Greece, and the dismantled walls of Tripolitza are the monuments of the sad scene it witnessed in the early part of the Greek revolution.

A ride of six hours and a half had brought us from the sunny plain of Argolis to the elevated valley of Arcadia. The climate was as different as the appearance of the natural objects; for the change of temperature which I noticed long before we reached Partheni, became more apparent in the plain of Tripolitza. This was undoubtedly owing partly to the time of the day, but we had other and

more unerring indications of the great difference of temperature in the products of the land ; for while the currants and the grapes had been gathered since the 25th of August in Argolis, here, on the 9th of October, they were still hanging half green on their vines. Argos was enjoying the genial warmth of summer, while Tripolitza was almost upon the borders of winter.

We reached the city just as the people were returning from their fields, or from their afternoon's walk, and while I was endeavouring to decide upon a point of attack for night quarters, I found myself a willing prisoner in the hands of Mr. Vasiliades, the Attorney General, my travelling companion in the islands of Tenos and Andros. It was really delightful, after a long journey, and in the midst of a ruined city, to find myself not only in comfortable quarters, but in the society of intelligent and agreeable persons.

In the course of the evening was added to our company the military commandant and the governor of Tripolitza, consequently the past history and the present condition of the city and the province furnished us with interesting topics of conversation. The city of Tripolitza owed its highest prosperity to the Turks, who removed the capital of the Peloponnesus from Argolis to Arcadia, and who built the walls by which it was encompassed. Without having any very great resources, it was the resi-

dence of the Pasha, and of the Beys, some of whom had from their landed estates an annual income of 100,000 to 150,000 dollars. In splendour and population it surpassed all the other cities of the Morea.

Previous to the revolution, and immediately after the breaking out of the troubles, the original population of the city was suddenly augmented by the influx of the military forces, and also by the Morioté Turks, who fled to the city for protection. The city at this time, besides the harems and the retinue of the Pasha, had in and about it 24,000 Turks; and when the chiefs of the Greek revolution, Petrom Bey and Colocotroni, with their dark Moriotes and wild Arcadians, gained the heights of Tricorpha, the city at their feet, and the plain near it, had the appearance of a camp. The horse and the infantry were estimated at 12,000 men.

The Greek chiefs and their followers, who hung on the declivities of the mountains, took possession of the passes which led to and from the city, while the Turks, who foresaw the fate that awaited them, put their cavalry in motion, and used every effort to clear the great thoroughfares; but these manœuvres ended in their discomfiture, and the battles of Valtetza and Pescopi enabled Colocotroni and Petrom Bey to break down the horse, and bring their lines nearer to the city, whose condition became more and more precarious with the lapse of each day, and whose inhabitants began, in anticipation of the

miseries which were pending, to court the principal chiefs amongst the Greeks. Petrom Bey and Colocotroni, it is said, helped to lighten their respective friends of their valuable effects, and the heroic Boubolina penetrated into the city under cover of night, paid her visit to the harem of the Pasha, and returned to the camp loaded with jewels and Cashmere shawls.

These interviews and diplomatic manoeuvres had the good effect of diminishing the revengeful feelings of the contending parties, and by degrees led to arrangements, the object of which was the basis of a capitulation; but while the chiefs of both parties were thus occupied, a very slight incident brought their negotiations to a close. The sentinels on duty, who latterly had been in the habit of bartering their effects to the Greeks, who paid them with figs and nuts, allowed "a few Greeks to approach the walls; the latter suddenly climbed up, and were followed by Capt. Cephalas and his company, who seized a tower near the gate of Argos, and erected a flag there. As soon as the cross in their standard was seen from the camp, a general movement took place; every one rushed to the assault, the ramparts were scaled, the only gate that the Turks had not walled up, burst open, and the whole army poured in, amidst a heavy discharge of musketry, and a fire from the cannon of the citadel, which the gunners pointed against the town. A scene ensued of the

most horrible description. The conquerors, mad with vindictive revenge, spared neither age nor sex. The streets and the houses were inundated with blood, and obstructed with heaps of dead bodies."

The scenes, which occupy a prominent page in General Gordon's history, lasted for three days and as many nights. At length, after filling the streets and the neighbouring passes with the bodies of the Turks, every strong post gave way. The Albanians, who occupied the Acropolis, were allowed to depart, and the Greeks remained masters of the wreck. A number of the chief Turks were left in the custody of Colocotroni, while the beauties of the Pasha's harem were put under the protection of Petrom Bey, whose handsome sons took occasion to return some of the favours one of them had received while a prisoner within the walls of Tripolitza. The Kehaga Bey, and the inmates of the harem, were all ransomed by their master, who at the time happened to be at Yanina. It is said that some of the beautiful slaves parted from their young captors with regret, and that on their arrival at Yanina, they met with the jealous displeasure of the haughty Koushrit, who consigned them to an untimely grave in the waters of the Lake of Yanina.

The city of Tripolitza, after the catastrophe on the 5th of October, 1821, became the capital, and the seat of the provisional government, and before the end of the struggle it witnessed a series of im-

portant events, which served to complete its ruin; and at present, with the exception of a few hundred houses, it contains nothing else but ruins, and a motley population of about four thousand people, most of whom are very poor, very lazy, and extremely litigious. The city at present is the capital of Mantinea, the most populous province in the Morea, and being at the head of a most important valley, it may yet rise to the condition of a prosperous inland town; but even this hope is not without its drawbacks. The lands, besides being at some distance from the city, are subject to the still greater objection of being national property, and consequently liable to double tithes; but the greatest difficulty in the way of the progress and the prosperity of these poor people is their character, and the position of their city, which being built at the foot of naked mountains, is too hot in summer, and too cold in winter. It has no shade to protect it from the rays of the sun, and no fuel to ward off the cold of the long winters, when the mountains are covered with snow, and the plains with water. The inhabitants and the officers are both discontented with their lot, and it is a great pity that after the walls of the city and every tenable portion of it was broken down and razed to the ground by Ibrahim Pasha, that the government did not make some effort to remove the capital of this province to a more eligible situation. The capital of the Turks

should never have been revived, and the site of Tegea in its neighbourhood was as appropriate a position for the foundation of a new city, as that of Tripolitza is fit for Turks and the wild beasts of the forest.

CHAPTER VII.

PASS OF LANGADI AND KARITANA.

My desire to visit Karitana and the chateau of Colocotroni, rendered it necessary to give the preference to the Pass of Langadi, which had the advantage of being shorter, and the disadvantage of being so wild as to be unfrequented, and very often infested by robbers, or rather shepherds who are apt to unite the delights of pastoral with the excitements of the kleptic life. By way of guarding against such incidents, I was provided with a military escort.

Tripolitza and its plain looked deserted enough, and yet in comparison with the scenes on the other side of Tricorpha it was a very picture of life. From the moment we left the capital of Mantinea, till we came within an hour's ride of Karitana, the capital of Gortynia, a distance of nearly eight hours, we were either struggling through deep gorges, or climbing over mountains, all of which appeared naked, and withal so arid, that with the exception of Helisson, which we crossed near its sources, and the springs near Karitana, the rest was without a

stream or spring. This great want, I was told, is supplied by a number of cisterns on the tops of the mountains, which, being fed by the rain and the snows in the course of the winter, preserve through summer an abundance of cool water. These cisterns are the most useful antiquities of the land. They are known to the shepherds, who, though too ignorant to trouble themselves or the world with learned dissertations on the origin and history of these curious reservoirs of their mountains, seem to be mindful of the obligations they owe to their unknown benefactors, to whom they daily offer the tribute of their simple but melodious reed.

The scenery of the regions through which we passed, though wanting in variety of objects, was nevertheless not monotonous. The mountains assumed every possible form, and the picture, though in a state of nature in its general aspect, was now and then diversified by some straggling villages high among the rocks. These mountain villages, though exceedingly picturesque, are more fit to be the lairs of wolves than the habitations of men. In summer they afford little else besides air, water, and freedom; and in winter they are hardly tenable, even for Arcadians, and accordingly the poor inhabitants, most of whom are shepherds, are obliged year after year to leave their summer retreats for their winter quarters in the mild regions of Messenia, thus leading a life better calculated to form daring clefts than peaceable citizens; and accord-

ingly, there are few amongst them who have not participated, at some time of their lives, in the wild pleasures and venturous occupations of the mountain klefts, who have rendered these regions from time immemorial the scenes of their exploits.

The inhabitants of these regions, though doomed to a miserable life, according to our ideas, were nevertheless fortunate in their poverty. They were equally ignorant of the sorrows and the pleasures of the bondsman in the rich plains, and though now and then they were hunted out like wild beasts, they were sure to return again. Even now, when the country is in a state of peace and tranquillity, they break through the trammels of law, and take to the mountain for the love of it.

These regions, as late as 1839, were so infested by a band of Arcadian robbers, that the government, unable to suppress the evil by ordinary means, was obliged to call the aid of the people, who, wearied by the insolence and the requisitions of the outlaws, took up the game in right earnest, and having killed or captured a number of the subordinates, they at length succeeded in finding Capt. Tcha-vaos, the chief of the gang, in the mills at the head of Helisson. Like the rest of his comrades, he found it necessary to yield to superior force, and surrendered himself to the authorities, but while they were in the act of securing his arms, an *honourable* Arcadian, who was supposed to have connived at the crimes of the robber, stepped up and shot the pris-

oner. What is more remarkable, nearly two long years have elapsed, and this crime has not yet been punished.

Every one of the gang was either killed in the skirmishes, or brought to Tripolitza, where they suffered the penalty of the law. The only individual who escaped this fate was the sister of the chief, who, either through affection or choice, was induced to follow the fortunes of her brother, and showed herself to be as brave and as intrepid as the chief himself. This Arcadian heroine, though in the company of desperate spirits, was not wanting in the mild virtues of her sex, and the merciful pardon of the Court in her behalf was considered a well-merited reward for her humane acts.

Since the last clearing, the land has been enjoying a comparative tranquillity, and yet, about five months ago, there was another little band of free boys, and King Otho was present, and assisted in the capture of some of his promising subjects. Indeed, it will be impossible to be otherwise so long as the state of the country and the people remain in their present condition. The people of these regions, without being worse than their neighbours, have less to do. Their sterile mountains, though peculiarly calculated for the development of their physical system, offer but poor means of occupation, and the people being naturally active, have no alternative but to die of *ennui*, or seek a little employment and pleasure in the excitements which are held out

by the life of a kleft. The only means that can put an end to this evil, is not hanging, but the removal of the causes, of supplanting the root of all evils by occupation; and this is not so difficult a matter as it may appear. The wise distribution of the national lands in the plain of Tripolitza and Megalopolis among the people, will make a peaceable farmer out of every shepherd in the mountains, and in the wild glens of Arcadia.

About four in the afternoon, and after a ride of six hours through glens and over precipitous mountains, we at length began to descend upon the northern corner of the great valley of Megalopolis, and shortly after found ourselves among the vineyards of the mountain villages. The hills here were as inviting as the mountains by which they were surrounded were forbidding. The mild picture before us was the more interesting, as the vineyards were at the time enlivened by the presence of the people, who were agreeably employed in gathering the grapes of the season.

I was much disposed to tarry among the vineyards, and listen to the joyous songs of the boys and the peasant girls, whose cheeks were as rich as the grapes which they offered so freely; but we were already too late, and the castle of Karitana, though in sight, was far off. The road, fortunately, was tolerable, and we were enabled to perform the remaining part of the day's journey at a more rapid rate; but the mountains to the west of us had

already thrown their long shadows upon the plain, and before we had time to climb the heights on which Karitana was perched, the scattered habitations and the soaring castle of the town had passed from sunshine to twilight, and were at length lost in the sombre hues of the evening.

To the difficulty of reaching the capital of Gortys, was added the greater difficulty of finding a resting-place. The inhabitants of this inhospitable town had already betaken themselves into their hovels, and left their dogs to do the honours of hospitality. No entreaties could bring them even to their windows, and I felt quite at a loss, when the guard, who was dispatched to the governor, came back with the news that His Excellency had retired; "That is," said the honest soldier, "I heard him say to his attendant that he was asleep." This was, to say the least of it, too uncivil not to be provoking, and as my escort was bound not only to protect me from robbers, but to furnish provisions and accommodations, I was almost disposed to yield to their breaking into the largest house in the place. Before submitting to the alternative of remaining in the street, or forcing myself upon strangers, I sought the head-quarters of the commandant, who, unlike the governor, treated us with a portion of his scanty fare, and then sent me to pass the night in the house of one of the Primates. The quarters of the Peloponnesian Primate consisted of two apartments, the one for the quadrupeds, and the other

for the bipeds. The latter, besides being too small, had neither floor nor ceiling, and besides having all the implements of war and peace, which belonged to one of the nobles of the land, it was already occupied by the beds of three persons, the father, the son, and the daughter. My camp-bed was set partly over the son of the Primate, and immediately under the lamp which was burning before the Panagia, and I was thus suspended between a saint and a rogue, who was threatening to upset me every time he turned, and who, before the night was over, managed to cheat his father out of his bed, by sending him to the mill two hours before the time. He was, indeed, a promising Arcadian, and King Otho had better catch him while he is yet young.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEODORE COLOCOTRONI.

EARLY in the morning I left my lodgings, and passing through the town of Karitana, which occupies the back of a high ridge, I sought my way to the castle, that towered far above the miserable habitations of the town; but here, as in other similar cases, it was easier sought than found. The castle which stood before me, could be approached only from one point, and being without a guide, I had occasion to find, that this fortress, though dismantled and untenanted, was not to be taken by surprise. After a number of ineffectual efforts, I at length put myself in the right way, and was soon after on the ramparts of the deserted castle.

I performed my solitary rounds on the walls, and there being nothing of importance to be seen inside, I occupied myself with the objects of interest on the outside. To the north and south was the town, to the east and south the plain of Megalopolis, and to the west the great and deep gorge through which the waters of Alpheus escape from the upper to the lower valley. The view, in its general outlines, is rather

austere than otherwise. A hundred peaks of mountains are in sight, and almost all of them in primitive nudity. Nor are the wild gorge and the dark waters of Alpheus at the foot of the castle calculated to soften the prospect. They are the objects in the picture on which there is less of light, and yet there are scarcely any two objects in this great panorama of Arcadian grandeur, that are so apt to seize upon the eye, as the gorge and the Alpheus. But in the midst of this crowd of hills and mountains, which swell and grow under the eye of the observer, there is a point of relief—the plain of Megalopolis, with its villages, its groves, its meadows, and its Alpheus, which, by its frequent turns, its bends, and subterraneous wanderings through the pastoral beauties of these regions, shows, as it were, his reluctance to leave his beautiful valley.*

The castle of Karitana, besides being a prominent

* Pausanias says, "The Alpheus is of a very different nature from other rivers, for it often conceals itself in the earth and rises again. First of all, flowing from Phylace and the Symbola, it descends under ground to the Tegeatic plain; then, breaking forth again in the Asæa, it mixes its waters with those of the Eurotas. After having been again concealed by a subterraneous channel, it once more emerges in the place which the Arcadians call Pegæ. From thence, passing through the Pisæan land, and by Olymnia, it joins the sea towards Cyllene, the port of the Eleii. Nor does the agitation of the Adriatic impede its course, but flowing through this great and tempestuous sea, it reaches the island of Ortygia, and preserving its name, Alpheus, is there mixed with the fountain Arethusa."

object in the above panorama, is an important military post in this part of the Morea. It occupies the southern outlet of the glen, between the two great valleys, and was well calculated to be the stronghold of the Barons, the Beys, and the Greek chiefs, who, from the times of Hugues de Brien, its founder, to the days of Colocotroni, have ruled and tyrannized over the land. The castle of Karitana, like almost all the castles of the Middle Ages in the Peloponnesus, became the scene of stirring events; and after the expulsion of the Turks, it offered to Colocotroni and his followers a *pied de terre*, from whence they resisted the efforts of the Egyptian satrap. But the days of its glory are over; and the castle, which, as late as 1829, was full of life and military show, is now in ruins, with no other tenants but the winds and the fowls of the air.

To the south-east of the castle, and within fifty yards from its gate, is the chateau of Colocotroni. The chateau, like the castle of which it forms a part, is now in ruins; a little chapel, and a tower with port-holes and ramparts, are all that remain of a place which occupies so large a space in the history of the country. The residence of the kleft, like the castle of the Baron, is not only encompassed by awful precipices and jagged rocks, but is of itself so wild and so gloomy, as to form an appropriate frame-work—to the adventurous and eventful history of its distinguished owner.

Theodore Colocotroni, the celebrated chief of

Arcadia, was born in 1769, and is supposed to have seen the light somewhere near Karitana. His early history is lost: it was never thought of sufficient importance to be preserved; and he now stands before us like the sturdy oak of his native forests, of whose origin we know little or nothing, but whose moss-covered trunk and weather-beaten branches bear witness of the winters and the storms that have swept over it. It is very probable that Colocotroni, like every other biped in Arcadia, was first disposed of in a skin cradle, carried from glen to crag on the back of his dam, and at noon-day suspended under the shade of some wide-spreading oak in the groves of Arcadia. He was doubtless thought to be—by his mother—a very pretty baby; but if an artist were to reduce the aged chief of 1842, to the infant of 1763, we might then be called to look upon the ugliest descendant of Pan that was ever animated with human intelligence; and yet, in the breast of this little monster of Arcadia, were folded the feelings and the passions of a kleft, a hero, a patriot, and a statesman.

Theodore Colocotroni was the son of a chief, equally well known in Arcadia, and in the kleptic annals of the land. During the invasion of the Peloponnesus by the Albanians he resisted their power, and when they fell under the displeasure of the Sultan, he was one of the chief agents who aided in the extermination of the Chimariotes. But these exploits, which increased the reputation of this distinguished

chief, increased also the enmity of the Turks; and as soon as they got over their troubles with the Albanians, they turned their attention to Colocotroni, who, being driven from his strongholds in Arcadia by Mustapha Pasha and the Moriote Turks, sought an asylum among the villages of Upper Mane. His place of refuge being ascertained, he was besieged, and in attempting to escape, lost his life.

It was at this time, 1780, that Theodore Colocotroni makes his appearance in the stage of action. It appears that he was in the company of his father, and in the confusion of the moment managed to betake himself, in company with his mother, to *the bushes!* where he remained till 1787. How he employed his time, during the days of his concealment is not known; or rather, reports and traditions are contradictory. Certain it is, that the young man, who in his maturer years displayed, on so many occasions, the genius of a fabulist, and the powers of an orator, was not sent to the universities of Germany to be educated. He remained at home, and followed his studies of right and wrong under the immediate tuition of his mother,

“ Who gave to light a babe, all babes excelling,
A schemer subtle beyond all belief ;
A shepherd of thin dreams ; a cow-stealing,
A night-watching, and door-waylaying thief,
Who, ’mongst the Greeks, was soon about to thieve,
And other glorious actions to achieve.”

In the early part of 1787, the young Colocotroni
VOL. II.—8

made his appearance in the mountains of Arcadia, and at the head of his brave followers, through whose aid he placed himself in the position which was once occupied by his distinguished and dreaded father. Through his cruelties and machinations, he succeeded in securing for himself, and the rest of the chiefs, who sprung up in different parts of the Morea, the Capitanata, or military command of the open country; and thereby created a post, which in fact enabled this distinguished kleft, and the rest of the Captains, to have no small share of influence in the government of the country—a state of things in no way agreeable to the feelings of the Turks, or promising any very salutary results to the state.

The klefts, who were at first satisfied with the government of the open country, soon began to interfere with the plans and the schemes of the authorities in the cities; and the Turks, alarmed at length by the rapid growth of the kleftic system, resolved once more upon the extermination of this evil. To the firman of the Sultan was added the authority of the Greek Patriarch, and the Pasha of the Peloponnesus, having secured the co-operation of the inhabitants, took the field against the outlaws so suddenly, and so unexpectedly, that in the course of December and January, 1804, from five to six hundred klefts were either hanged, impaled, quartered, or roasted alive, in the plain of Megalopolis. So great, and so complete was the success of the Turk-

ish Pasha, that Colocotroni, who barely saved himself, was forced to seek refuge in the island of Zante, where he found a number of his brother chiefs, and where he entered the service of the Ionian government.

In 1808, four years after his expulsion, Colocotroni came to the aid of Ali Pharmaki of Lala, who, having incurred the displeasure of Veli Pasha, was closely besieged in his tower in Elis; and having helped his friend out of his difficulties, he descended to the beautiful valley of Olympia, and from thence to his old hiding-place.

While in the Ionian Islands, where he was at best but an exile, he did not deny himself the pleasure of occasional visits to his native Arcadia; and, it is said, that now and then, either because he was tired of the humdrum life of a mercenary, or because he was unwilling to forget his old habits, he sought at sea what he could not find on land, and indulged in the wild delight of a corsair. He followed such pursuits and occupations as were well calculated to prepare him for the stirring scenes into which he was soon to be involved; and the imaginary description of Lambro, is not inapplicable to the character of Colocotroni at this period of his life:

“ He was a man of strange temperament,
Of mild demeanor, though of savage mood:
Moderate in all his habits, and content
With temperance in pleasure as in food;

Quick to perceive, and strong to bear ; and meant
For something better, if not wholly good ;
His country's wrongs, and his despair to save her,
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,
The hardness of long habitude produced ;
The dangerous life in which he had grown old,
The mercy he had granted oft abused,
The sights he was accustomed to behold,
The wild seas and wild men with whom he cruised,
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,
And made him a good friend, but bad acquaintance.

But something of the spirit of old Greece
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece
His predecessors in the Colchian days.
'Tis true, he had no ardent love for peace ;
Alas ! his country showed no path to praise :
Hate to the world, and war with every nation,
He waged in vengeance of her degradation.

The day when Colocotroni was to be engaged in more noble deeds than those which occupied the greater portion of his life, had at length arrived. A few months before the outbreak of the Greek revolution, he repaired to the Morea ; and after spending some time with Petrom Bey, he went to Calamata in company with the Maniote chief, and assisted in the opening of the great drama. From the capital of Messenia, he hastened into the interior of the Morea, drove the Turks of Leondari and Farnari out of their strongholds, and soon after laid

siege to the castle of Karitana, which, being ill manned and worse provisioned, was by no means prepared to stand a long siege. But while Colocotroni was awaiting the surrender of this castle, he was suddenly attacked by a strong detachment of Turks from Tripolitza, and nothing was left him but to abandon his prey, and betake himself once more to the bushes, "where," to use his own expression, "he sat down and wept."

A defeat at the very commencement of operations, might have proved fatal anywhere else but in Greece, where "a man who runs away may live to fight another day;" and Colocotroni, who commenced his career by a fortunate retreat, was never the worse for having been defeated, or being compelled to betake himself to the bushes. Like his native Alpheus, he came out of his concealment with refreshed energies, and increased resources; and before he had time to dry his tears, he found himself surrounded by the Arcadians, who flocked to the aid of their renowned chief. At the battle of Valtetza he gained more than he had lost by his defeat at Karitana; and before the lapse of three months since the opening of the revolutionary scene, he came at the head of three thousand Arcadians, and encamped in sight of Tripolitza, amid the scenes of his father's glory.

Of all the chiefs who at this time gathered around the devoted city, none were so well fitted, by their knowledge of the country and the people, to cope

the enemy as Colocotroni; and his master operations, in closing the passes, and in breaking the cavalry of the Turks, were among the most efficient means that hastened the fall of Tripolitza, and with it the fall of the Turkish power in the Morea. His camp on the tops of Tricorpha, and his entrance into the capital of the Turks under the fire and the cannon of the besieged, are among the best and most animated scenes in the annals of the Greek revolution.

His high services to the national cause, placed him at the head of the military characters of the day; and the Provisional Government showed its good sense by appointing him commander-in-chief over the Greek forces during the invasion of the Morea by Dramali. On leaving Tripolitza, and on taking his leave of the Senate, he told them "to be of good cheer, for the evening before he dreamed that Dramali, with all his forces, were placed in his hand." Before the lapse of ten days, the singular dream of the old chief was literally fulfilled. Never was a greater triumph at a less expense, than the victory of Colocotroni over the Turkish general; and the historian of the Greek revolution has justly remarked, that the happy results of the defensive operations at Argolis "exalted the reputation, and redoubled the power of Colocotroni. The people everywhere sung ballads in his honour: his political adversaries humbled themselves before him, and for some months he was absolute in the Morea."

Colocotroni, who, by his triumphs and his abilities, had risen from one ambitious project to another still greater, was not disposed to be satisfied with the rank of Generalissimo. He sought after civil honours, and strove to acquire the influence which would place him at the head of affairs. He had talents and influence enough, but wanted the education and the diplomatic abilities of those great characters who had made politics and diplomacy the study of their lives. He could not cope with such men as Metaxa, Coletti, and Mavrocordato; and being a man of strong will and purpose, had often recourse to force, and he is as noted for his rebellions against the instituted authorities, as he is for his battles with the Turks. But his struggles for political supremacy often ended in discomfiture and disgrace. In one of his struggles with the government he lost his eldest son, and was himself banished to the island of Hydra.

Colocotroni, however, was too strong a man to be left long in exile; and on the landing of Ibrahim Pasha on the shores of the Morea, the old chief was once more called to the aid of his country—a circumstance which chimed in with a prophecy of his own, uttered just at the time when he was about to leave for the place of his exile: "I have saved," said he, "my country twice, and I shall be called to save her for the third time."

Upon his landing at Napoli, he assumed the command of the national forces, and hastened for the

interior, where he was soon surrounded by his old and faithful adherents; but the enemy with whom he had now to deal was not the careless and improvident Dramali. He soon saw that the chances were against him. Though unable to cope with the enemy in the open field, he repaired the castle of Karitana, and from thence commenced a system of operations, the object of which was to revive the hopes, and rally the people to their duty. And amid the gloom and the darkness of despondency which covered the land, the light of liberty and of hope still glimmered in the glens, and lighted the tops of the Arcadian mountains. Ibrahim took castles, burned cities, and destroyed the olive and fig plantations. He roamed through the Morea at will; but he could not bring the Greeks to subjection, so long as Colocotroni was in his castle.

After the expulsion of Ibrahim, and the death of Capodistrias, Colocotroni was chosen a member of the Provisional Government, and continued to be the chief spirit of the popular party. Men and parties, however, were shoved off by the Regency; and Colocotroni, as well as all the other chiefs of note, was charged with high treason against the royal government. The man who had rendered so many and so great services to the state, and who had covered the land with the glory of his arms, was brought as a criminal before the tribunals of his country, and was condemned to death; but the President of the Court having refused to sign the

sentence, the King found it necessary to allay the popular indignation by pardoning this distinguished veteran of the Greek revolution.

With the formation of the Council of State, Colocotroni was appointed a member of this body, and has ever since been enjoying that regard and consideration which belongs to a man who has rendered so many and so important services to the state. He is by no means as omnipotent as he was in the course of the revolution ; but the recollection of his military achievements, and the eloquence of his harangues and fables, throw, even at this moment, an irresistible charm about his person and his name. He has preserved more of his old power than any other chief ; and his influence with the people of Arcadia and Messenia, indeed with the Peloponnesians in general, is paramount.

Colocotroni, however, though pre-eminently fitted for the scenes through which he then passed, is by no means calculated for the scenes that have followed. His great mission being accomplished, he is somewhat out of his sphere. He is too far advanced in life to enter into the new order of things, or to appreciate the importance of the times. He aided, and aided nobly, in the great work of breaking down the yoke of the Turks ; but the equally great work of improvement and civilization belongs to others, and amid the great changes that have taken, and are continually taking place, Colocotroni remains the same old kleft. It is true, he lives in the

capital of the kingdom, and his old age has forced upon him the use of a carriage, but still he abides by the "snowy camise and the shaggy capote" of the kleft; and amid a hundred chiefs who throng the court, and the halls of Otho's palace, Colocotroni is the most singular, and the most remarkable biped.

Age and hard service have, indeed, softened, but neither the one nor the other have broken down the sturdy chief. His form is still erect, and his dark and noble countenance is still an index of the mighty passions that are yet raging within. The marked features of his countenance, like the crags of his native mountains, continue to be veiled by gloom, or to be lighted up by the sunshine of his powerful mind; and when in the presence of this chained lion, we feel strongly impressed with the idea of what he might do were he freed from the trammels of civilized life, or could he bend his will to the circumstances of the times; for he

"Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled: as it is
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and pure thought,
Mixed and contending, without end or order,
All dormant or destructive."*

* Since the above was written, Colocotroni has left the scenes of his eventful life. He was attacked by an apoplectic fit while attending a royal ball, and died in the course of the next morning. Both friends and enemies joined in the eulogy of this great man.



BRIDGE OF CORTYS.

LITH. OF G. W. EADY CO.

CHAPTER IX.

MEGALOPOLIS AND KALYVIA.

FROM the chateau of Colocotroni I descended to the stone bridge, where I joined my men, and from whence I enjoyed the best view of Karitana and its castle. The stone bridge, with its little chapel on one of its abutments, stands at the entrance of the gorge; and while the waters of Alpheus rush into the chasm, the rocks and hills on each side, and the castle with the chateau, that are seen through this magnificent opening, form one of the most striking pictures in this part of the country, and one which I would recommend to the admirers of Arcadian scenery.

After a few moments' delay at the bridge, we descended into the valley, and continued through rich meadows and pleasant groves, till we came to the site of Megalopolis, which is situated about four hours from Karitana, and which has preserved less of her former greatness than many other cities. Tyrinth, Mycenæ, and Mantinea, have preserved the greater portion of their walls, and yet Megalopolis, with her circumference of fifty stadia, has lost

all but her name. With the exception of a few chapels, and the remains of some few monuments, there is hardly anything else in this vast expanse of ruins. The waters of Helisson still flow through the city. The rich plain, and the magnificent mountains are still in sight, but the great city is truly "a great desert."

In the outskirts of Megalopolis we found its wretched representative, the village of Sinano; and after a short stay there, we continued our journey to Leondari, at the south-east extremity of the valley. Our road from Karitana to the last mentioned place lay through a valley, which, though neglected and almost deserted, is nevertheless one of the most remarkable valleys in Greece. Its springs and rivulets, its groves and its green hills, with the flocks of sheep and piping shepherds, give it a pre-eminent place among the valleys of Arcadia. Col. Leak, who seldom indulges in poetical vagaries, gives the following description of it: "Though the appearance of this noble basin might be rendered more agreeable by a certain degree of culture, desolation has not deprived it of its natural beauties, as seems to have happened in the other great *Arcadian* valley of Tripolitza; which, having lost its three cities, its cultivation, and its forest Pelagus—the latter a fine contrast, probably, to the rocky steeps on either side—is now an uninteresting, monotonous level. The valley of Megalopolis, on the contrary, abounds in delightful scenery. The sides

of the majestic mountains, Kargátiko and Tetrasi, and the hills at the southern end of the plain beyond Leondari, are covered with oaks, chesnuts, and other trees. The eastern range, in its higher regions, is more naked than the others; but the lower hills are clothed both with underwood and large trees, among which are forests of oaks, extending in some places into the plain, particularly a little to the southward of Megalopolis. The valley itself, varied with hillocks, undulating ground, and detached copses, refreshed with numerous rivulets, shaded by planes, and watered by a larger stream winding through the middle, may almost rival the plain of Sparta in picturesque beauty; to which it is inferior only in the grandeur of the mountains, and their magnificent contrasts with the other features of the Spartan valley. In the present sylvan and uncultivated state of the country around the site of Megalopolis, we have a scene more resembling an ideal Arcadia, than could have been presented when there was a large city in the centre of the valley; and thus we have another example of a resemblance between the Greece of the earliest ages of its history, and that of the present day. The country is now clothed in all the beautiful verdure and flowery luxuriance of a Grecian spring."

At Leondari we alighted in one of the miserable khans; and in the course of our short stay, we had the opportunity of seeing something of the peasants

and the shepherds who had come to attend market. The place, which, as late as 1821, had three hundred houses, and which was noted for being the residence of the Turks, who were the landed proprietors in this part of the country, had now some twenty or thirty houses, in a state of progressive decay, and as many shops more or less miserable. The people, or rather the shepherds and the farmers, who composed the principal part of the crowd, were so poor and so miserable, as to be in contrast, rather than in unison, with the rich scenes which nature had spread around them; and yet they seemed to be hardly conscious of their condition. Having become habituated to the evils of their lot, they have sufficient philosophy to enjoy the present, without regarding the past, or sighing for the future. Their climate, the bright heavens, and the beautiful earth, afford abundant enjoyments; and the Arcadian shepherd, who owns a few sheep, and who can add to the delights of *dolce far niente* the bland melody of his simple reed, is by far more happy and more contented with his lot than King Otho with his throne.

Leondari, though a miserable little town, occupies a very important position; and being situated on an elevated ground, it makes quite a show. The most remarkable objects are the woody heights to the south, and the ruins of the castle to the north of the town. The churches and the mosques have alike disappeared; but the walls and the towers of

this commanding castle, unlike the walls and the ramparts of almost all the other castles in the Morea, are so matted by the ivy, and so shaded by the fir-trees, as to partake of the character of the Arcadian scenery—where nature predominates over the works of man.

After enjoying the sight of the town, of the castle, and the music of the Arcadian shepherds, one of whom was induced to part with his reed for the sake of a few coppers, we left the place, and shortly after *rolled* into the valley to the south-east of it, and among the high ranges of the Arcadian and the Spartan mountains. A copious spring, under a magnificent plane-tree, was pointed out as the borderline between the neighbouring provinces of Arcadia and Lacedemon. This, and another farther to the south, and by the side of some ancient ruins, were the sources of Eurotas, and derived from this fact an additional interest.* While we followed by the

* In speaking of the sources of Eurotas, I only mean the first of those springs which flow to the south, and which, uniting with many other tributary streams, that have their origin in the parallel chains of Taygetus and Parnon, form the celebrated Eurotas. Some of these springs are so near the sources of the Alpheus, that Pausanias, who was too good a heathen not to be credulous, says—“The water of the Eurotas mixes with that of Alpheus, and they flow together in a common channel for nearly twenty stadia; after which they pass through a subterraneous chasm, and emerge again. the Eurotas in the Laconice, and the Alpheus at the Fountains in the Megalopolitis!”

side of their clear waters, we could not but notice the change which the air and the scenery underwent. The oak forests of Arcadia were first followed by copses of Arbutus, and soon after by groves of olive-trees, which we had not seen since we left the regions of Argolis, and which is an unfailing criterion of a mild climate. Indeed, the air had become more and more mild as we progressed to the south, and the diversified ranges of Mount Taygetus were clothed in the light haze and the purple hues which are so peculiar to the maritime plains of Greece. To these were added the towers and the farm-houses, which by their frequency gave a social aspect to the country.

The valley, though confined between high mountains, was exceedingly beautiful, and we continued to enjoy its sequestered beauties till we were overtaken by the evening shades. Kastaniotitza, the village where we intended to pass the night, was high up on the mountain slopes, and being rather too far out of our way, we concluded upon the plan of seeking for quarters at the Kalyvia. The harvest, however, was over, and most of the farm-houses were tenantless. The only establishment which showed some few signs of life, was closed against us, and the presence of the government guards rendered our promises and entreaties alike ineffectual. The inmates and the *gens d'arms* began to insult each other, and I had before me the pleasant alternative of passing the night in the open air, or the

pleasure of being received into Lacedemon, as o' old, *vi et armis*. Fortunately, the proprietor of the establishment happened to be out of the castle, and on his return being informed that we were in search of hospitality, ordered the dog to be chained, and the gates to be thrown open.

The interior of the establishment proved as forbidding as the outside. The court-yard, and the tower at the head of it were so piled and so crowded with the utensils of the family, and the fruits of the season, that there was hardly a spot to stand on, or lie upon. Indeed the tower, in the upper loft of which I was invited to take up my quarters, was only sixteen by fourteen in the clear; and besides the bed of my host, it had some half-dozen skins full of oil, and a whole commonwealth of little *etceteras*—that is, gun, swords, heads of cheeses, figs, ears of corn, and jars of wine and oil, with dirt just enough to keep them from falling into each other. The tower of the Spartan promised to prove worse than the house of the Arcadian Primate; and my prospects, like those of Milton's hero, the farther I went, the *darker* they grew. But in the home of the Spartan I found the light that was wanted in the miserable hovel of Karitana. I found a cheerful and hospitable disposition on the part of the inmates, and a people whose condition and character were of themselves sufficiently interesting.

Besides the head of the family, who was somewhat advanced in life, and who, together with the

guest, enjoyed the privilege of being waited upon, there were half a dozen of dark-looking, but graceful youths, who, in addition to their easy address, had the look and the air of mountain brigands; and who, when they had nothing else to do, amused themselves either by loitering in the porch, or standing by and listening to, but never taking part in the conversation. Their becoming demeanor, and their respect for their aged sire, was a pleasing feature in the manners of these singular people: and this was the more interesting, as it appeared to be a relic of the old Spartan laws.

Among the young Spartans who seemed to be above work, there was a girl of about seventeen, upon whom devolved all the duties, and all the cares of hospitality. She was the daughter of my host, and her name being Helen, I could hardly help smiling at an incident which, for the sake of romance, might have made me feel like a Paris; but the modern Helen, though very good as a hostess, was rather too substantial to be made away with; yet in the midst of so many forbidding objects, she was not altogether uninteresting. Indeed, her industry, her anxiety, and her desire to please, made her quite agreeable, and for the time far more useful than her namesake.

Shortly after our arrival, the daughter of the chief invited us to the table, on which, besides a loaf of *black* bread, there were a few pieces of pork, which Helen took out of one of the jars with her own

fingers; and which, I doubt not, had been kept for great occasions, ever since the time when the ransom of the Bavarians had stocked the land with pork. Our fare was indeed hard; but besides having brought from Arcadia a good appetite, I could not be so uncivil as to give offence by refusing to eat. I therefore acted up to the proverb of doing as the Spartans did when with the Spartans, and showed them that they were not the only fighting people, though I never fought so hard in my life for a supper. The bread and the pork were hard enough to build castles, and tough enough to resist balls; but were neither too hard, nor too tough for men who were half famished.

After, as before supper, Helen helped us to wash our hands, and soon after prepared my bed; but fearing that her bed might be as hard as her fare, I called for my camp-bed, which created more wonder and astonishment than anything else. The men looked as if we were building a tower; but Helen watched the process with evident interest, and when she saw the bed up, she then laughed outright. But this did not seem to satisfy her curiosity; she wanted to see, not only how the bed was put up, but how I could get in, and being too innocent to be prudish, she remained in the room till she saw me fairly in, and then left us her "good night."

CHAPTER X.

OLD AND NEW SPARTA.

HAVING closed our accounts with the inmates of the tower, who did not neglect to make the government guards pay for their fare, and for the privilege of sleeping on the Spartan soil, we left the Kalyvia of the Yeorgitica sometime before sunrise, and once more joined the road to Sparta. At the foot of the rocky hill we entered the valley we had left the night before, and after half an hour's ride on the western banks of the Eurotas, which had already been swollen, by the contribution of springs and rivulets, to a respectable stream, we crossed the little rivulet of Castania, and shortly after came opposite the two conical hills, on the other side of the Eurotas, at the foot of which, I was told by my Spartan friends, were to be seen two of the most copious sources of the Eurotas. The hills in question, though in sight, were at some distance from the public road; and to the difficulty of fording the river at this point, was added our ignorance of the particular localities. But the desire of seeing what had been passed unnoticed by ancient and modern travellers, was sufficient to



SPARTIA AND PAVETTILS

overcome these difficulties; and crossing the clear and rapid waters of the Eurotas, at a point where the massive remains of some Hellenic walls indicated the site of some forgotten city, we placed ourselves on the other side of the river, and among the fig and mulberry plantations, where we were fortunate enough to fall in with a Spartan, who volunteered to be our guide; and who led us to the springs, which, though within fifteen minutes' walk, were nevertheless so hidden among bushes and rocks, as to require the patience and the enterprise of a discoverer.

The springs at the foot of the hills were rivers in comparison with the fountains we noticed on the confines of Lacedemon. No fountain, and no tree was spread over them; but they gushed out of the rocks with a strength and a depth which showed the force of their head, and after running through the vineyards and the fig plantations, added their waters to those of the Eurotas. We had no means of calculating the precise amount of water, but it was enough to satisfy us, that of all the springs which flow into the river of Lacedemon, these were probably the largest; and the chapels of St. George and St. Nicholās, on the tops of these twin hills, occupy, probably, the sites of ancient temples, and their altars and sanctuaries attest the gratitude of both heathens and Christians for these beneficent gifts of Nature.

Leaving the springs of St. George and St. Nicho-

las, we again repaired to the Hellenic remains, which, being washed by the waters of the Eurotas, seem to have answered no other purpose but the protection of the eastern banks, and from thence gained once more the opposite bank. The public road from this point to Sparta, a distance of more than two hours' ride, is hemmed in by the hills to the west, and the river to the east; and besides being well shaded, it was rendered still more agreeable, by the ruins on the hill sides. And the clear waters of the Eurotas, which, in their way to the great city, rolled and murmured under the shade of the plane-trees, and the flowering oleanders of Lacedemon, made the scene as beautiful and as lovely as it could well be. Its present desolate condition was rendered still greater, when contrasted with the times when these regions were the thronged suburbs of the great and proud Sparta.

Leaving the Eurotas to the left, a little below the point where it receives the waters of the Œnus, and where a stone bridge gives passage to the road of Tripolitza, we turned to the right, and passing through a small gorge, occasioned by the approach of the hills, found ourselves where Sparta was, but where she no longer is. The immense extent of rubbish, and hillocks of ruins, left no doubt that we stood on the site of the invincible Sparta; but time, earthquakes, and travellers, have completed the work of desolation, and at present there is nothing left of this renowned city but the wreck of her for-

mer existence. Everything but a portion of the theatre on the hill, and what is called the tomb of Leonidas, in the midst of the mulberry plantations, has so completely disappeared, that some travellers have expressed their doubts, even as to the site of the city; and in truth there are but few guides, by the aid of which one can trace to his satisfaction either the extent or the actual localities of the temples and the monuments which adorned the city. But while these particulars can hardly be ascertained with anything like precision, there is enough to indicate the site of the city; and indeed the immense masses of confused ruins, speak solemnly both of the position and the fate of the once proud, but now humbled Sparta.

In ancient times, Sparta was more renowned in arms than in arts; and Thucydides tells us, that "If Lacedemon were demolished, and nothing remained but its sacred buildings and foundations, men of distant ages would find a difficulty in believing the existence of its former power, or that it had possessed two of the five divisions of Peloponnesus, or that it had commanded the whole country, as well as many allies beyond the Peninsula: so inferior was the appearance of the city to its fame, being neither adorned with temples, nor splendid edifices, nor built in contiguity, but in separate quarters, in the ancient method. Whereas, if Athens were reduced to a similar state, it would be supposed that her power had been twice as great as the reality."

It is difficult to know, whether Thucydides meant to compliment Sparta or Athens, in the above paragraph; but while his prophecy is *now* literally fulfilled both with regard to Sparta and Athens, we nevertheless find, by turning to Pausanias, that the Spartans, like the Athenians, did at length yield to the seductions of the fine arts; and though their city was never adorned with such splendid monuments of art as crowded the Ceranicus and the Acropolis of their great rival, its streets, according to Pausanias, were so filled with temples, stoas, monuments, and statues, that the mere mention of them by this laconic author, is enough to require the patience and the courage of a Spartan.

One can hardly satisfy himself as to the cause of the disappearance of so many monuments from the site of Sparta, but this has been the fate of Megalopolis, of Olympia, and of Elis. We may attribute this disappearance of the ruins, in part, to the nature of the materials, and partly to the agency of man; but the greatest cause is to be sought in their situation; for it is a remarkable fact, that while Athens, Mycenæ, Messenia, and, indeed, almost all the cities which were built on elevated grounds, have at least preserved a small portion of their monuments, Megalopolis, Sparta, Olympia, and Elis, with other cities in like situations, have emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages almost in a state of nature, their statues, and their temples—those of them, at least, which were not stolen or destroyed

—have been buried by the gradual accumulation of the soil; and, if we may judge by the little that remains above ground, the surface of the corn-fields in the site of this renowned city is fifteen, and in some places twenty feet above the ground which was once trod by the Spartans. This has proved to be the case, by some recent excavations: and we are the more disposed to believe in the truth of our position, as it holds out the hope of acquiring some of the lost treasures of art.

Having neither time nor the means of indulging in excavations, I sought my way to the theatre, the only point that admits of no doubt; and from thence enjoyed the Sparta of the present day. With the exception of the ruins, which afforded me a *pied de terre*, the rest was a continuation of corn-fields, olive groves, and mulberry plantations. The scene, though very beautiful in itself, was sad and gloomy in its associations, and it became more shaded and more darkened, as it was viewed through the long vista of those remarkable and wonderful events which have shed so much of glory and splendour upon the past history of the once populous, but now desolate city of the proud Spartans.

It was pleasant to pass from the havoc to which the works of man have been subjected, to the contemplation of those objects which attest the perpetuity of nature; for in these alone we see Greece as it *was*. Abounding as the country is in agreeable localities, there are few that can surpass that of

Sparta in objects that charm the eye and elevate the mind. The waters of the Eurotas, on whose banks repose so many images of history and of poetry, with its beautiful valley, which here expands into a broad and fertile plain, flow onward to the sea, with the varied hill of Menelaïum to the left, and the majestic chain of Mount Taygetus to the right. Whatever importance we may attach to the laws and the institutions of Lycurgus, we cannot but believe that this diversified and magnificent prospect was *the* incitement to those sublime virtues and noble deeds which so peculiarly distinguished this remarkable people.

Leaving the theatre, and passing by the so-called tomb of Leonidas, which has been taken by some for a temple, and by others for a school, but which is chiefly interesting, as being one of the few things that time has spared of Sparta, we continued our journey through the groves of olive and mulberry, till we reached the undulating hills to the south, which were formerly within the limits of the ancient, but which at present are occupied by the habitations of new Sparta.

The present capital of Lacedemon owes its origin to a royal decree, by virtue of which it is considered not only the chief place in the province, but the second city in the kingdom of Greece; and being the residence of the civil and military officers, it has grown up with some rapidity. Besides the Government House and the silk factory, both of which are

large and good-looking edifices, there are a good number of private houses on each side of the principal street, and the *plan*, which is laid out on a magnificent scale, promises a capital large enough to satisfy the pride of the old Spartans. It is true, the Cathedral is not yet built, but the lot is already marked out, and should the people find money enough to follow up the project, it will command a nobler prospect than is to be met with in any other part of Greece.

The erection of the private and the public edifices in this city have already led to some valuable discoveries of antiquities. To the north end of the principal street, I noticed the marble columns of an ancient temple lately excavated ; and in the hall of the Government House, as well as in the rooms of the silk factory, I found quite a crowd of mutilated statues, bas-reliefs, and amongst others, a number of urns, containing the ashes of some Spartan heroes, who, like some other enthusiasts of the day, having fought for empire and for glory, without end and without bounds, have found out that a small urn of lead was quite enough for all they wanted. It is to be hoped that the growth of New Sparta will lead to more important acquisitions ; and I am the more disposed to indulge in this hope, as Mr. Latris, the present governor, is a man of taste.

The discovery of antiquities, though a very important consideration, is not, we hope, the chief end of this city ; and with all our love for the lost trea-

tures of art, we are not disposed to look upon New Sparta with the eyes of antiquarians. The New, like the Old Sparta, is situated at the head of one of the richest valleys, and enjoys some of the great advantages which were peculiar to her illustrious namesake. To the mildness of her climate, and the surpassing beauties of her scenery, she adds, we would not say the greater, but the more substantial advantages of those rich resources of the plain, which require nothing but industry and peace to be transferred into available wealth. She is, indeed, an inland town, and one would suppose, beyond the reach of those advantages which are enjoyed by cities that border upon seas, and are endowed with good ports; but the New, like the Old Sparta, is the centre of all the roads that lead from Gythium, from Messenia, from Arcadia, and from Argolis, and in consequence enjoys superior advantages.

The position of the new capital is judiciously chosen, and under favourable auspices it cannot fail to become a large and prosperous city; but in one respect, the same causes which gave rise to, and which, indeed, maintained the supremacy of the Old, must prove fatal to the growth of the New Sparta; for if the primary causes which enabled the Spartans to maintain their liberties, and triumph over those of the other states, are to be sought in her well protected and isolated position, in her rugged sea-coast and her impenetrable passes on the land side, the condition of the world being some-

what reversed, ease of communication being thought far more advantageous than the security of isolation, the difficulties in the way of approach must be removed, or else New Sparta will be as far from the reach of friends as the Old was beyond the reach of foes. The Royal Ordinance which decreed the foundation of the new city, should have been followed by the opening of the lower and upper passes of Arcadia, and also by the construction of proper roads to the plains of Messenia, and to Gythium, the seaport of Lacedemon. Some of these roads would require more enterprise and more means than are to be found in the country. The pass over Mount Taygetum alone would be quite as gigantic an undertaking as the road over the Simplon, and its comparative unimportance would hardly justify the expense under the existing state of things; but the opening of the north and the east pass, and above all, an easy outlet to the sea, are of the utmost importance; and fortunately, in all these, the obstacles to be overcome are inferior to the advantages to be gained. But unfortunately for Greece, and for New Sparta, His Majesty's government having delivered itself of the sublime idea of giving rise to another Sparta, and having removed to it the provincial authorities, it exhausted its bounties, and has left its darling creation to weather it as it may. The people of the province, instead of being attracted to the plain by the offer of the rich, but uncultivated lands, are still on the mountains; and the few of

them who have been induced to remove to the new capital of the province, and who are justly proud of the associations, and the celebrity of their otherwise favourable position, are destined to spend their lives in listless inanity.

In the latter part of the afternoon, I went, in company with the Treasurer and the Commandant of the province, to visit the neighbouring city of Mistra. This city, which succeeded Sparta, and which, indeed, was built from the ruins of the old capital, presents one of the most beautiful objects in Lacedemon. From the sloping hills of New Sparta, "it looks more like the capital of a great kingdom, than of the deserted vales of Laconia." The intrinsic worth of the picture is farther enhanced by the doubt and the mystery which rests over its origin and foundation. The "Chronicles" place the date of its origin in 1207, and attribute its foundation to Messire Guillaume de Hardowin, who, "during a tour which he made in the interior of the country, found in one part of Lacedemon a lofty hill under a very high mountain. This position appeared to him convenient for a castle; and he erected a fort on this lofty hill, to which he gave the name of Mesithra, and by which name it is known to this day."

The Mesithra of Hardowin became, in process of time, Mistra; and having witnessed the government of the Despots, it became the Turkish capital of the province; but the greater number of its inhabitants

continued to be Greeks, and it was always noted for the excellent quality, and also for the abundance of its oil and silk crops; the former of which amounted to fifty thousand barrels, and the latter to one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Its commercial and agricultural advantages, added to the strength and the charms of its locality, had rendered Mistra the favourite city, both of Turks and Greeks; and the mosques of the one, and the churches of the other, added materially to the beauty of its appearance. In the course of the late revolution, Mistra has lost some of its accompaniments—the harems and the mosques of the Turks; but its sky-reaching cypress-trees, and above all, the castle, which rises five hundred feet above the level of the plain, and its magnificent back-ground, the imposing masses of Mount Taygetus, are still in sight, and are still abounding in all the lights and the shadows of a beautiful picture.

The distance between Mistra and its rival, New Sparta, is less than four miles; and as the road that leads from the one to the other lay through the groves of olive and mulberry plantations, our ride proved very agreeable. The pleasing ideas, however, to which the distant view of the city and its vicinities had given rise, were put to flight by our entrance into the town, whose interior presented a disagreeable confusion of mean and melancholy objects. The city, though not altogether in ruins, appeared to be deserted; and the few of its inhabit-

ants whom we met in the streets, were sitting by their doors, or in their shops, with folded arms. At the café where we alighted, previous to our visiting the few objects of interest, we found the internal arrangements of the establishment in the Turkish style; and as most of the men who were sipping their coffee, or smoking their long cheboucks, wore the long robes and the head-dress of the Turks, I felt as if I was transported into the midst of those scenes of indolence and repose which characterize the cities of Turkey.

The foundation of New Sparta has done more to ruin Mistra than all the rest of the misfortunes to which it was subjected in the course of the revolution. The people have refused to remove to New Sparta without compensation; and though they are compelled to attend courts at the new capital, they return the compliment by compelling their neighbours to market in their city; but notwithstanding the present feeling of jealousy and rivalry between the two places, the fate of Mistra is sealed. She must retrograde with the progress of the new city; and should she continue to exist, it will be, not as a rival, but as a suburb to the capital of the province. The great advantages of purer air, better water, and the luxuriance of her olive, lemon, and orange groves, will not fail to render the picturesque town of Mistra a very agreeable summer resort for men of wealth and taste.

One of the finest things in Mistra is not only the

castle, which soars far above it, but the prospect which it commands: "The mountains to the north, east, and south, are spread before the spectator from Artemisium, on the confines of Argolis and Arcadia, to the island of Cythera inclusive, together with a small part of the Laconic Gulf, just within that island. All the plain of Sparta is in view, except the south-west corner near Burdhunias, which is concealed by a projection of Mount Taygetus. Towards the mountains, the scene is equally grand, though of a different nature. A lofty summit of Taygetum, immediately behind the castle, three or four miles distant, is clothed with a forest of firs, and sometimes deeply covered with snow: the nearer slopes of the mountain are variegated with the vineyards, corn-fields, and olive plantations, belonging to the villages of Barsiniko and Vlakhokhori, situated on opposite sides of the ravine of the Pandelaimon, which winds from the southward in the direction of the highest summit of Taygetum. This remarkable peak is not much inferior in height to Olono, or any of the highest points of the Peloponnesus, and is more conspicuous than any from its abrupt sharpness.'

"A cultivated tract of country, similar to that about Barsiniko and Vlakhokhori, occupies the middle region of Taygetum, through its whole length. It is concealed from the great plain by a chain of rocky heights, which immediately overhang the plain, and of which the castle-hill of Mistra,

is one. Like that hill, they terminate in steep slopes, or in abrupt precipices, some of which are almost twice as high as the castle of Mistra, though they appear insignificant when compared with the snowy peaks of Taygetum behind them. They are intersected and separated from one another by the rocky gorges of several torrents, which have their origin in the great summits; and which, after crossing the upper cultivated regions, issue through those gorges into the plain, and then traversing its whole breadth, join the Eurotas, flowing under the eastern hills. This abrupt termination of Taygetum, extending all the way from the castle of Mistra, inclusive, to the extremity of the plain, forms the chief peculiarity in the scenery of Sparta and its vicinity. Whether seen in profile, contrasted with the richness of the plain, or in front with the majestic summits of Taygetum rising above it, this long gigantic bank presents a variety of the sublimest and most beautiful scenery, such as we hardly find equalled in any part of picturesque Greece itself."

In our return to New Sparta, we passed by the village of Parori, about twenty minutes to the south of Mistra, and remained under its magnificent plane-tree, and by its clear fountains for half an hour or so, in order to enjoy the lovely images which it presented to our eyes. The delightful village of Parori, like the town of Mistra, is situated at the foot of one of those rocky eminences

which rise from the mild plain, and by the side of a similar gorge with that which divides Mistra, and through which are seen, as through a kaleidoscope, the middle regions of Taygetus, or the luxuriant plain of Sparta. Previous to the revolution, the wild features of Parori were interspersed with the mosques and the summer residence of the Turks, and with all those little embellishments of kiosks, and of fountains, which add so much to natural objects, and to the enjoyments of man. Since the last troubles, Parori, like the town to which it belonged, has lost all its inhabitants, and most of its ornaments. But the kiosk, the plane-tree, and the copious fountains are much in the same condition in which they were left by the Turks, and the solitude which reigns within the precincts of this deserted paradise, is peculiarly calculated to increase, rather than diminish, the pleasure we derive from the contemplation of a scene where, by the frowning rocks and aspiring crags of the austere Taygetus lies

“ The land where the lemon-trees bloom,
And the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom ;
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose.”

From the beautiful village of Parori, we descended to that of St. John, which, being situated in the plain, is wanting in the romantic attractions of its neighbours, but like Parori, it has an abundance

of water, and its luxuriant groves of orange and lemon give it at all seasons the smiling aspect of spring. Its attractions might have detained us longer, had it not been for the late hour of the day.

We returned to New Sparta a little before sunset, and having ascended the hill which is intended as the site of the new cathedral, I passed in review the scenes which I had visited in the course of the day, and which, by their associations, brought to mind the days when,

————— “spread on Eurotas’ bank,
Amid a circle of soft rising hills,
The patient Sparta.”

The Eurotas of Lacedemon, without being a Danube or a Mississippi, is nevertheless far more imposing than the “meek Cephissus” of Attica; and the plain of Sparta, though less free and open than that of Athens, is more gay and more rich, and is encircled by hills and by mountains more grand and imposing than Hymettus, Pendeli, and Parnes, which form the barriers of the Athenian plain; but the distinguishing characteristic of the Spartan plain consists in the imposing and varied outlines of her majestic Taygetus, which “produces that rich assemblage, and luxuriant multiplicity of lines, and tints, and shades, which render it the finest locality in Greece. This landscape may be exceeded in the dimensions of its objects, but what can exceed it in beauty of form and richness of colouring.”

CHAPTER XI.

GYTHIUM.

THE first three hours after leaving New Sparta for Gythium, the road lay principally through the plain to the south of the former city, and through the fields and olive groves of villages, whose unroofed towers and ruined hovels were in sad contrast with the rich and fresh appearance of the natural objects in the midst of which they were situated. I could hardly reconcile the existence of so much of want and misery in the midst of such and so many natural resources ; but here, too, the lands are principally in the hands of the government, and the poor peasants, without means, and without incitements, are doomed to the miserable lot of vassals.

From New Sparta to the half-way khan, and from thence to Gythium, we hardly met with a village of any importance. To the south, as to the north of the capital, the better portion of the country, the part that lies on the eastern and western banks of the Eurotas, is in a state of neglect, almost deserted ; and yet the province of Lacedemon has

one hundred and thirty-seven villages, and forty thousand inhabitants. Most of the villages and the people are in the middle and the upper regions of Taygetus, where they undoubtedly enjoy better air, and plenty of freedom; but where they derive but a scanty subsistence; and that, too, while the rich plain at their feet is holding out all the inducements that can make man happy.

Most of the landed estates in the plain belonged to the Turks of Mistra, and also to the Bardouniote Beys, who, unlike the rest of the Albanians, escaped the destruction of their race, and in the process of time rose to a formidable clan in this part of the country. The Beys and Agas appropriated to themselves the greater portion of the rich lands in Lacedemon; and, like the barons of the feudal ages, maintained among themselves from two to three thousand fighting men. The Turkish government, unable to subdue them, found it necessary to humour them, and used them as a check against the Greeks of these regions. The Bardouniotes, like the rest of the Albanians and the Turks, fled to Tripolitza, as soon as the Greeks raised the standard of the Cross, and perished there with their compatriots.

The recollection of the Bardouniotes is still fresh in the memory of the people, and the eastern sides of Mount Taygetus, especially its lower ranges, are still embellished with the ruined villages and the frowning towers of this fierce race; while at the half-way khan, I had a full view of Livetzova, the

principal village of the Bardouniotes, and also of the residence of Zalumis, the chief man amongst them. The village was all but deserted; and his tower, though in a state of ruin, formed a prominent object, and served to recall to mind the days when the dreaded Zalumis watched from its battlements over the scenes of his cruelties.

After leaving the khan, which about a year ago became the scene of a murderous act, and passing shortly after by the village of Ali Bey, we descended the hills, which at this point, half way between Sparta and the sea, approach the Eurotus, and about one o'clock in the afternoon reached the ruins of Trinisa, the seaport of Sparta. This place belonged to Zalumis, and he kept it in pretty good order; but since his exit, his cheflik has gone to ruins and the place is in a state of utter desolation, notwithstanding its being the nearest seaport to the capital of Lacedemon. Trinisa lies at a distance of less than thirty miles from New Sparta, and though the country between the two points, is far from being without obstacles, they are by no means insurmountable; and were the plains of Sparta, and the marshes of Helos to be inhabited and reduced to cultivation, their products would soon force their way to the sea shore, and from thence to Marathonisi, across the sea.

Half a mile beyond the ruins of Trinisa, we entered the groves of the Valanidi oaks, on the hills along the sea shore, and soon after essayed the

pass which separates Lacedemon from Laconia, and which, in the course of the late national struggle, became the scene of a bloody skirmish between the Arabs of Ibrahim Pasha and the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains. At the termination of the pass, on the side of Lacedemon, and high on the hill of Kanara, we found the ruins of an old castle, and also the government barracks, both of which formed an excellent introduction to the rocky and wild province of Laconia.

From Kanara, where we remained just long enough to enjoy the beautiful view it commanded of the hills and the seas, we descended through as rugged a path as the one that carried us up the hill, to the sea shore again, and continued to coast between the sea and the precipitous hills to the left. In our way to Gythium, which had lain before us ever since we gained the highest part of the pass, we noticed the saline springs which here, as in other similar localities in Greece, gush from the hills and enter into the sea. These springs formed, probably the Lake of Neptune.

Before entering the town, we passed through the ruins of Palaopoli, the site of Gythium; and, by one of the ancient wells, we noticed a crowd of women, who, at the time, were occupied in drawing water; amongst them, I was told by my guards, was the daughter of the well-known Zalumis. She, it appears, has survived her father and embraced Christianity, but has failed to secure to her-

self, or her husband, her father's heritage, and is now reduced to extreme poverty. In her we see, indeed, one of the many changes which the late events have brought about and which impress upon our minds the instability of human affairs. But twenty years ago, the daughter of Zalumis was one of the princesses of the land, and was surrounded by all that wealth and power could give. She is now left, not only without rank, but without the means of subsistence, and that, too, when in sight of her father's estates, and in the land where her smiles and favours were once sought and courted both by the humble and the great.

Early in the afternoon we rolled into the principal street of the modern town, and shortly after found ourselves surrounded by a crowd, and welcomed by the whole town. A host of soldiers and idle citizens gathered around us, but instead of following the example of those idle bipeds who look and gaze upon new comers as they would upon some curious sublunary phenomenon, they welcomed us very cordially, and offered their services to us. One or two of them volunteered to conduct us to the house of Mr. L., and refused to leave us till they were assured that we had no further need of their services. Their attentions were the more pleasing as they were extended to perfect strangers, and by persons who were actuated by no other motive but the feeling of hospitality.

Mr. L., for whom we had letters from his friends

at New Sparta, received us very kindly, and in the course of the afternoon volunteered to show us the curiosities of the place; we first visited the port, which is formed by the island of Marathonisi, the ancient Cranae, and afterwards the site of the old town which occupies a position far more beautiful and more eligible than the one which is occupied by the habitations of the modern town.

With the exception of the theatre, and some few other ruins of Roman origin, with the wells by the sea side, we found little else of interest, and I occupied most of my time in admiring the natural advantages of this once flourishing but now deserted city. The hills which have the high ranges of Mount Taygetus for their back ground, are covered with woods, with Valanidi oak, and also by the Prinari, a holly-leaved oak, which, in addition to being an ever-green shrub, bears the Prinokoki, or red-berry* which is exported from these regions and used as a scarlet dye. Further down, the hills lose their prominence, and at length terminate in a little valley opening to the sea. The broken mountains, which form the back ground of the site, have not been altered by time, but the low hills on which the town stood are cultivated, and

* The Prinokoki, though it resembles in colour the red berry of the holly-tree, is, nevertheless, a very different thing. It is an excrescence, and grows both on the branches and the leaves of this tree. It forms an article of exportation, and at present it amounts to about 1000 lb.

are principally devoted to vineyards. The scene presented to the eye by the old site is as free, as open, and as gay, as that of the modern town is confined and difficult of access. The only advantage which the latter has over the former, is, its proximity to the port; but this can hardly counterbalance the advantages of the old site; so much so that it is difficult to discover the cause which induced the inhabitants, or rather Tzanet Bey, to abandon so beautiful a position, and repair to the one they now occupy.

Gythium, both ancient and modern, has always been the seaport of Lacedemon and eastern Laconia; and during the days of Tzanet Bey, the Prince or Bey of Mane, it became the capital of the province, and also the residence of the Bey. His tower, both on the mainland and the island, are still in existence, and still recall to the mind of the old inhabitants, the golden days of their town; but these days, happily for Greece, are over, and Gythium must look to more legitimate ends of prosperity than those which it derived from the favour of the Bey of Mane. Its port gives it the advantage over all the other ports in the Laconian gulf, and thus renders it at this time the depot of almost all the valanidia, the silk, the prinokoki, and the oil which is produced by the greater portion of Laconia and Lacedemon, two provinces which contain very nearly one fifth of the whole population of the Morea. It is true, most of them inhabit poor

regions, and the little they produce has to travel over mountains and through gorges before it can reach the sea ; but better days are awaiting these regions, and the time is not far distant when Gythium is destined to regain the position it once occupied. The creative genius of the land, for the present, is fast asleep, but wake it must.

CHAPTER XII.

AREOPOLIS AND KAKOVULIA.

GYTHIUM was the Ultima Thule of my journey through the Peloponnesus; that is, it was the point beyond which I could not proceed without the aid of the Maniote mules. Accordingly, I sent my horses to Calamata, by way of New Sparta, and the pass to the west of it, and through the aid of my friends, provided myself with mules and guides, capable of performing a journey through the rocky regions of Laconia. The mules, though slow, were sure-footed, and the guides as light and as agile as the wild goats of their mountains. They had but little in the shape of clothes to encumber them, their arms and legs were entirely bare, and their athletic forms were displayed to the greatest advantage.

Early in the morning, I found myself on the back of my trusty mule, and behind my guide, who, having first disentangled himself and his friends from the crooked streets of the town, placed us on the brow of the hill, to the rear of Gythium, and in view of one of the finest prospects in Laconia. At our feet lay the singular town in which we had

passed the night ; and close by it, the island where a lover once sought a refuge, but where a sensible man would hardly wish himself under any circumstances. From the sterile, but graceful outlines of the island of Cranæ, my eye followed the coast, passed by the hill and the castle of Camara, and sweeping along the lowlands of Helos, rose upon the heights of the opposite mountain as far down as Cape Malias, and passing by the lovely islands of Elaphonisi and Cythera, back again to the rugged shores of Eastern Laconia. The morning was calm and beautiful ; the whole wide prospect at our feet was glittering in the rays of the rising sun. Every object was teeming with light, and the curling smoke of the passing steamer added what was wanted in this magnificent landscape.

The above prospect, with some few alterations, continued before us till we came in sight of Mavrovouni, where the road left by degrees the sea-coast, and penetrated farther and farther into the interior. The village of Mavrovouni lies at the short distance of half an hour's ride from Gythium, and is regarded as one of the largest villages of Eastern Laconia ; yet this largest village of this populous province has less than eighty houses, with some few towers, and is only noted for having been the residence of Tzannet Bey, who, as it has already been remarked, rose to the dignity of a prince, and was so renowned, that his name is sometimes given to the village of Mavrovouni, though it would have been more appre-

priate if they had given to Marathonisi, which owes its foundation to this distinguished man, the name of Tzanetopolis. The highest part of Mavrovouni is occupied by the castle of Tzanet Bey, and my Maniote guide took particular pleasure in pointing me to the fallen towers and battlements of a castle, which is associated in the minds of this people with the generosity and the hospitality of its owner. Tzanet Bey was so hospitable, that the great bell of his castle invited the people to his board thrice a day, and at such times foes and friends sat side by side.

From Mavrovouni to Langadi, a pass two hours to the west, the road lay through a prettily broken country, and through scenes peculiarly characteristic of the land and the people. The valleys, or level spots were few and far between; and yet the aspect of the country was open. The hills, partly naked, and partly planted with the sturdy oaks of the valanidi, had the advantage of being clothed with verdure, and the still greater advantage of being pretty well inhabited. Almost every hill was embellished with a tower, and the whole scene had a more friendly and social air than anything I had met with since I left Attica. Nor was this all; the scene, so beautiful in itself, and so pleasing in its accompaniments, was still more interesting for the associations of the past. We had in sight of us the hills and the towers of the most remarkable people in Greece, both in ancient and modern times; and

the scenes where, in more recent days than those of the old Spartans, the Turks, the Egyptians, and after them the Bavarians, were met and defeated by the brave sons of Mane.

Beyond the little stream of Arna, and the pass of Langadi, the point of contact, and the natural boundary between Eastern and Western Mane, the mild and smiling features of the country ceased, and the surrounding regions assumed the most wild and forbidding aspect. There was hardly anything else besides rocks and crags for the eye to rest upon; and though in the neighbourhood of Areopolis, the Tzimova of the Maniotes, and the present capital of the province, there were some few fields, they were patches too small to have any effect upon the sterile aspect of the country. Indeed, their deep, red soil, was reclaimed at great expense, and is so scarce, that the Maniotes are accused of thieving from each other by walking in their neighbours' fields with *loose shoes*.

A few minutes after passing through Langadi, we ascended the heights beyond it, and enjoyed from some of the more elevated points along the road the sight of the Messenian and Laconic Gulfs. The distance between the two seas, in a straight line, is little more than twenty miles, that between Limeni and Gythium, the ports of Western and Eastern Mane, being only twenty-four miles; and yet the state of the roads, and the forbidding aspect of the country interposes far greater obstacles

than those which, in more favoured lands, separate entire states. It is in these natural barriers of the country that we find the causes which enabled these people to preserve their liberties against the encroachments of the conquerors who have at various times oppressed the rest of the Morea.

In the early part of the afternoon, we reached the town of Areopolis, and I had the good fortune to be welcomed in this out of the way place by Mr. Leyburn, whose exalted benevolence had induced him to leave the green fields of his native Virginia, and settle in the midst of this hospitable, but rude people. Mr. Leyburn's tower subjected me to an additional climbing; but I was well repaid, for in the interior of this weather and cannon-beaten castle of the warlike Maniotes, I found the pleasures and the comforts of civilized life. Besides the society of my host and his good lady, I found a sofa and tables, a *bona fide* rocking chair, which had been honoured by the Queen of Greece in her late visit to these promising regions of her kingdom; and in my bed-room, which was some thirty or forty feet in a straight line above the sitting-room, a veritable four-post bedstead, and upon it a most inviting mattress. The bedstead did not get into the stronghold of the Maniotes without some wounds and bruises, and the mattress, I am sorry to say, was not much softened by its travels from Virginia to Laconia, where even hair mattresses and feather

pillows seem to be in relationship with the native rocks and crags of Mane.

Mr. Leyburn, whom I should like to visit again, had been established in Areopolis ever since 1836, and was aided in his missionary efforts by Mr. Houston; but the latter gentleman had left the place in consequence of his wife's health, and Mr. L. was, at the time of my visit, preparing to leave the field of his usefulness, in consequence of troubles and difficulties, to which the missionaries in the East are often subjected. Messrs. Houston and Leyburn, both of whom are under the auspices of the A. B. C. F. M., established themselves in this part of the country, in compliance with the advice of Mr. King and Petrom Bey; and though at the moment they met with some obstacles, with time, every difficulty gave way before their perseverance, and they at length had the pleasure of finding themselves at the head of schools so flourishing and so well appreciated, as to promise the best things to poor Mane. Messrs. Houston and Leyburn had already become the acknowledged benefactors of a people whose natural intelligence and love of freedom were sufficient to recompense the philanthropic efforts of their benefactors; but in the moment of success and fruition, the axe of the enemy was laid at the root of this promising exotic, and it withered while in full leaf and blossom.

The benevolent efforts of these devoted missionaries had for a long time been regarded with dis-

trust by a portion of the people; and as the misgivings of the ignorant and the designing became more and more apparent, the government, or rather its then minister of Public Instruction and Religion, thought it his duty to interfere with the internal arrangements of the schools, and insisted, four years after they had gone into operation, that the law which required of every school the teaching of the Greek catechism, should be complied with, by the missionaries, who, not being members of the Greek church, did not of course believe, and consequently could not teach some of the dogmas of the catechism. It was at first thought that Mr. Leyburn, like Mr. Hill, would not refuse his compliance in a matter of mere form; but Mr. L. had not remained long enough in Athens to learn the subtle equivocations of diplomacy, and consequently could not, and would not submit to the unpleasant alternative of being found either wanting in the honest performance of his promises, or in acting in opposition to the dictates of his conscience. The proposition of the Secretary was very plain: it enjoined what could not be complied with, without the sacrifice of conscientious scruples; and Mr. Leyburn closed his school and his career in Mane, as he commenced, with the honour and the dignity which becomes the character of a man and a Christian.

Having somewhat acquainted myself with the interior of the tower, which bore upon its walls

more than one mark of war and time, I went, in company with my host, to pay my respects to the Governor of the province, and visit the few objects of interest in the town. Besides the church, which was *attached* to a pretty good bell tower, and the school, which was built by the missionaries, and which presented an unassuming but neat appearance, the rest of the town consisted of little houses and high towers thrown upon each other and against the neighbouring crags. The streets, if this be a proper name, were as bad, and as crooked, and as rough as the mountain roads that had brought us to this mountain city of Laconia.

Areopolis is in every respect worthy to be the capital of Mane. It is inaccessible by land as well as by sea, but the traveller meets with a recompense for his trouble in the magnificent views which it commands of blue seas and rugged mountains. The town is situated far above the sea: to the rear of it rises the naked peak of St. Elias, and right in front, beyond the cliffs, is the gulf of Messenia, and with it the coast of this beautiful province; while to the right and left of this mountain town, rise the villages, the towers, and above all, the crags of Western and Southern, or Upper and Lower Mane. Upper Mane is, by far, better inhabited than Lower Mane, and the eye rests with delight upon the villages and the olive groves that are interspersed among the hills and the precipitous sides of Mount Taygetus. Here the beautiful is

seen by the side of the grand and the sublime; but in Lower Mane, or as the people have very appropriately denominated it in Kakavulia, the "land of evil council," the eye rests upon a scene of awful grandeur—upon chasms and jagged crags, which, though now and then relieved by some straggling village or solitary tower, is in general so gloomy and so dismal as to induce us to believe that the ancients were not far from the truth when they placed in these regions the entrance of Tartarus.

I was not so fortunate as to visit the land of "Evil Council;" but Mr. Benjamin, who the year before penetrated as far south as Cape Matapan, has very kindly placed at my disposal a brief but interesting account of his tour.

"About the middle of August, 1841, I visited that district of Laconia which is called Lower Mane, or Kakavulia, passing down on the Western Coast of Tænarus, and returning on the Eastern, and again across the peninsula from the Bay of Kolokythia to Areopolis. This route, with slight deviations, led through the principal villages of the district, and afforded sufficient opportunity for acquaintance with the country and manner of life of that remarkable people. The most populous of the villages on our route were Pyrgo, Babaka, Gita, Alike, Laia, Phlemochori, Cotrona, and Chimara. We extended our journey, also, to the extreme point of Cape Tænarus, (Matapan,) which is about three hours distant from any vil-

lage, and visited the Monasteries of Porto Kaio and Koorno.

The villages of this district present a unique, and when seen from a distance, a very picturesque appearance. They are sometimes composed almost entirely of stone towers, which are very strongly built, and on a base of not more than twenty feet square, run up to the height of fifty or sixty feet, having terraced roofs, and sometimes Venetian battlements. These towers are not unfrequently interspersed with olive and fig trees, and almost always with a luxuriant growth of Cactus.— In the more productive parts these villages are found at small intervals, while they are here and there fallen upon in the most inaccessible regions, and two or three towers, or a single one is sometimes discovered far away perched upon a jagged, rocky peak, with scarcely a rood of soil on any side for a mile's distance. Such were the warlike and predatory habits of this people before the establishment of the present government.

But the enchantment of the most beautiful of these villages is dispelled by a near approach to them, and the squalid poverty of the inhabitants is discovered by a glance within the walls of their dwellings. The towers of the least destitute families are constructed in a manner the least possible adapted to domestic convenience and comfort. They are usually without enclosures, are entered by a door often not more than three feet in height,

●

and the low and narrow apartments, five or six one above another, are entered by rude ladders, and supplied with light and air through one or two windows, or rather holes in the thick walls, of about twenty inches square. These dwellings are almost entirely destitute of furniture. The people sit, eat and sleep upon the floor, so much so that in a journey of four days, I believe I saw chairs in but one house; and in this, but two could be mustered, which we found to be in a hopeless state of dilapidation. As wretched, however, as the accommodations were, we were received with cordial hospitality, and were welcome to the best fare which could be afforded. It was fortunately at a season when Heaven yields this destitute population a rich substitute for the fare on which they subsist during nine months of the year, in a supply of grapes and figs, and the fruit of the Cactus, which is here called Frank Fig. This last mentioned fruit attains among the rocks of Mane to a far greater perfection than I have seen elsewhere, and after a little use strangers often prefer it to the fig. I think also, that it may be eaten with greater impunity. About the end of August, and in September, this promontory is visited by immense swarms of quails, which come across the sea, and when the north wind is prevailing, fall exhausted, and are easily taken alive. These birds are excessively fat, and are preserved by the Maniotes in a pickled form during a considerable part of the year. They

often, and with great propriety, speak of this harvest as a peculiar provision of Heaven for the relief of their almost starved population.* The usual food of the people at other times is of the meanest description, and I have seen bread made of a mixture of lupina and barley, and also of a kind of black bean, which was so black and revolting in appearance, that I could not be induced to taste it.

The amount of land in this section which can be cultivated is extremely small, and this has been reduced at an immense labour. Whenever a bushel of soil is found among the rocks it is dug up and planted; and one often sees running up the steep sides of a mountain, innumerable little terraced plats of ten or twenty feet in length, by four or six in breadth. And the traveller, at every step, is wondering how any human family should ever have been induced to choose itself a home in a region so difficult of access, and of such narrow resources; while these two circumstances sufficiently account to him for the fact that the Maniotes have, in all ages, suffered less from foreign aggressions, and maintained a greater degree of independence, than any other portion of Greece.

* Mr. Benjamin forgot to notice the fact that the quails at this season are so abundant as to be not only articles of *importation*, but *exportation*. They are often sent alive to the markets of the cities, and a statistical writer estimates the pickled quails which the Maniotes exported in 1814, at 8,000,000

The principal antiquities of Lower Mane, are found at Kypariso, near the present village of Alike, at Cape Tænarus, and at the Monastery of Koorno; but the remains at these places are very few, and of no great interest. At Kypariso, which, from two or three inscriptions still found there, was doubtless the site of the ancient city of Tenarus, called in the time of Pausanias, Cænepolis, are found a few fragments of temples, probably those of Ceres and Venus, and two or three pedestals, one of which bears an inscription in honour of a citizen of Tenarus, a public benefactor, &c. Among these ruins I observed nothing more beautiful than two broken shafts of large columns of the finest red granite of Upper Egypt.

About one fourth of a mile from the extreme point of Matapan is a ruined church called Asómato, the name of which is also applied by the people to the whole of this peninsula south of Porto Kaie. One of the walls of this church is of Hellenic masonry, and was probably a wall of the temple of Neptune mentioned by Pausanias. Besides this wall, and a single fragment of marble with a few letters inscribed, we found nothing of interest here, if I except a large number of cisterns, of a bottle shape, cut out of the rock. The people of the country invariably informed us, that these were found to the number of three or four hundred, which probably was an over-statement, though we

ourselves discovered a great number. I am inclined to believe that these served as cisterns for water, though, as Strabo alludes to the existence of a grove here, some suppose them to have been receptacles for oil. There are also many cuttings in the rocks similar to those on the hill of the Museum at Athens, both of which, I am fully convinced, notwithstanding the various speculations of antiquarians to the contrary, served as foundations and walls of simple dwellings.

The monastery of Koorno is situated about five hours north of Alika, high up the mountain side, and is approached with great difficulty. It is shut in with magnificent fig-trees, the largest I have ever seen, and is enriched with an affluent fountain of the coolest and clearest water. On account of this circumstance, all the flocks of Lower Mane assemble here during the summer months. During our route of four days, we found but one other stream of water, which is at the monastery of the Panagia at Porto Kaio. The villages are all supplied with cisterns filled from the rains of winter. Near the monastery of Koorno are very extensive remains of a temple, which I have not been able to find any account of in Strabo or Pausanias, nor have I seen it noticed in any work of modern travellers. It seems even to have been unknown to Col. Leake, so distinguished for his researches in Greece. The columns are small, but very numerous, and the parts all seem to lie almost as they had first fallen.

We found no capitals, nor was one piece lying upon another in its original place. Near the site of the temple is a bas-relief of small proportions, cut upon the site of a coarse limestone rock, the material of which the temple was constructed." Why did you not steal it?

Col. Leak gives much the same description of Kakavulia with Mr. Benjamin, and the native poet, whose rude work has found its way into the researches of the distinguished topographer, in describing the character of his compatriots, hits between wind and water.—"The principal produce of Mane, is quails and Frank Figs. There is not a spring of water in all Inner Mane—its only harvest is beans and lean wheat; this, the women sow and reap. The women collect the sheaves at the thrashing floor, winnow it with their hands, and thrash it with their feet, and thus their hands and feet are covered with a dry cracked skin, as thick as the shell of a tortoise. Not a tree, or stick, or bough, is to be found to cover the unfortunates with its shade, or to refresh their sight. At night they turn the hand mill, and weep, singing lamentations for the dead while they grind their wheat. In the morning they go forth with baskets into the hollows, to collect dung to be dried for fuel; they collect it in the houses, and divide it among the orphans and widows. All the men meantime roam about in the pursuits of piracy and robbery, or endeavouring to betray each other. One defends his tower

against another, or pursues his neighbour. One has a claim upon another for a murdered brother ; another for a son ; another for a father ; another for a nephew. Neighbour hates neighbour. Combari, *god-father*, Combari, and brother, brother. Whenever it happens that a ship, for its sins, is wrecked upon their coast, whether French, Spanish, English, Turkish, or Muscovite, great or small, it matters not, each man immediately claims his share, and they even divide the planks among them. When a stranger happens to go into their country, they declare him a *Combari*, and invite him to eat with them. When he wishes to depart, they detain him, undertake to conduct him, and accompany him, and then say, "Combari, reflect upon what we tell you, for it is for your good ; take off your robe, and your waistcoat and your belt, and your trowsers, lest some enemy should take them away from you ; for if our enemies should strip you, it would bring great disgrace and shame upon us : and this, too, my dear Combari, let us beg of you, leave your skull cap, and shirt, and take off your shoes, too, they can be of no use to you. Now you are safe ; you need not fear any one. When a man dies a natural death, they lament him as unslain, unblessed, unjustified. These are the men who give a bad name to Mane, and render it hateful wherever they go. Let no one salute them, but fly from them as from a serpent. The Tzimoviotes only are worthy men ; their manners and good customs show it, in appear-

ance merchants, but secretly pirates. May the blast and the drought take them all."

The great changes to which Greece has been subjected, from the days of the Roman yoke, down to the humiliations of the Turkish thralldom, have undoubtedly affected, but have not wholly destroyed the peculiarities of the people in the different provinces; and these peculiarities are more or less visible as the regions they inhabit are more or less remarkable for their natural defences. The inhabitants of Arcadia have preserved more of their old characteristics than the Messenians; but amid all the communities which inhabit the Peninsula, none is so marked, none so decided in its address and characteristics as that which inhabits the more inaccessible portions of Mount Taygetus, and which is known under the general appellation of Maniotes.

The origin of these people is not, of course, very clear. Some of the best of modern writers are at war with each other on this point. By some they are regarded as the descendants of the Israelites; by others as being of Slavonic origin, and by some as the last remnant of the Spartan race. General Gordon abides by the authority of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, and agrees with this author in believing, "that the people of Mani are of pure Grecian origin; that they long preserved the rites of Paganism, and that they were converted to Christianity by Basil the Macedonian."

The Maniotes, who are not so learned as to be disturbed by the ingenious theories of strangers, about their descent and origin, seem to entertain no doubt on the subject; and though they offer no other arguments in support of this but their belief, which is based on the traditions of the past, they take great pride in the origin of their illustrious descent, and "the names of Lycurgus and Leonidas still figure in the legends and the popular traditions of the land, partly as saints, and partly as distinguished corsairs."

Independent of the popular traditions, and the want of contradictions on the part of the Maniotes, their language, their appearance, and their manners and customs are almost all of them in favour of their assertions. They may and may not be like the old Lacons, but certain it is, that the people who inhabit the elevated regions of Mount Taygetus, have, 'mid the changes of revolutions and the confusion of races during the Middle Ages, succeeded to preserve a portion of their liberties, and a still greater portion of their language. Their language has many foreign words, which must have found their way to Mane with the contraband goods of the pirates, but these are only innovations, and not the remains of a pre-existing dialect.

They may not speak as pure a Greek as the men from whom they claim to have descended, but I doubt if the old Spartans were either better looking or more engaging in their address than the Maniotes

The worst cut-throat amongst them has the address of a well-bred freeman, and amongst them are to be found as fine a looking race of men as were ever raised under the austere laws of Lycurgus. The men and the women of the better classes are cast in the finest mould, and under a better moral and intellectual culture, would certainly be regarded as the best specimens of the Greek race. Even under the disadvantages of their peculiar education, the sons and the daughters of Mane are noted among the Greeks for their personal attractions.

But without any regard to their language or to their appearance, how is it that they have preserved so many of the virtues, and so many of the vices of the old Spartans. They have lived under a different state of things, and are less renowned, but they are neither less bold, nor less devoted to the cause of their country. The men have always been remarkable for their courage, and Col. Leak tells us that "many of the Maniote women value themselves on their skill with the musket. Katzanó's wife said to me, as I was inquiring on this subject, pointing to a place about 150 yards distant, "Set up your hat there, and see if I cannot put a musket ball through it." I had too much regard for my only hat to trust her, for she has had two wounds in battle, and affects to consider her husband as no braver than he should be.

It is a curious fact in the history of these people, that now, as in the more happy days of Sparta,

women have always enjoyed a peculiar respect, and they have continued to exhibit those traits of character for which the Spartan women were so much distinguished. In the family feuds of Mane, the women were the only members of the belligerent parties who were left unmolested; and so great was this feeling, that men who could not trust themselves out of their towers, were transported from one point to another on the backs of the women. While the land continued to be distracted by the petty wars of the Maniotes, the chief employment of the women consisted in turning the hand-mill, and lamenting "some deceased relation, who had been killed, perhaps, by a hostile house." But when the revolution broke out, they displayed sterner virtues. Some of them participated in the honours and the miseries of war. The Greek Senate passed resolutions in favour of two Maniote heroines who distinguished themselves in the field of battle; and the mother of Petrom Bey, in her 60th year, and after she had reared a whole line of heroes, took upon herself the authority of a chief, and drove the Egyptians out of Tzimova!

Men and women seem to be equally animated by the love of country and of freedom—equally expert in meeting a foe or robbing a neighbour; and it seems as if the virtues which distinguished the old Spartans have descended in all their force to the Maniotes, who, like the Spartans of the olden times, can both steal and conceal a fox—thus prov-

ing themselves worthy of the descent they claim, and the land they inhabit.

Laconia, the old and modern name of Mane, is divided by natural land-marks into three divisions; and these bear to this day the names of Exo-Mane, Mesa-Mane, and Kato-Mane; the first of which extends from the borders of Messenia to Lemeni; the Southern, which occupies the sag end of the Taygetan ranges, and the Eastern part, which extends from Porto Kaio to the lowlands of Elos. All of these subdivisions contain one hundred and thirty villages, and a population of 35,000 inhabitants, which, though very small in itself, is very great when compared either with the extent or with the nature of the province.

Laconia had the advantage over Lacedemon in being both poorer and more inaccessible; and accordingly, while the seat of the Spartan power was ploughed up by the vassals of tyrants—while Mistra became the successive seat of the Eastern despots, of the Venetians, and finally of the Turks—while even the southern projections of Mount Taygetus gave home to the wild Bardouniotes, Laconia, from the borders of Messenia to Cape Matapan, and from thence up to the plains of Elos, continued to be inhabited by a class of people who, whatever their other defects may be, have at all times resisted the encroachments of tyrants.

The Byzantine princes, and after them the Venetians, built and maintained in different parts of

the province a number of castles or fortresses, for the avowed object of keeping the wild Maniotes in subjection; but these efforts have proved fruitless, and the embattled fortresses of the princes and the barons have added, and still add to the beauty of the prospect, without having ever added to the strength or the dominion of those who essayed the subjection of the land.

Notwithstanding these lessons of history, the Turks did not fail to attempt the great enterprise of subjecting these poor people. They succeeded in subjecting them to a nominal tribute of about 750 dollars per annum; but the Maniotes, who had promised to pay that much in return for the right of plundering the neighbouring provinces, did not find a convenient time to pay it, and besides keeping the state in constant trouble by their predatory habits, they were the first to welcome the Russians in 1770. After the suppression of this ill-timed and ill-contrived revolt, the Turks did not of course want the disposition of chastising these rebels; but the Albanians, who overrun the rest of the Peloponnesus, could hardly get—what every wrongdoer is fairly entitled to—even a comfortable grave, the Maniotes having better use for their fields than that of turning them into grave-yards; and Hassan Pasha, the admiral of the Turkish navies, adopted the policy of subduing one evil by the creation of another. He established the Principality of Mane, and thus obliged the people to submit to the plan

of being governed by their own men, or by the Maniote Beys.

The rule of the Maniote Beys, which commenced with the Beyship of Kutefuri, and ended with that of Petrom Bey, though it helped, perhaps, to systematise the evil, it did not succeed to make quiet subjects out of the free and bold Maniotes. Some of these Beys were foolish enough to trust their persons to the power of the Turks; but the Maniotes continued as heretofore to cruise in the open seas, and when there was nothing to be done abroad, their family quarrels gave them plenty of business at home.

As the Maniotes, and even their Beys had a fellow-feeling with all the evil-doers in the land, Mane was at all times the asylum of all the outlaws and all the klefts of the other provinces in the Morea; and previous to the opening of the revolutionary scenes, it had become the head-quarters of men whose object was to set the great ball in motion. Mane and the tower of Petrom Bey was at this time thronged with men whose influence and machinations set shortly after the whole of Greece in a blaze.

With the opening of the Greek revolution, the Maniotes were the first to take the field against the common enemy. They accompanied Colocotroni to Arcadia, and shortly after thronged to the standard of their own chief under the walls of Tripolitza. The Spartans, it is true, were too poor to be so entirely enamoured with glory as to be indifferent to

the charms of booty and plunder. The two were inseparable in their minds, and they have been guilty of excesses which detract from their otherwise heroic character ; but against these charges, they set off the great services they have rendered to the country, and point with Spartan pride, not to the Straits of Thermopylæ, for that is an old story, but to the plains of Arcadia, of Argolis, and of Attica—to the islands of Eubœa and Sphacteria, to the shores of Suli, to the walls of the heroic Messolonghi, and to the castles of Messenia, all of which, in the course of the revolution, have been dyed with the blood, and piled with the bones of their heroes.

The Maniotes, like the Spartans, whose descendants they claim to be, have always managed to fight their battles away from home ; and it was long their boast, that Mane was the only province of the Peloponnesus that had not been invaded by the Turks. It is true, in the latter part of their struggle, Ibrahim Pasha resolved upon the plan of completing his conquest by adding Mane to the rest of his acquisitions. He even invaded it by land, and having effected a landing near Limeni, his Arabs lodged themselves in the towers of Tzimova, the capital of Kakavulia ; but while the sons of Mane met and defeated the enemy at the Pass of Verga, the mother of Petrom Bey rallied around her the residue of the forces of the province, dislodged the insolent Egyptians from their strongholds, and drove them in disgrace to the sea.

It was when the triumph was won, and when the revolution was over, that the sons of Mane were called to part with a portion of that independence which they had hitherto enjoyed, and to place themselves on an equal footing with the helots of the Bardouniotes to the east, and the slaves of the Messenian Turks to the west. This was not to be thought of, or submitted to tamely; and the Bavarians, who sought glory and booty in Mane, paid very dearly for their temerity. But the haughty and turbulent Maniotes found it easier to resist the government troops than the force of events. The chiefs, some of whom were in the seat of government, had sacrificed too much for the national cause to allow themselves to abandon it now, or to disconnect themselves from the general interests of the nation. Besides, they could not, if they would, and the Maniotes, having succeeded to secure some few privileges, yielded to the authorities, and have since become, much to their own surprise, peaceable citizens.

There is, perhaps, no part of the Peloponnesus, where the effects of the new state of things are so visible as in Mane. The people are not, perhaps, any better than they were twenty years ago, but the state of the country has undergone great alterations. The Capitanata, those continued sources of mischief, exist no longer. Their Bey has still the title of Prince through sufferance, but has lost the authority and the emoluments of the office. The

family feuds which distracted this unhappy land, for so many centuries, and which carried sorrow and lamentation into every family, have happily disappeared. They are still fond of arms and excitement; but having lost the privilege of playing the solicitors on the high seas, and even the right of robbing the Messenians, they have turned their attention to the cultivation of the arts of peace, and civilized life. Some of them have enlisted themselves in the service of the government. Some have gone to Athens as porters, while the greater portion have remained at home, where they are engaged in cultivating the soil, planting lupina, gathering Frank figs, and catching quails. Indeed, such a change has come over the spirit of the Maniotes—so peaceable have they grown, that one would almost believe, if he could, that they have lost even their taste for plunder and robbery; but whatever their inclinations may be, they no longer allow themselves to commit any overt act upon foes or friends, and Mane is now more safe, more free of “kid and goat robbers, of mule stealers, of kid-eating rogues, and way-laying thieves,” than any other province in the Peloponnesus. It was the only section of the country where an armed escort was unnecessary. So great is the present security, that in 1841, my friends, Messrs. Leyburn and Benjamin visited the Land of Evil Council, and came out of it without being obliged to leave behind them their skull-caps, their waistcoats, or their pantaloons either!

CHAPTER XIII.

KITRIES AND PETROM BEY.

THE day after my arrival at Areopolis I walked, in company with Mr. Leyburn, to Limeni, the sea-port of the town and the province, and previous to my leaving for Kitries, the residence of Petrom Bey, we paid our respects to Mr. Picholaki, whose house is situated immediately on the sea-shore, and being built and furnished in the European style, looks like a parvenu, in the midst of the weather and cannon-beaten towers of the Maniotes.

Mr. P., who is a brother-in-law of the Bey, and his lady, who has inherited a large share of the fine qualities which belong to her distinguished family, received us very kindly, and as usual; treated us with sweetmeats and coffee; but the best things were the sofas and the agreeable conversations of our friends. In one of the neighbouring towers was the mother of Petrom Bey, and my desire to see so distinguished a personage, induced me to ask for an introduction, but being informed that she was so old and so infirm as to be scarcely herself, I refused to intrude myself into her pre-

sence. She has been a remarkable person; but the misfortunes, and the great losses that befell her family in the course of the revolution, have had the tendency to undermine her health and mind. She is still waiting for the return of her grandson, who went to Germany as aid-de-camp to King Otho, and died in 1836, at Munich.

While at Mr. P.'s, I was introduced to the brother of Petrom Bey, Capt. Katzacos, who was at the time lying in bed with the gout; and who, for an hour or so, was pleased to entertain me with his interesting conversation about men and things in this part of the country. He regretted he could not accompany me through Exo-Mane, but being informed that I was on my way to Kitries, placed one of his men at my disposal, and wrote to his wife to receive me in the tower, and treat me as a friend of the family.

A little before noon, I stepped into the boat which was waiting for me, and soon shot out of the port of Limeni for that of Kitries, some twenty or twenty-five miles to the north. The boat in which I found myself, with some reluctance, had two masts, and like the boats of the ancient Greeks, was "with yielding osiers fenced." Fortunately, the breeze was very favourable, just enough to be pleasant; and while on the deck, and in the midst of a dozen Maniotes, who formed a most picturesque group of rough characters, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the magnificent scenes on either side of the

gulf. With the exception of the castle of Coron, the shores of Messenia were too far to be seen to advantage; but those of Laconia were ever before us, and as our little pirate skiff glided by them, a succession of beautiful pictures continued to flit by us like momentary enchantments. At one time we had the naked crags of Mount Taygetus; at another a line of lofty cliffs, with a chapel or a tower under the shelter of some high rock, and anon came a village, with its groves of olive, and its turf-covered valley sloping to the sea-shore, and inviting the eye with its images of ease and delight. A moment, and they were succeeded by

“ the mountain, with its cloud-covered top,
Where the mules among mists o’er the wild torrents march.”

In the short space of five hours, we saw the half of Exo-Mane. We passed by the villages of Vytילו, Langada, Lefira, Andravista, and Scardamula, and having doubled the Cape of Kurtissa, entered, soon after sunset, the beautiful port of Kitries, where we found a number of little boats riding at anchor. Immediately on the sea-shore, were a number of half-ruined magazines, and above them, and among the hills which formed the amphitheatre at the head of the bay, a few wretched hovels, with the high tower of Petrom Bey, which, though in ruins and neglect, still formed an imposing object in the landscape. By the time we landed, the terraced hills, and the neighbouring objects were al-

ready wrapped in the evening shades, and the embattled towers of the Maniote chief were seen through the twilight quite unimpaired.

On landing, I was led to the castellated residence of Petrom Bey, where I was received by his sister-in-law, the wife of Capt. Katzacos. She was at the time alone; and as every thing around me seemed to be in a sad plight, I was constrained by the feeling that I might recall to her mind the times when she welcomed strangers under very different circumstances. These, however, were my fancies rather than her feelings; and I was quite relieved by the frank and cordial manner with which she invited me to make myself at home in the stronghold of her once princely family.

The lofty tower which had cheered me from a distance, had ceased to give shelter, and the oda into which I was ushered by my hostess, was almost the only tenable apartment in the residence of the most powerful man in Mane. Within it were a few mats and a sofa, with plenty of swords and muskets; but the room, which was evidently the reception saloon, had neither window-shutters nor ceiling; and the sad picture it presented became still more gloomy when I contrasted its present misery with its past affluence; when I called to mind not only the wealth and the show of barbaric power, but the noble youths and lovely maidens, who, but a few years since, gave life and beauty to the now silent halls of the fallen tower.

In the course of the evening, my hostess introduced me to her daughter, who appeared to be in ill health, and also to two young and handsome grandsons of the Bey, who had just returned from their fishing and hunting amusement; and who, despite the sorrow which clouded the countenances of the older members of the family, caused the room to ring with their joyous laughter. The grandsons of the Maniote chief, like the children of the old Spartans, "expressed an ambition for glory suitable to their respective ages;" and their conversation reminded me of the three chimes which were sung in the festivals of the Spartans, and which corresponded with the three ages of man.

"The old men began:
Once in battle bold we shone.
The young men answered,
Try us, our vigour is not gone.
The boys concluded,
The palm remains for us alone.

But the character who was to shine in the course of the evening was an old Maniote, who at first performed the humble part of a torch bearer, but who afterwards assumed the more divine office of a "story teller." Though rough and ignorant in other respects, he was by no means wanting either in knowledge or in abilities, or matters connected with Mane; and as he passed from one story to another, all more or less connected with the his-

tory of Petrom Bey, the interest of my young friends became more and more intense.

Of all the families who held a prominent position in the Peloponnesus, previous to the late changes, and who, in the course of the revolution, distinguished themselves by their heroic devotion to their country, none was more remarkable than was the family of the Mavromechalis. They were and still are a numerous body of men; but now, as formerly, they are all united under the name and influence of Petrom Bey, the former Prince of Mane.

Petrom Bey, who is a native of Kakavulia, was born in 1772, and like another distinguished character of the Peloponnesus, *i. e.* Colocotroni, boasts to have descended from a lineage that never acknowledged the authority of the Turks. His father was a distinguished Captain of Mane, and his mother, who in latter days displayed such heroic courage, was noted for her personal appearance and virtues. Unlike the sons of other chiefs, in these regions, he was taught, or taught himself, the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet, and the more wonderful art of putting together the vowels and the consonants. He doubtless owes much of his success in life to his acquaintance with this Cadmian invention, and to the tendency which it gave to his mind and feelings at a very early period of his life, though the heroic actions of his father and grandfather were probably the "trophies" which kept him awake.

He was hardly sixteen years old when he became

the acknowledged head of his clan, and in 1797, he waited upon Napoleon, with the view of enlisting the interests of this great man in behalf of Greece, a project in which he was not altogether unsuccessful. But while his ambition and his love for Greece carried him out of Mane, he was by no means unmindful of his interests at home, and it appears that the object on which he had fixed his eyes was the Principality of Mane.

The great obstacles in the way of the prize were at first but additional incitements to action; and while his friends and relations manœuvred for him at home, he went in person to Constantinople, and managed to displace the then prince, and secured for himself the principality. It was subsequent to this event that he removed to Kitries, where he established his head-quarters, and from whence he exerted his authority to so good a purpose, that the Porte signified its pleasure by conferring upon him the title of Hereditary Bey of Mane.

This, we would suppose, was enough to satisfy the ambition of this young Maniote; and yet, at the moment when he attained to so high a post, he was still sighing "after great things;" and instead of aiding the Turk to perpetuate his yoke, he was plotting for its subversion. He was an active and a prominent member of the Secret Society which matured the Greek revolution, and his conduct was worthy all commendation; for amid the hopes and the promises in the prospective, there was enough

to dissuade him from a step which was fraught with peril. But it is said that to all selfish suggestions he opposed the general good of the country; and he gave the best proof of his patriotism, in commencing the struggle at a time when one of his sons was a-hostage at Tripolitza, and another at Constantinople.

Eight days after the opening scene at Calamata, where he hastened at the head of his Maniotes, he was called to preside over the first Greek Senate, which held its sessions in the capital of Messenia, and issued the celebrated declaration of independence, by which he informed the civilized communities of the world, that "the Greeks had risen against their oppressors, and had sworn to be free, or perish!"

Subsequent to the events which transpired at Calamata, Petrom Bey, who acted so distinguished a part on that occasion, was appointed President and Commander-in-Chief; and during the siege and the capture of Tripolitza, he secured for himself and family an important page in the history of his country; but the revolution, which opened for Petrom Bey a new career, brought him also in contact with competitors in the fields of glory and booty, some of whom were men of superior merits; and he was thus exposed to intrigues and jealousies peculiar to the times.

With the close of the troubles before Tripolitza, his influence began to decline; and though, subse-

quent to this campaign, he continued to be one of the first, he was by no means *the* first. He had the opportunity; and, to use the language of Gen. Gordon, "had he been a man of vigour, endowed with military and political talents, he might have acquired paramount influence in the Peloponnesus; but his disposition was of a softer stamp. The head of a family distinguished for beauty and valour, himself a very handsome man, dignified in his deportment, mild in his manners, fond of the pleasures of the table, lavish in his expenditures, and therefore always pinched for money, he was fitted by nature rather to indulge in opulent ease than to take part in a revolutionary tempest. When he threw off the Turkish support, his authority over his own people became little better than nominal, and was recognised merely on account of his inoffensive character and powerful kindred. He, in appearance indeed, commanded the troops of Mane; but they were generally led into the field by his brother Kyriakoulis, an experienced soldier, and his eldest son Elias, a high-spirited and patriotic youth."

The loss of fortune and of influence were followed by still heavier and more irreparable losses. On the 16th of July, 1822, the skilful and dauntless Kyriakoulis lost his life on the shores of Epyrus, while he was endeavouring to aid the Suliotes, who were then besieged by the Turks; and before the Bey and his friends had time to recover themselves

from the effects of this calamity, they received the news of Elias's death in the island of Eubœa. "On the 24th of July," says the historian of the Greek revolution, "Elias was surprised in the village of Stura by a body of a thousand Turks. His soldiers, who had dispersed for the purpose of plundering, fled; and the Beyzade, the son of the Bey, with a handful of his friends, was surrounded in a mill, which they defended as long as their ammunition lasted. Perceiving that all his companions had fallen, and that the Moslems, anxious to secure a prisoner of such distinction, spared his life, the young and valiant Elias plunged a dagger into his own bosom, and died universally regretted for his patriotism and noble character."

These were indeed irreparable misfortunes, and they undoubtedly fell heavier upon Petrom Bey than upon anybody else; but while he indulged in the sorrow of a brother and a father, he had enough of the Spartan in him to know the value of personal sacrifices in a national cause; and they were used by himself and his family as additional incitements to action. It was shortly after the death of the brave Elias, that his noble sire went to the aid of Messolonghi at the head of his Maniotes, and thereby enabled Marco Botzaris to raise the first siege of that heroic place.

In the latter part of the national struggle, when the Messenian castles acknowledged the authority of the Turks, and the greater part of the Pelopon-

nesus was overrun by the Egyptian satrap, Petrom Bey came in for an additional share of suffering and glory. It was soon after the landing of Ibrahim Pasha on the western shores of the Morea, that the noble Johannes, the younger son of the Maniote Bey, died in the defence of Navarino, and his older brother, George Mavromechalis, was confined as a prisoner in the fortress of Mothone. In the course of time the Maniotes balanced their accounts with Ibrahim at the Pass of Verga and the heights of Tzimova, in both of which places the Arabs met with a signal defeat.

The ill success of Ibrahim on the shores of Mane re-animated the expiring hopes of the Greeks, and in some measure restored the impaired influence of Petrom Bey; who, soon after this event, was one of those who composed the cabinet of Count Capodistrias. The connection of the Maniote chief with this able diplomatist, though of short duration, ended with a misunderstanding, which was followed, first, by the sudden departure of Petrom Bey for Mane, then by his imprisonment in the castle of Palamedis, and at length ended in the death of Capodistrias by Constantine and George Mavromechalis; the first of whom was killed on the spot by the body-guards of the President, and the other, having been tried and condemned, was shot in sight of the old chief, who, from the window of his prison beheld this tragic scene.

When the troubles of the revolution were at

length closed by the arrival of King Otho, Petrom Bey was appointed to the Council of State, and like other men of distinction, found it necessary to leave his native province, and remove to Athens, where, in the place of the "great things" he expected, he found himself on the shelf, with a meagre salary of one hundred dollars per month, for the support of a man who had sacrificed wealth and station for the good of his country, and for the glory of those who have profited by his noble sacrifices, but who know not how to honour him. He will long live in history, but his star in this life is all but set; and his present condition, when contrasted by his former position, is only calculated to give rise to gloomy and desponding reflections; for surely the miserable pittance which he receives as a favour, and the uncultivated village of Lycovouni,* are but poor substitutes for the principality of Mane, and the empty sound of "Councillor of State," with all the dignities appertaining to the "Grand Cross" of knighthood, but ill supply the title and substantial perquisites of a Bey. He is not, perhaps, so well fortified by religion and philosophy as to avoid

* This village, which is situated in Lacedemon, was bestowed by the king on the family of the Mavromechalis; and I was told by Petrom Bey, that the estate is both extensive and valuable, but the want of means obliged him to leave it uncultivated, and he therefore realizes but a small income from it. Lycovouni means the Wolf-Mountain; and its name is very significant; for at this time Petrom Bey owns more whelps than lambs.

the reflections which are suggested by the contrast of the present with the past ; but if the one is darkened by misfortune, the glorious recollections of the other come to his aid ; and happy would it be, could he transport himself to that future, when a grateful nation, forgetting his few faults in the contemplation of his many virtues, will bestow upon him the thanks and the honours which belong to the memory of a true and generous patriot.

CHAPTER XIV.

PASS OF VERGA AND CALAMÆ.

HAVING spent a part of the morning in examining the ruins of the tower and the chapel in its vicinity, I put myself under the guidance of a Maniote, and left Kitries for the capital of Messenia. With the object of our destination before us, I had to spend nearly four hours and a half before I could reach it, a circumstance which was the more vexatious, as my little skiff—with my baggage and men on board—swept across the gulf in less than one-third of the time.

From Kitries to Armyro—which lies just half way between the capital of Western Mane and that of Messenia—the public road—i. e., the foot-path—lies principally along the shore, with the sea on one hand and the ranges of Mount Taygetus on the other, the latter of which are in perfect contrast with the shores on the opposite side of the gulf—and by their inequalities present a continued variety of valleys, hills, rocks, crags, villages and towers, all of which are thrown and piled upon each other in such a way that the mild and sequestered

little valleys are always overshadowed by some wild crag or equally wild tower.

Before reaching Armyro, we passed by the copious salt springs in its vicinity, and spent half an hour or so in examining the sources of these remarkable springs, and the flour mills near them, with the tower and the accompaniment of a Maniote establishment, all of which formed a very interesting picture. The springs and the mills are of no small importance in a region of country where water is one of the principal wants of the land.

At Armyro, which is at a distance of a few miles from the salt springs, and which, I doubt not, has derived its name from this circumstance, we found besides the government barracks and the custom-house, half a dozen of vessels riding at anchor, and waiting for their cargoes from Calamæ, which, having no safe anchorage, the shipping is obliged to seek shelter at a harbour which, though near, is not altogether within the limits of the province. Armyro being the frontier town between Messenia and Mane, the custom-house established here is a source of great vexation both to the government officers and to the Maniotes, the latter of whom being unwilling to submit to the duties on the produce they export, have recourse to every imaginable subterfuge, and have made themselves as noted for smuggling as their ancestors were for thieving.

We were necessarily detained at Armyro for

some time, and while the custom-house officers were endeavouring to ascertain whether the pack-saddle of my mule was stuffed with straw or silk—a method to which the Maniotes often resort in carrying their silk to the market of Calamæ—I took occasion to visit some of the principal points of interest along the “Pass of Verga.” The public road at Armyro passes along the shore and the sides of Mount Taygetus, being at some distance from the sea, the entrance into Mane is by no means as difficult at the Pass of Verga as it is at that of Langadi; but the natural difficulties in the former case have been supplied by the aid of a wall, and also by a number of towers which begin at the sea-shore, and passing along the sloping hills, ascend the higher regions of Mount Taygetus. These artificial aids, though of no very great importance at this time, form nevertheless a very pleasing accompaniment to the surrounding scenery, and add materially to the interest with which we view the scene where, in 1827, the brave sons of Mane met and defeated the insolent Arabs of the presumptuous Ibrahim.

From the Pass of Verga we followed the path over which the Egyptians made their retreat, and after crossing the bed of a torrent in front of the fortifications, entered the more mild regions of Messenia. As we advanced towards the city—of which we could see nothing else but its Acropolis—the mountain and the seas disappeared by degrees, and

we soon found ourselves in the depth of the mulberry and the olive groves, both of which, without being very highly cultivated, were exceedingly promising, and in far better condition than those which we met with in the more northern provinces of the Morea and Continental Greece. The superiority of the olive groves in this part of the Morea is owing, not so much perhaps to the climate, as to the nature of the tree and the manner of its cultivation. The tree and the fruit of the olive tree in Messenia are, both of a smaller size than those of the provinces farther north. The fruit, instead of growing large and scattering—as is the case with the olive trees in Attica—is very small and grows in clusters. What it loses in size, however, it makes up in the quantity of the fruit and the quality of the oil, which in flavour and richness, is inferior only to that which is made from the fruit of the wild olive. Another advantage which the olive tree of this region has over those farther north is, its comparative rapid growth, though this is owing more to the method of propagation than to the nature of the tree. The people of Messenia, instead of planting the wild olive and then grafting upon the old stock some four feet above ground, have adopted the plan of planting, horizontally, the branches of trees that are already filiated and remove them from the nurseries after they have attained some growth. In this manner they avoid the uncertainties of filiation, which in Greece

are very great, in consequence of the long dry season, and I noticed nurseries of four and six years old far more advanced than the plantations in Attica of twice that age. The Messenian system is, no doubt, the better of the two, and I hope it will not be long before it is adopted by the people in the other provinces.

From the olive groves and the fig plantations—both of which in the vicinity of the city are protected by the prickly leaves of the Frank fig—we entered into the streets of the city, which at the time were enlivened by the village peasants, who had come to attend the weekly fair, and who had brought with them the rich productions of this fertile province. The city, as a city, had nothing remarkable, and yet its streets presented a very interesting scene. The heaps of grain, beans, corn, grapes, and figs, which I found in the magazines and the open square of Calamæ, were the more attractive as I had just come from a province where the feature which made the deepest impression upon my mind, was the sterility of the country, and the poverty of the people.

While in my way to Mr. C's., where I was very kindly entertained, I had occasion to see the greater portion of the city, and in the latter part of the afternoon I was accompanied by my host to the citadel, which crowns the top of a high hill to the north of the city, and which is supposed to occupy the site of Pharæ, a city of remote celebrity.

This fortress, like other similar castles in the Morea, has but one gate, and in its external appearance seems to have suffered but little by time; but the interior, like that of Larissa and Karitana, presents little else besides heaps of rubbish—all the monuments of Pharæ—the temples of Æsculapius and Fortune have alike disappeared, and the place is only remarkable for the scenes it has witnessed and the views which it commands. The walls of Pharæ were never remarkable for their strength, but their position at the head of the gulf made them an important point, and there are few of the successive conquerors of the land who did not encamp within its walls. Bajazet and Ibrahim—the first and the last with whom the Turkish rule commenced and ended in the Morea, held their courts within the narrow precincts of this castle, and from its ramparts beheld the extent of their conquests; but these, like other characters, have enacted their part, and have left the stage of action with nothing to record the tale of their ambition and their folly, but the gray and dismantled towers, whose desolation is set in strong contrast by the ever-living majesty and beauty of the hills and the mountains, the plains and the seas, which spread around and at the foot of this deserted nest of tyrants.

To the north the walls of the castle rest on the precipitous rocks which slope to the bed of Nedom, but to the south, the east and west, the view is as soft and beautiful as that to the north is grand

and austere. At the foot of the hill are the habitations of the city, with its groves of olive and of orange, and half a mile beyond it opens the Messenian gulf, and continues to the southward with the shores of Messenia and of Mane to the right and left. Had there been nothing else to be seen here, this magnificent panorama is a sufficient recompense to the traveller.

At the governor's, where I spent the greater part of the evening, the topics of conversation turned principally on the condition of the province and the city. Messenia, though one of the largest and the most fertile portions of the Morea, has a sparse population of 34,221 inhabitants, and out of this number only 4,325 of its people are devoted to the interests of agriculture, and yet its wheat, corn, tobacco, oil, figs and silk, exceed those of Lacedemon and Laconia. The natural resources of the province are very great, but the people, alas! are not in a condition to avail themselves of the great advantages which are placed within their reach.

The capital is rather better off than the province. It has a population of about four thousand inhabitants, and though it wants a convenient port, the harbour of Armyro, and the still better port of Kitories are near enough to remedy the deficiency, and Calamæ is the chief place through which the produce of Messenia, of Arcadia and Lacedemon pass in their way to foreign markets. Its port during

the seasons of summer and autumn is visited by the vessels of almost every nation.

Calamæ, besides being the principal city of the province in a commercial point of view, was, and still continues to be the seat of large manufacturing establishments. Almost every house in the place has a cocoonery attached to it, and the principal occupation of the people is the making of raw silk, the greater portion of which is consumed in the manufacture of the silk handkerchiefs and the Calamata nets. The silk handkerchiefs, though highly esteemed by the people of the country, with whom they pass for articles of luxury, are rather too ordinary and too rough for *noses polite*; but the nets of Calamæ are the most superior article of the kind, and are accordingly in great demand throughout the east. Without them the Sultan of Turkey and the king of Greece would be forced to pay tribute to the mosquitoes of Constantinople and the schneipers of Athens.

Notwithstanding the great advantages of the province and its capital, with its beautiful scenery, its rich fruits, its silk handkerchiefs and Calamata nets, the governor and his accomplished lady seemed dissatisfied with their situation. To the loss of the comforts and the society which they enjoyed in the city of Athens are added the evils of being exposed to all manner of low and petty intrigues of a provincial court. The situation of His Majesty's governors in the capitals of the different provinces

is not to be envied ; but that of the governor of Calamæ is peculiarly disagreeable, in consequence of the political parties which divide and distract this otherwise richly endowed province.

CHAPTER XV.

MOUNT ITHOME AND NISI.

ABOUT seven o'clock in the morning, I put myself under the guidance of two mounted guards, who were placed at my disposal by the governor, and having sent my men and baggage by the lower route to Nisi, I took the road to the monastery of Vurcano, and the ruins of Messene, both of which are situated on Mount Ithome, and on the other side of the plain.

After crossing the Nedon, and passing through the suburbs of the city, which are remarkable for their lemon and orange trees, we entered that portion of Messenia which lies between the mountains and the plains, and which, besides being refreshed by innumerable mountain streams, is covered with the olive groves and the fig plantations of the villages on the outskirts of the mountains. The villages, being most of them situated on elevated ground, have, what is a peculiar feature in this region, large stone churches with high bell-towers, which add a very pleasing feature to the scenery of the land.

While on the elevated regions, and before we reached the head of the great valley, which is irrigated by the Pamissus and its tributaries, we remained for a few minutes at one of the villages in our way; and I was much pleased with the people, and also with the result of their industry. The Messenians were neither so good-looking nor so easy in their address, as their neighbours and perpetual enemies, the Maniotes, but they were very polite. They invited us to a cup of coffee, and presented us with a good opportunity of seeing the method they use in curing the figs, which here constitute the principal produce of the villages.

A part, and that the poorer portion of the hills, is occupied by the olive groves. They are generally near and about the villages; but the richer part of the level country, and more especially the valleys, are all planted with fig-trees. The fig, like the olive plantations of the beautiful, but ill-fated Messenia, are not what they once were. In the course of the revolution, they first suffered by neglect, and afterwards by the barbarity of Ibrahim Pasha, who, unable to subdue the people, resolved upon the plan of reducing the country to a waste. The plan was wanton enough to be worthy of a barbarian, and Ibrahim was too good a barbarian not to succeed. His Arabs proved better wood-cutters than heroes; and Messenia presented, in the course of a few months, a scene of ravage and desolation to which, even in her sorrows and her humiliations of former

ages, she was a stranger. Fortunately, the tyrant was not allowed to aid his work by his presence; and the labours of the last fifteen years are promising to make him, much against his inclinations, a benefactor to the land. The old trees which were cut down, have sprouted anew, and the fig plantations are already in full bearing, and almost as good as when they were destroyed.

The fig plantations are considered by the people here as valuable as those of the olive. Some of them consider them more so; for, besides being of more rapid growth, they bear, unlike the olive-trees, every year, and the fruit is not so liable to suffer by the changes of the seasons. The figs of Messenia, though as sweet, are not so delicate as those of Asia Minor, and accordingly they command inferior prices. Of late, however, they have been bought by the Smyrna merchants; and I am told that they are sold in some *distant* lands as Smyrna figs. The annual produce of figs in Greece, almost all of which are the produce of the Messenian soil, is estimated at 25,000 cwt.; and yet the fig plantations of this province occupy but a small portion of the land. They are only found in the neighbourhood of towns and villages. The great plain of Messenia, which is so peculiarly adapted to the growth of this valuable tree, and which bears the name of Macaria, i. e. Felix, is now a swamp abounding in frogs!

Near Asprochoma we left the road of Andrassa,

which we had followed for nearly two hours, and continued to coast along the hills till we began to cross the successive streams of Paleo-castro, of Pidhima or Aris, of Pamissus, and Mavrozumeno or Balyra. Excepting the first and the last of these streams, which have their sources high on the mountains, the other two issue at the foot of the hills, or rather the Arcadian mountains, and rise from deep and clear pools; the first of which is called Pidhima, and the other Agio Floro. These streams, unlike most of the streams which begin with insignificant springs, issue out with the dignity of rivers, and enter the sea without the aid of any tributaries. We crossed that of Aris only a few paces below the sources, and yet the water came up to the saddle—a fact for which I was not prepared. The waters of these streams flow through one of the richest valleys in Greece, and through regions which have at all times been celebrated for richness of soil and mildness of climate.

“This is a part of the region which, from its great fertility, was anciently called Macaria, and which the dramatic poet, Euripides, described as abounding in fruits and flocks, refreshed with innumerable streams, and neither incommoded with heat in summer, nor with cold in winter. Although in some parts towards the sea, a want of drainage may render the air less healthy now than it was anciently, and though a native of the North of Europe would probably differ in opinion from an Athe-

nian as to the summer heat, it cannot be doubted that, generally speaking, the climate is salubrious as well as delightful; and it is certain that the Messenian valley is one of the most favourable districts, if not the most fertile in the Peloponnesus. But to the ancient inhabitants, this fertility was a fatal gift of nature; for by exciting the cupidity of the natives of the poorer soil of Laconia, it tempted them to make gradual encroachments on the Messenian plain, until, by the effect of their larger territory, and great numbers, they were at length enabled to subject the Messenians, after a gallant resistance of eighty years, to a most cruel servitude, which lasted for three centuries."

On the west side of Balyra, we commenced the ascent of Mount Evan, and continued to climb till we came to the monastery of Vurcano, which is situated at a distance of five hours' ride from Calamata, on the north-east side of Mount Evan. The monastery, though in ruins, has preserved its church, and its present Egumenos has managed to rebuild some of the cells and rooms which were attached to the establishment. In its garden are still to be seen the cypress, the laurel, and lemon-trees, all of which have attained a very remarkable growth; and are therefore not only an ornament to the monastery, but of some use to its inmates. Notwithstanding the terraces, the gardens, and the castellated walls of this monastic establishment, the interior of the monastery is anything but agreeable;

and while in the prebriary of the Abbot, whose politeness and hospitality laid us under particular obligations, my eyes still lingered on the scenes through which we had passed in the course of the day, and which were now spread at the foot of the monastery. The upper and lower plains, with their villages and streams, were reposing amid the seas and the mountains by which they were encompassed.

Having satisfied our curiosity and appetite at Vurcano, we left the good Egumenos, and after an additional climbing of half an hour, we reached that portion of Messene which is called the gate of Laconia. From the fortifications which guard the opening between Mount Evan and Mount Ithome, we descended to the village of Mavromati, and in our way to the gate of Megalopolis, which lies at a distance of nearly two miles from that of Laconia, we passed by the fountain of Mavromati, the ancient Clepsydra. It was in the waters of this fountain that the infant Jupiter was washed by the nymphs Neda and Ithome, who had stolen him from the curates.

The fountain of Mavromati, *i. e.* the Black Eye, issues out of the recesses of an ancient edifice, and its vicinities are protected by the deep shade of some few ivy-covered trees, and also by the towering Acropolis of Messene. The fountain, which was once the centre of a magnificent scene, and which doubtless witnessed the life and glory of its

its inhabitants, was now enlivened by some few peasant women, who were in the act of washing their clothes. Their young barbarians were either playing near the fountain, or suspended in their skin cradles from the boughs of the trees, and did not appear to have received any of the favours which were once bestowed by Neda and Ithome upon the infant Jupiter.

From the fountain, which is situated nearly in the centre of the city, we went to the gate of Megalopolis, at the north-east extremity of the city, and from thence to the south-west of the ruins. The area of the city, and more particularly the lower portion of it, is covered with walls and foundations of ancient edifices; and though in them we find nothing remarkable, the walls and the towers which encompass the now departed Messene, and which descend from Mount Condovuni into the valley, and from thence ascend the sides and the lofty brow of Mount Ithome, present, in the midst of a rich and varied scenery, one of the most remarkable ruins throughout Greece.

Pausanias, who visited this city long before it was reduced to a ruin, was more struck with the extent and the magnitude of the walls, than with the monuments and the temples within them. The effect of these ruins is doubtless heightened by the great inequality of the ground; but independent of this, they are remarkable objects, and there are portions which have been considered by the best judges

as the finest specimens of Greek military architecture in existence. This is particularly applicable to the gate of Megalopolis, which "is a double gate, with an intermediate circular court of sixty-two feet in diameter; in the wall of which, near the outer gate, there is a niche on each side for a statue, with an inscription over it. One only of these inscriptions is legible. * * * The interior masonry of the circular court is the most exact and beautiful I ever saw; the lower course is a row of stones, each about five feet and a half in length, and half as much in height; upon this is placed another course of stones of equal length, and of half the height, the joints of which are precisely over the centre of each stone in the lower course. The other courses are not quite so regular, but the accuracy of the joining and finishing of the stones is the same. The upper part of the wall is fallen; nine courses are the most that remain. The soffit-stone of the inner door has fallen, so as to rest against the side of the door-way, with one end on the ground; it measures eighteen feet eight inches in length; in the other two dimensions, two feet ten inches, and four feet two inches. The shrubs, (laurels,) which grow on the summit of this ruin, and the trees and underwood which form a grove around it, give it a most picturesque effect."

Col. Leak's accurate and beautiful description of this remarkable ruin, can hardly give an idea of the effect which the object itself produces upon the

mind of the beholder. It is one of those things which requires to be painted rather than described. In the midst of fields, and groves, and mountains, and ruins, the gate of Megalopolis stands

“ Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army’s baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of laurel grown,
The garland of eternity ; where wave
The green leaves over all by time o’erthrown.’

The ruins of Messene, unlike the remains of Ty-
rinth and Mycenæ, are, comparatively speaking,
of modern date ; and they derive a great portion of
their value from their proximity to Mount Ithome,
and their intimate connection with the history of
the unfortunate but brave Messenians. It was on
the top of Mount Ithome, that the people of Messe-
nia were obliged to seek refuge, after a war of
twelve years with their neighbours ; and it was here,
by the sanctuaries of their tutelary deities, that they
defended their liberties for the space of eight years !
At a still later period, when the patriotism and the
valour of Aristomenes revived their spirits, and led
them once more to the field of battle, they again
closed the scene of their misfortunes and their glory
by a defence of ten years on the top of the same
mountain ; and when, after the memoable battle
of Leuctra, the dispersed Messenians were to be re-
called from their long exile to their native soil,
Mount Ithome, and the shady valley to the south-

west of it were pointed out by the gods as the most appropriate site, and Messene the most fitting name for the city which was to gather into one focus the self-exiled Messenians. It was at this time, and under the immediate superintendence of Epaminondas, that temples, theatres, private and public edifices, with a chain of formidable and magnificent fortifications, were called into being at the fiat of a master-mind; and Messene, like the goddess who sprang from the head of her sire in full armour, came into existence without the inconveniencies and the infirmities of infancy, and assumed at once a high rank among the cities of Greece.

It is not the least interesting circumstance in the history of this remarkable city, that its first inhabitants returned to this scene of their national glory with the language, the religion, and the customs of their ancestors unimpaired by the lapse of three hundred years! and having brought with them their inherent hatred to Sparta, they contributed in no small degree to the humiliation of that proud state. But in so doing they only prepared the way for the Romans; and though they continued to flourish for some time after the conquest of the land by a foreign race, their territory was reduced by Augustus; and having lost their independence, Messene, their great and beautiful city, disappeared as suddenly as it rose. Cities less renowned and less powerful, have preserved some few signs of life; but Messene, the great city, over which his-

tory has thrown her imperishable mantle, is only known as a splendid ruin.

Leaving the ruins of Messene, which are a favourite resort of the klefts, and passing by Andrasa, which formerly was inhabited principally by Turks, but whose harems are now profaned by the wine-cellars of the Giaours, we continued along the sloping hills till we came to Nisi. From Mount Evan, the favourite seat of Bacchus, as far south as the town of Nisi, the hills are peculiarly favourable to the growth of the vine, and many of them are already covered with the vineyards of the inhabitants of the villages, and the two last-mentioned towns. The season had advanced to the 17th of October, and yet the people were still occupied in gathering and bringing in the grapes. We entered the town just as the people were returning from their vineyards, and we helped to lighten their burdens.

Just before entering the place, we crossed a small rivulet, which takes its rise in the vicinity of the town, and after irrigating the gardens and the plantations in the neighbourhood, joins the Pamessus, which flows at some distance to the east. The town of Nisi is more remarkable for its rich meadows than for its plantations of mulberry or of olive and fig-trees. Most of these are situated to the west of the place, but to the south and east, it is encompassed by marshes; and its green meadows, being enlivened with cattle and a great number of Mace-

donian buffaloes,* presented a very beautiful and a very rare picture in the southern provinces of Greece.

Nisi occupies the site of Limnæ, and is therefore entitled to some celebrity. There are, however, no remains of any importance, and the place, perhaps more than Calamæ, has the appearance of a modern town.

Its exposed and defenceless situation, and at the same time its proximity to the rich pastures of the plain, rendered it very excellent head-quarters for the cavalry of the Turks; and Ibrahim kept here a strong detachment of his horse, as late as the landing of the French troops, who drove the Arabs out of the place, and who, by their generous and liberal dealings with the inhabitants, enabled them to recover in some measure from the losses they had sustained. The liberality of the French troops is regarded by the people of these regions as the beginning of their present prosperity.

Nisi, though an inland town, may yet find through Pameusus an access to the sea. For the present, its

* The buffaloes are met with principally in the provinces of Macedonia and Thessaly, where the marshes in the neighbourhood of the lakes afford them excellent pasturage, and the mud a fine protection against the flies. These buffaloes, unlike those of the West, are domesticated, and their powerful frames render them invaluable to the cultivator of the low lands. They are a noble-looking animal, but not very beautiful, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague describes them as "ugly as devils." How did her ladyship come by such acquaintances? Perhaps by this time she thinks the devils not quite as pretty as the buffaloes.

interests are purely agricultural, and its inhabitants, who are far more numerous than those of Calamæ, must depend for support upon their wine cellars and their silk manufactories. The former have more wine than the people can dispose of, and in one of the silk factories they have one hundred and fifty hands at work. The silk, which is drawn in a highly improved method, amounts to sixty thousand pounds.

CHAPTER XVI.

NAVARINO.

THE first two hours of our journey to Navarino carried us principally through the vineyards, the olive, fig, and mulberry plantations of Nisi. and gave us a pretty good idea of the progress which the people of this town had made in the course of the few years that have elapsed since the pacification of the country. This interesting picture of industry was strongly contrasted with the almost deserted and uncultivated state of the country which succeeded. Beyond the river Bias, which enters the sea only a few miles below the point where it is intersected by the road to Navarino, the eye meets with nothing but abandoned hamlets, uncultivated tracts of land, forests, and torrents, with a corn-field here and there. To the south, along the coast, was the castle of Coron, and farther up, and a mile or so to the left of the public road, was the site of Petalidi, where, in 1828, the French troops effected their landing, and which is now known as the site of a Maniote colony, which, like the town of Petalidi, exists only in name. The situation of this

colony was by no means a bad one; for in addition to its proximity to Mane, which was to be the mother country, it had one of the best ports in the Messenian Gulf, and plenty of good lands; but notwithstanding these substantial advantages, the colony of the Maniotes has proved a failure, and the Messenians say that it was never meant to come to anything else, either by the government or by the Maniotes; the first having no other object in view but that of covering some of its favours to the Bavarians, and the second meant only to gain a little money and some land, which would offer them a convenient landing-place on this side of the gulf, where, without planting a single fig or olive-tree, they would always have plenty of figs and olives for the little trouble of stealing them.

The hills, which we commenced to ascend as soon as we crossed the Bias, were succeeded by more precipitous heights, and beyond these commenced the oak forests, which occupy the more elevated grounds between Nisi and Navarino. A ride of three hours and a half after leaving Nisi, brought us to the government guard-house, which was built, and is still maintained, as a necessary check upon the klefts, who are in the habit of infesting these woody regions of Pylia. The necessity of changing our military escort, and the rain, which at the time was pouring in torrents, obliged us to seek refuge within this military fort, and presented us with the opportunity of visiting the inte-

rior of one of those towers which have been introduced into the country since the times of the Regency. The tower in question was not unlike other towers of the kind. It was two stories high, the basement being appropriated to the use of the horses, and the upper story to that of the soldiers. The latter, besides the room of the commandant, consisted of a large dormitory, and was defended by two salient towers at each of the diagonal corners. The soldiers and the officers, who obliged us by their politeness, were lolling on their beds, and looked as if they were dying for the want of occupation.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the rain having abated a little, we left the government barracks, and hastened out of the forest, where we were in danger of being detained by some of the mountain torrents between it and Navarino. Fortunately, we succeeded in fording the worst of them without much trouble; and in the course of two hours after leaving the tower in the forest of Kurtaga, we left to the right of the public road the village of Crom-di, the scene of Karatasio's triumph over the Arabs of Ibrahim; and shortly after we welcomed, first, the western seas, then the heights of ancient Pylos, and soon after the harbour and the castles of Navarino.

The prospect which here unfolded in regular succession, was beautiful in itself; and it became still more so by the accession of interest, which, in

the course of time, it has derived from the actions of man. The rocks of the "Sandy Pylos," the barren island of Sphacteria, and the beautiful harbour of Navarino, were of themselves sufficient to arrest our attention. Unfortunately, however, the rain, which had ceased for a while, began to pour again, and instead of enjoying the beauties which nature, poetry, and history, had spread at our feet, we thought ourselves very fortunate in being able to hold on to our horses, which were struggling over one of the worst and most perilous roads that is to be met with in the kingdom of Greece. For the last two miles or three, the public road to the capital of Pylia winds around the north-west sides of the rocky hills, and the round stones with which it was paved by the Venetians, having been dislodged from their positions, are by no means calculated to facilitate the progress of the traveller, who, in his descent to the town, finds all of his courage, discretion, and patience, necessary. The poet has told us that "*facilis descensus Averni*," but we found our descent to Navarino, which proved the "Avernus" of so many Turks, a very difficult matter.

By the time we reached the town at the foot of the castle, every street had assumed the appearance of a mountain torrent; and after some ineffectual efforts to obtain lodgings, I found it necessary to presume upon the hospitality of Mr. Economides, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and in whose

house I found a hearty welcome. But I had hardly time to feel at home, when the house of my friend was flooded by a company of ladies and gentlemen, who had been invited to a military ball within the fortress, and who, like myself, had been caught by the rain, on their way from Mothone to Navarino. They were all more or less damaged by wind and weather, but the ladies appeared to be the greatest sufferers. They looked more like sea-nymphs than like *bona fide* daughters of Eve. Their ball dresses and raven locks fell around their forms, and over their glowing faces with great effect; and while they were regretting the loss of their lace and feathers, and above all, the loss of the ball, I endeavoured to reconcile them to their fate by assuring them that an artist of taste would prefer painting them as they were; and as to the ball, that was scarcely to be regretted, for the accidents of the day had brought together as merry a company as was to be found within the fortress. The ladies had nearly reconciled themselves to their disappointment, when the commandants of Mothone and Navarino, with a number of other officers, were ushered into the saloon, and after a short parley, in the course of which we offered many excuses, they carried us *vi et armis* to the fortress.

On entering the fortress, the first scene was very appropriate. The guard on duty levelled their bayonets towards the gate, and the military effect of the scene, in our way to the quarters of the com-

mandant, was well calculated to recall to mind the events which were here enacted in the course of the revolution. But what followed was a strange episode in the history of Navarino, and at variance with all my associations with the place. The fortress, which, from 1821 to 1828, was the theatre of stirring and imposing events, was now almost entirely robbed of "the pomp and circumstance of war," and was the scene of a merry revel.

The apartments which were once occupied by Ibrahim Pasha, were now filled by those who have succeeded him. The commandants of Navarino and Mothone, though not native Greeks, were distinguished Philhellenes; and among the ladies who graced the scene, was the niece of Prince Mavrocordato, who, by her name, served to recall the memory of former days. But the characters in whom I felt the greatest interest, and who took an active part in the amusements of the evening, were a number of fine-looking young Maniote officers. Their forefathers acted a very different part in the island of Sphacteria, and in the fortress of Navarino, than that in which they were now engaged; and I could not but regret to see the descendants of those who had made these localities so renowned departing from the stern virtues of their ancestors, and yielding to the blandishments and the follies of modern civilization. The waltz and the quadrilles that were performed by the young Maniotes presented a "sight unmatched since Orpheus and his brutes."

CHAPTER XVII.

MOTHONE AND NAVARINO.

THE morning after the ball I left Navarino for Mothone, in company with Major Hayne, its commandant. The castle of Mothone is only four miles to the south of Navarino; but the road that leads thither, though once Macadamized, is now in the most wretched condition, and as to the scenery, the olive trees having been destroyed, root and branch, in the course of the war, it presented but one unvaried scene of sterility. We had gone over two-thirds of the road, with the heights of Opsimo to the left, and those of Mount Nicholas to the right, when the castle and the bay of Mothone, with the islands of Cabrara and Sapienza to the south of them, presented us with one of the most beautiful views in this part of the Morea.

In our way to the castle, which became more and more prominent as we advanced, we first passed the ruins of Ibrahim Pasha's camp, then through the Greek quarter of the town—now the only habitable portion of the place—and at length crossing the tottering draw-bridge, entered the castle of Mothone.

In front of the land-gate, and in the centre of the public square, is still standing, a red granite column, which being too tough to be broken by the Turks, and too massive to be stolen by the Christians, has been suffered to remain, a witness of passing events. Everything else, in comparison with it, is of modern date; and it is probably destined to survive the castles which, with their ramparts and bastions, now form so imposing and beautiful a picture.

While in the palace of the Pasha—now the head quarters of the commandant—its deserted harems and ruined baths brought to mind the changes which Mothone had witnessed. In the early days of Greece it was a place of note, and Pausanias speaks of two temples, one of which was dedicated to Minerva Anemotes and the other to Diana; but the town is more noted for the scenes it has witnessed in modern, rather than those of ancient times. In 1124 the place was taken by one of the Doges on his return from the Holy Land, and though it was soon after restored to the Greek emperors, it again passed to the Republic of Venice, and with few interruptions, continued in the possession of the knights who erected the fortification, and have left us, on the towers of the castle, the armorials of their rank. In 1498 Bajazet presented himself before "Modon" with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and having succeeded to carry the place by assault, he strewed the

piazza of the column with the bodies of its brave defenders. In 1676 the Turks were besieged in their turn, and they were obliged to leave their Christian slaves and their homes to the victors, who possessed themselves of the stores and the cannon. In 1715 the Turks appeared again on the scene, and again possessed themselves of "Modon," and in 1770 they were once more besieged by the Russians, who, at the moment of success, were deserted by their allies the Maniotes, and were thus obliged to abandon their artillery and betake themselves to Navarino, then in the possession of Orloff. From 1770 to 1821 the Turks were left undisturbed, but in the beginning of the revolution they were besieged by the insurgents, and though they escaped the fate of their compatriots at Navarino, they were subjected to all the miseries of a protracted siege. In 1825 the port of Mothone witnessed the entrance, and soon after the destruction* of the Egyptian frigates and transports. In the

* "Miaulis," says Dr. Howe, "finding it impossible to cope with the large Turkish frigates to any advantage at sea, merely hovered about them to observe their motions. Seeing a detachment of two frigates, eight corvets, and twenty-five transports making for Mothone, he immediately followed them up, and resolved to attack them in the port. Accordingly the same evening, just before the subsiding of the regular sea breeze, he entered the bay accompanied by two fire-ships. They were soon discovered by the Turks, and the usual scene of confusion followed as the fire-ships advanced close to them. The cables were cut, the vessels drove one upon another, the guns were fired from *both* of their sides, while the *brulots* approached silently, but swiftly

meantime the inhabitants of this important fortress opened their gates to Ibrahim and the scene changed. The hitherto deserted strand of Mothone was enlivened by the Turco-Egyptian fleet—its empty magazines were once more replenished, and its barracks and palaces once more crowded with the warriors of Turkey and Egypt. Yet the splendid scene which revived the days of Bajazet, and which filled the streets and the castles of Mothone with the pomp of oriental magnificence, was of short duration. The troops of the Allies, and after them those of Greece followed in close succession, and Mothone—the place for which so much of gold and so much of life had been sacrificed, resembles a stage after the play is over—with no light and no life. A few soldiers, and some half a dozen storks—that have built their nests on the heights of glory and ambition—constitute the guards and the sentinels of Mothone.

The vicinities of Mothone, though soft and beau-

upon them. One of them struck a frigate, and the torch being applied, the flames burst up rapidly, including both vessels and communicating with those next them. This completed the confusion and error of the Turks. Nothing was heard but shoutings and cursings; no one thought of anything but saving himself, and the soldiers in the town knowing they must do something, but not knowing what, fired off their artillery at friends and foes. The flames spread to nearly all the vessels, both frigates, four corvets, and half the transports were entirely consumed, while the triumphant brulotiers rode away in their boats and were picked up by Miaulis, who sailed out of the bay without having lost a man."

tiful, are like the castle, mournfully destitute of life. The hunting grounds of Diana, and the olive groves of Minerva, have alike disappeared, and the eye seeks in vain for any signs of the habitation of man. To the south-east of Mothone, and on the other side of the bay, are the deserted houses of the poor Cretans, who, unable to endure the slavery to which they were subjected by the protocols of Christian nations, sought a new home on the shores of Messenia, and laid the foundation of their new Crete on a well chosen position; but some defects in the organization of the plan, and the culpable delays of the Greek government in reference to the distribution of the lands, have frustrated this splendid project, and the colony which was to rival Mothone, has added its own failure to that of the Suliotes at Agrenium, of the Macedonians at Atalanta, of the Samians at Eubœa, of the Ipsariotes at Eretria, of the Sciotes at Piræus, of the Bavarians at Heracleum and at Tyrinth, of the Calabrians at Elis, and of the Maniotes at Petalidi.

We returned to Navarino about three o'clock in the afternoon, and as the boat which was to convey me to the heights of ancient Pylos, failed to come, I improved my time by paying a second visit to the castle of Navarino, which, unlike that of Mothone, is kept in good order, and which commands, not only the entrance to Navarino, but also the scenes of those remarkable events of which it

forms the nucleus. In describing the prospect which the castle commands, Mr. Wordsworth says, "Let us imagine a semicircular bay two miles and a half in diameter, lying from north-east to south-west. Let us place a castle on each of its two horns, that on the northern being on a lofty ground and in ruins. Let us suppose a large lagoon stretching along the coast to the east of the latter, and fields of maze covering the low lands near it. Let us add two small streams flowing down from the lime-stone hills on the east, and emptying themselves into the bay. Let us plant some small churches here and there on the eminences of these hills, and trace some mountain paths winding in an inland direction upon the surface; on the southern horn of the bay let us place a large fortress of a pentagonal form, a number of small houses, and a cemetery; and near it, farther to the east, a small creek filled with Greek boats. Let us stretch across the harbour a long narrow island, leaving a passage between itself and the southern castle of rather more than half a mile, and one of about five hundred feet between its northern point and the other promontory of the bay, the latter being shallow and fordable, the former having an average of twenty-seven fathoms of water. We have then a picture of the ancient harbour of Pylos, and, as it is termed, from the names of the castles, the modern bay of Naravino."

Take away from the above description the

"small houses" and the cemetery, both of which have disappeared, and add what Wordsworth has omitted, the little island of Marathonesi in the centre of the bay, and we then have as correct an idea of the harbour of Navarino as description can give. To the natural beauties of the scene, however, are added the many and interesting associations which cluster around the "Sandy Pylos," once "the well built city of the Nelian Nestor," and the well-known and ill-fated island of Sphacteria, the first of which reminds us of the interview between the youthful Telemachus and the eloquent Nestor, while the other recalls to mind the victory which was here gained, in the seventh year of the Peloponnesian war, by the Athenians over the sons of Sparta.

The fortress of Navarino—which in latter times became the theatre of still greater events—than those which have been celebrated by Homer and Thucydides, was built by St. Omer between the years 1310 and 1320. In 1571 it fell into the hands of the Turks, and was augmented by a citadel of six bastions, and in 1644 the harbour, under the protection of its cannon, became the rendezvous of the Turkish fleet, which is said to have consisted of two thousand sail. In 1680 it was again taken by the Venetians, and in 1715 fell once more into the hands of the Turks, who, in 1770, were once more dispossessed by the Russians, who

a few days afterwards left the castle and the Christians to the mercy of the Turks.*

Fifty-one years after this ill-concerted attempt of Orloff, Navarino was besieged by the Greeks, and its inhabitants were massacred without distinction of age or sex—the Greeks, however, who remained in possession of the fortifications till 1825, were besieged in turn by Ibrahim Pasha and then the “Sandy Pylos,” the Island of Sphacteria and the fortress of Navarino became once more the scenes of stirring and animating events. To the battle on the heights of Opsimo followed those splendid manœuvres, by means of which Ibrahim, who was at the head of fifteen thousand men, possessed himself first of Sphacteria, then of ancient Pylos, and last, of Navarino; which was surrendered by capitulation.

Navarino and its port continued to be the head quarters of Ibrahim Pasha and the Turco-Egyptian fleets till the 20th of October, 1828, when the destruction of the Turkish armament by the combined squadron of England, Russia, and France, put an end to the power of Ibrahim, and with it to the power of Turkey in Greece.† The event

* The Greeks, who at this time had gathered in the vicinity of Navarino, fled at the approach of the Turks, to the barren island of Sphacteria, “where from four to five thousand Greeks, being left without water, food, or shelter, perished by thirst and famine.”

† On the 20th Oct., the combined British, French, and Russian squadrons, led by Admiral Codrington, Commander of the British

which Dr. Howe has described with great force and fidelity, is one of the most remarkable events of

squadron, entered the harbor of Navarino, their force consisting of 29 vessels, viz. 10 line-of-battle ships, 10 frigates, 4 brigs, the rest schooners.

The Turco-Egyptian fleet consisted of about 70 vessels of war, viz. 3 line-of-battle ships, 5 fifty-four gun ships, 15 frigates, 25 corvettes, and 12 brigs; the rest smaller vessels; besides 40 transports. They were moored in form of a crescent, with springs on their cables, and having six brulots anchored to windward; and the whole lying under cover of the batteries of the town of Navarino.

On the entrance of the European fleet, the Turks evidently supposed they had come to engage them, and prepared for battle in their confused way; without other order than the example of the Capitana Bey; the Egyptian Admiral Moharem Bey, in fact, declaring that he would not fight. But before all the European vessels had come to anchor, a boat sent by one of them to a Turkish fireship, requesting her to move, was fired upon, and some of her men killed; this was answered by a return fire of musketry; an Egyptian corvette then imprudently fired a cannon shot into the Dartmouth, which of course brought on a return fire; and the Turks madly answering it from several vessels, part of the line began an action.

Meantime Admiral Codrington in the Asia, desirous of preventing a general action, fired only upon the ships of the line of the Constantinople Admiral, who had fired first; the Egyptian Admiral lying upon his other bow was not molested, until Codrington sending his pilot (a Greek) to the Egyptian Admiral, to signify his intention of not fighting, if he could avoid it, the boat was fired upon, the pilot and some men were killed, and the Egyptian fired upon the Asia. Then Codrington opening his tremendous broadside upon the Egyptian on one side, and the Turks on the other, poured forth such a terrible fire as in a few moments reduced them both to mere wrecks, and they swung utterly destroyed to leeward; thus uncovering the second Turkish line of vessels which lay behind them, and which opened their whole fire upon Codrington.

the age; and yet this event, so overwhelming in its effect and consequences, was so unexpected and

The action now became general; the vessels of each nation striving to outdo the other, and Turks firing with the blind fury of desperation. They were more than double in number, and warmly seconded by the whole line of land batteries, poured forth such a tremendous volley of shot, as well directed, must have utterly destroyed the Europeans in a few minutes; but the latter sent back as rapidly, a smaller but much more dreadful fire; for every gun was well pointed, every shot told, and in a few minutes it was seen which way the scale would turn.

Burning with generous emulation, each European Commander strove to distinguish himself; boats were sent out, and the men boarding the Turkish brulots, cut them away, set them on fire, and let them drive in among their fleet. In a few minutes the scene became more terrible by the flames which began to rise from several vessels, and their successively blowing up:—the two long lines of ships, from which roared two thousand cannon—the blazing fireships driving to and fro among the huge Turkish vessels, whose falling masts, shattered hulls, and gory decks, began to show how the battle went; the sea covered with spars and half burned masses of wood, to which clung thousands of Turks escaped from their exploded vessels—the line of batteries on the shore, which blazed away all the time, and which, as well as the battlements of the town, were covered with the anxious soldiers of Ibrahim:—the noise—the explosions—the flames—the smoke—the hurras of the European sailors—the curses, and the Allah shouts of the Turks, presented one of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed.

The battle raged from three o'clock, P. M. until seven; and ended as every contest must end, where one side opposes only superior force directed by blind fury, to cool courage, discipline, and science. The Turkish fleet was almost utterly destroyed, many ships had been blown up, sunk, or burned; the rest were pierced through and through, shattered, dismasted, or driven on shore; not more than fifteen vessels had escaped undamaged; and more than five thousand Turks had been killed. The rest were overwhelmed with confusion and rage, but not with fear; and

so unlooked-for, as to take by surprise not only those who had no hand and no part in it, but even its authors!

The Courts of England, of Russia, and of France were at no time very friendly to the cause of Greece, and in the early part of the Revolution, the Greeks were declared "rebels against their lawful masters." And when public opinion forced upon the Christian potentates the necessity of interference, their mediation had no other object but the *re-subjugation* of Greece to Turkey, under some new name or new form. Even when the straight-forward course, and perhaps the obstinacy of Turkey obliged them to support their diplomacy

they continued during the night madly to set fire to, and blow up their vessels which were on shore or disabled; regardless of the word sent by Codrington, that he had finished.

Thus an action, commenced by accident, ended in the almost complete destruction of the naval power of Turkey. The news reached the Cabinets of Europe, exciting surprise, and regret; it reached the Sultan, stunning and overwhelming him; but his first impulse to deluge his empire in the blood of infidels, was checked by a feeling of impotency; the day had gone by, when Turkey would oppose a single European power, much less the greatest united; but to Greece, to poor Greece, the news was the reprieve of her death-warrant; joy and exultation were in every heart, rejoicing was on every tongue, hope beamed on every countenance; and from Arta to Thermopylæ, from Pindus to Taygetus, Hellas felt that her chains were broken; she was freed for ever from the yoke of Mussulman bondage.

The right arm of Turkey was broken and withered; Greece was now put more on a par with her, and felt that, though European interference should be from that moment at an end, she could continue the conflict to a successful termination.

by the presence of their fleets, even then their *intention* was to interpose themselves as "peace makers." And the admirals of the combined fleets were specially charged "to employ extra care in order to prevent the measures which they may employ against the Ottoman fleet from *degenerating into hostilities*." The admirals too, in "agreeing to take up their position in Navarino," their desire was to produce a determination leading to the desired object "without effusion of blood and without hostilities, but simply by the imposing presence of the squadrons." Notwithstanding these pacific intentions on the part of ministers and admirals, their diplomatic manœuvres resolved themselves into a battle—so terrible and so unlooked-for as to be a wonder and a mystery.

The ministers, and more particularly the admirals, were the agents of a good work, but the *animo quo* was not in them; and this absence of intention on the part of the actors reveals the miraculous interposition of Providence in behalf of suffering humanity, and clothes the terrible battle of Navarino with the sublimity of supernatural agency. For the thing to be wondered at in this transaction is not the force of the one party or the weakness of the other, but the inexplicable phenomenon of Kings fighting for the rights of the people!

CHAPTER XVIII.

FILIATRA AND ARCADIA.

ON the morning of the 20th October, we left Navarino, or, as it is now called, Pylos, the capital of Pylia, which, though at the head of the finest port in the Morea, is as poor and wretched a town as can well be imagined. For the first half hour, we coasted along the shores of the magnificent bay to the north of the town, and in our way to the khan at the other end of it, we noticed some remnants of the Turco-Egyptian fleet, which were the more interesting, as this was the anniversary of the great battle of Navarino.

The bottom of the harbour must contain much that is valuable. It is supposed to be full of cannon, iron cables, anchors, and the like ; and the right of search has been sold by the government to a company of merchants. Greece and her government have made enough by the battle of Navarino ; and the remnants of the wreck which foreshadowed the fall of the Turkish empire, should be sought and preserved as national trophies.

Beyond the khan, we left the lagoon and the

heights of ancient Pylos, to our left, and from the slopes of Mount Tomeus descended to the elevated regions which lie between the mountain and the Ionian seas, and which, though not as fertile as the extensive plains at the head of the great gulfs, have nevertheless such a mild exposure as to be covered the year round with excellent pasture for the sheep and the cattle. Like the plain of Messenia, they are refreshed by the streams which descend from the mountains. To the vineyards and the olive groves, for which these regions are peculiarly adapted, are added almost all the aromatic shrubs of Greece. The arbutus, the myrtle, the mastic-tree, the laurel, and the oliander, cover the banks of the mountain-torrents, and in many cases they spread over entire tracts of land. These delightful and beautiful regions derive additional interest from their proximity to high mountains and wide-spreading seas.

From ancient Pylos to the city of Arcadia, a distance of about twenty-four miles, the country, though generally in a state of neglect, is, in comparison with the deserted regions between Petalidi and Navarino, well cultivated, and pretty well inhabited. To the right and left of the road, we noticed a number of villages, but the only ones through which we passed, were those of Gargaliano and Filiatra. They are both well inhabited, and noted for their wines and oil. Gargaliano, being situated on the brow of the hills, has the ad-

vantage of a more commanding position, and its white houses are seen from a great distance, while those of Filiatra, which is by far the largest of the two, are hid in the midst of her olive and lemon groves. Nothing can exceed the retired situation of Filiatra, and the author of the "Itinerary in the Morea," gives us the following description of it: "Situated only two miles from the sea-shore, it appears to be in the centre of a forest of olive-trees, which are as aged as Nestor, to whom probably this country belonged, for the son of Nileus was one of the most powerful kings of Messenia. The grape is one of the principal fruits; and the wine, which they export to many of the villages of the Peloponnesus, is very renowned. The scattered habitations are surrounded by gardens and orchards, and above all by the cypress-tree, which is very common in the East, and where it seems to declare, that the residence of man is but a tomb in anticipation. A town so populous, and situated on a spot so fertile, could not but be of ancient origin; and though no mention of it is made in the Chronicles of the Morea, it must have been some rich fief. In visiting the place, one is tempted to recognise the agreeable Arene of Homer, the town which flourished under the laws of Nestor."

I am sorry to say anything to mar the effect of this beautiful description of Mr. Altenhoven; but I found the interior of Filiatra unworthy of Nestor, and even of the Barons and the Turks, to whom it

descended. Its principal street was as villanously dirty as it could well be ; and its inhabitants, the descendants of Old Nestor, looked as tattered and miserable as if they had just returned from the wars of Troy. Fortunately, our stay in the town was not long. We were once more in the midst of its beautiful groves, and once more surrounded by objects well calculated to please and delight the eye.

Beyond the olive groves of Filiatra, we found a region of country equally interesting. We had mountains, and seas, and groves, and villages, to the right and left of us ; and before us, at a distance of five or six miles a-head, was the castle and the city of Arcadia, which, even at this distance, appeared to great advantage, but it grew more and more interesting the nearer we approached it.

The city of Arcadia, the Cyparissia of ancient and modern Greece, is situated on a conical hill, five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and immediately under the shelter of Mount Paraskeve, which rises to the rear of it, and forms a dark, but appropriate back-ground to one of the most romantic-looking cities in Greece. The top of the hill is crowned by the towers of a Venetian castle ; and the houses, which, unlike those of other cities in similar situations, are interspersed with gardens of orange and lemon, overlook the olive groves and the seas that spread beneath them. The city, though so far above the sea and the plain, is well supplied with water from the mountain to the rear of it, and

thus, to other features of interest, is added a great rarity, the sight and the sound of falling waters.

In the latter part of the afternoon I went, in company with my host, the treasurer of Triphilia, to pay my respects to the governor of the province, and visit the few objects of interest in the town. The city, though one of the best populated towns in this part, has now only 2,500 inhabitants, and most of them newly domiciled; but the province, of which it is the capital, is not only more fertile, but far more populous than that of Pylia; for while the latter has a population of 12,876, the former has 36,607 inhabitants. The great want of Cyparissia seems to be a convenient port, though it is within half a mile of the sea.

The castle occupies the site of the ancient Acropolis, and the churches of St. George and of Panagia, the one in the gardens, and the other within the castle, are probably on the sites which were once occupied by the temples of Apollo and Minerva. In addition to these remains, the copious Dionissias flows as freely as when it obeyed the thyrsus of Bacchus; but the best things in Arcadia are the views it commands, and the advantages it offers as a summer residence. From the walls of the castle, indeed from the windows of the houses, and even from the streets of the city, are seen the gardens and olive groves of the city, the mountains of Arcadia, and the waters of the Ionian seas as far as the island of Zante, and the mountains of Elis.

With better means of communication, Arcadia would offer a better summer retreat than any other locality in the kingdom. Its fine views, its groves, its water, and the abundance and excellence of its fruits and provisions, would induce even an utilitarian of the present day to believe that the Arcadia of the poets was a reality, not a poetic fiction.

CHAPTER XIX.

PHIGALEIA AND TRAGOGI.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the morning we slid down the steep side of Cyparissia, and passing through the extensive olive groves to the south-east of this interesting city, we began to ascend from hill to mountain in our way to the ruins of Phygalia and the temple of Apollo Epicurius, in the interior of Arcadia.

The regions through which we passed, though interesting in their natural features, were uncommonly deserted; so much so that in our way to Phygalia we met with but two little hamlets—the villages of Sidero Castro and that of Platania, and also with the lower and upper Pavlitza—the miserable representatives of a city which is renowned for the character and extent of its ruins, but which has preserved little else beside the remains of its walls.

According to Pausanias, "Phygalia is situated upon a lofty and precipitous hill, and the greater part of the walls are built upon the rocks, but on the ascent of the hill there is an even and level

space." The level space which was once adorned by the temples and the public edifices, which are enumerated by this traveller, is now occupied by the vineyards and the olive groves of the lower and upper Pavlitzza, both of which are within the precincts of the old city, and the chapels within the walls of the citadel and in the fields of the "level space" are the only remains of the temples which were once to be seen within the walls of Phygalia. But, says Colonel Leak—"the walls of Phygalia furnish one of the most curious specimens of Greek military architecture in existence, and I believe one of the most ancient; for though the climate of such an elevated situation may account in a great measure for their corroded state, and may have given them a greater appearance of antiquity than others of the same age, the uncommon plan and construction of the greater part of the fortification, together with the kind of masonry of which it is formed, are certainly evidences of a very remote antiquity."

The walls and the towers—some of which are square and some round—of Phygalia, though not so imposing as those of Messene, have a circumference of more than two miles, and present a very interesting accompaniment to the wild scenery by which they are encompassed. From the heights of the citadel is to be seen a prospect which, though interrupted to the north and north-east by high hills, to the south is sufficiently Arcadian and exten-

sive. The wild and picturesque banks of the Neda are at the foot of the walls, and to the south rise the heights of Mount Ithome.

We remained at Phygalia long enough to examine the few objects of interest, and then continued our journey to the village of Tragogi, where we remained for the night in the hut of an Arcadian peasant. The last mentioned village, though situated at a distance of less than thirty miles from the city of Cyparissia, subjected us to a journey of more than nine hours, which was owing partly to some interruptions on the banks of Neda, and partly to the elevated regions which lay between Cyparissia and Tragogi.

The Neda, like the Cyparisseeis, in the neighbourhood of the city from which it derives its name, flows into the Ionian seas through regions peculiarly wild, and is "next to the Meandrus, the most winding" of rivers. Its banks in the vicinity of Phygalia are quite perpendicular, and the public road, which was formerly assisted by a stone bridge, descends into the bed of the furious Neda, and then ascends through a series of windings till it reaches the foot of the walls. When the river is high the crossing is of course impracticable, and even at this time, though we found no difficulty in crossing the stream, the steep ascent on the other side subjected us to one of the most difficult enterprises we had as yet encountered in our journey through the Peloponnesus.

The banks of Neda, however, were not the only difficulties we had to contend with in the course of this day's journey. With the exception of the olive groves we saw in the early part of the day, the rest of the ground consisted principally of hills, and of mountains which, without being very steep, were sufficiently so to weary the patience both of horse and rider. The regions seemed to be fit only for poets who—when on their Pegassus—can travel without bed or baggage, and who can dream of beauties where there are none to be seen.

From the times when Mercury was the only post-boy, to these days when steam-boats and railroads have left the Iris of Jove far behind, it has been the fashion to admire Arcadia and associate its name with all that is romantic in scenery and delightful in pastoral life. Undoubtedly in the Arcadia of Greece, as well as in that of Sir Philip Sidney, "there *are* hills which garnish their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seem comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade are witnessed so to, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; pastures stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory crave the dames' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and

withal singing, and it seems that her voice comforts her hands to work, and her hands keep time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country—for many houses come under the eye—they are scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off, as that it bars mutual succour; a show, as it were, of an accompaniable solitariness, and of a civil wildness."

But in the Arcadia of Greece, as in that of "the Countess of Pembroke," amid "images of touching beauty" and "classical elegance," there are barren wastes of cold, bleak hills and naked mountains, which in their general appearance are more grey than green—and its atmosphere, though extremely delightful during the season of Summer "when the plane-tree whispers to the willow," is anything but agreeable for the greater part of the year, when the valleys and the hills are covered with snow, and when no "bleating oratory" can save "the pretty lambs" from freezing to death. Even the valleys—if we except that of Megalopolis—are dreary, fenced in by equally dreary barriers, and withal so gloomy and so lonely as to fill the mind with awe rather than with pleasure, and are calculated to force upon the beholder the idea that in general, Arcadia—the dream-land of poets—is fit only for the habitation of men who lived on acorns, and worthy to be the birth-place of a god who despite his musical accomplishments, was at best but half a beast and the other half a devil.

As to the houses of Arcadia and Arcadian villages, they are better as pictures than as habitations. Tripolitza would drive a sensible man mad, and the Kāritana huts would not fail to make a villain out of a virtuous being! The village huts have in appearance, plenty of that "accompaniable solitariness" and "civil wildness" which delighted Musidorus, but it is not probable that Sir Philip Sidney himself or his Countess of Pembroke would have been pleased with their interior aspect. The hut in which I spent the night at Tragogi, was in appearance exceedingly romantic and attractive—it was placed on the south of a high hill with one of its sides on terra firma and the other three some twenty feet above it. The views it commanded were striking and beautiful—the hills—the rugged mountain—the dreary valley and foaming waterfall were all in sight; but in the interior, which consisted of one apartment, we had a *living* picture of Arcadian life. In addition to my host and hostess, there were four girls; two boys; one ram; two goats; one pig; half a dozen of dogs; some roosters and hens, and one sober looking donkey, besides *myself* and servant—all living in "companionable solitariness" and "civil wildness." After this day's journey, and the night in the hut of Tragogi, let us have no more of Arcadian delights, "an you love me," poets.

CHAPTER XX.

TEMPLE OF APOLLO AND VALLEY OF ALPHEUS.

WE left Tragogi early in the morning, and in our way to Mount Cotylium we first passed through a portion of cultivated tracts of land, and then entered the oak groves which cover the higher regions of the mountain, and which must have formed, as they now do, a very appropriate introduction to the sacred groves, and the sanctuary of Apollo, on the top of the mountain. We had scarcely cleared the oak forest between Tragogi and Mount Catylium, when we met with a large fragment of a Doric pillar, and shortly after came in sight of the sanctuary itself, which, though in ruins, is still encompassed by the majesty of the surrounding objects, and still calculated to awaken the same feelings and thoughts which it once excited in the minds of those who were so fortunate as to worship in such temples, by such mountains, and under such skies!

For a long time, the temple, which, "next to that of Tegea, excelled all the other temples of the Peloponnesus for the beauty of the stone and the harmony of the construction," was known only to the

untutored shepherds of the neighbouring villages, to whose eyes the beautiful columns and the bas-reliefs which adorned the frieze of the temple could not fail to be objects of wonder and religious awe. Besides being too superstitious, they had no cause to trouble the columns, or disturb the marble sleepers, who reposed on the architrave of the temple; and it is very probable that the temple, with all its accompaniments, remained for a long time much in the same condition in which it was seen by the Greek traveller; and it has been justly observed, that without the few words* which Pausanias bestows upon the temple of Apollo in Arcadia, "the existence of such a magnificent building in such a wilderness, must ever have remained a subject of wonder, doubt, and discussion."

The few remarks which Pausanias bestowed upon the temple of Apollo, were undoubtedly the means which, after the revival of letters, directed the attention of the learned travellers in Greece to the temple at Bassæ. Dr. Chandler and his associates, who, in 1764, visited the ruins of Greece, and who, under the auspices of the Dilettanti Society, made many and important discoveries, were probably the first Europeans who became acquainted with the

* "Cotylum is distant about forty stades from the city, i. e. Phigaleia. It contains the place called Bassæ, and the temple of Apollo Epicurus. The roof, as well as the rest of the building, is of stone, and excepting that of Tegea, is considered superior for the beauty of the stone, and the harmony of the construction."

actual existence of the temple; and if I am not mistaken, Dr. Chandler is the first of the European travellers who described this interesting relic. Since the days of Chandler and his learned associates, the temple of Arcadia has been visited by almost every distinguished traveller; and Col. Leak, who visited it in 1835, and who gives the most minute and accurate description of the ruin, says that "the outer columns of the peristyle are all standing, except the two angular columns of the southern front; nor are these wanting, as all the component cylinders are lying on the ground, so that both the peristyle and cell might be restored to their original state without much deficiency, if wealth and power, taste and science, should ever be restored to Greece."

The position of the ruin showed that it had not been plundered, either for the purpose of building, or for stealing the works of art; and had the ruin been left in the condition in which it was found in the early part of the present century, the same age which commenced with the independence of Greece, might have closed with the restoration of this beautiful temple in the mountains of Arcadia; but unfortunately, the vile plunderers came before the return of "wealth, power, taste, and science," and the wanton spoliations which followed the visit of Col. Leak, have dissipated the hope which he so generously cherished.

Five or six years after Col. Leak's tour, the temple was visited by some unknown persons, and "the

important discoveries which they made consisted of bas-reliefs ninety-six feet long, with a hundred figures, which had the proportions of more than two feet, and which were not otherwise injured than what was occasioned by their fall." These bas-reliefs do not appear to have been removed at the time, though the spoilers did not return without some trophies; and we are told that "having exposed their robberies in one of the Ionian Islands, and under the protection of the British government, published it throughout Europe, that the spoils were to be sold at auction on the 1st of May, 1814, and that no offer less than sixty thousand Spanish dollars would be admissible."

The spoliations of 1812 do not appear to have been either the most extensive, or the most important to the proportions of the temple; and we are informed that "It was in 1818, that the Baron C. Haller, M. Linkh, M. Brousted, and the English artists, Messrs. Cockerel and J. Foster, undertook the excavations, where they found the famous frieze of marble which adorned the entablature of the Naos, and which represented the combat of the Centaurs against the Lapythæ, and that of the Greeks against the Amazons. They also found in the interior of the Naos pieces of a colossal statue, and in the front of the temple fragments of Metops in marble, and appertaining to the frontispiece of the pro-naos. All these sculptures, which are very learnedly explained by Baron de Stackelberg, are at present

deposited in the British Museum ;” and he might have added, in company with the pilferings of Lord Elgin, which are kept in the same “stone-house ;” and which are visited by all men of taste and feeling who go to “admire the plunder, and abhor the thieves ;” and repeat, perhaps, as I did while in the presence of the temple, the well merited imprecation of Byron :

“Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o’er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands, which it had best behoved
To guard those relics, ne’er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatch’d thy shrinking gods to northern climes abhorred.”

Notwithstanding the wanton spoliations which robbed the ruin of its accompaniments, the temple, even in its present condition, is still beautiful. Out of forty-two columns which formed the peristyle, thirty-six are still standing, and with one or two exceptions, they still support their architraves. Next to the temple of Theseus, that of Apollo is the most perfect; and “there is certainly nothing in Greece, beyond the bounds of Attica, more worthy of notice than these remains. The temple of Ægina, in some of its accidents and accompaniments, may be more picturesque, and the surrounding prospect more agreeable; but undoubtedly there are

many persons who will prefer the severe grandeur, the wildness, and the variety of the Arcadian scene, in which, amid a continued contrast of rugged mountain, forest, and cultivated land, there is no want of objects interesting to the spectator by their historical recollections. That which forms, on reflection, the most striking circumstance of all; is the nature of the surrounding country—capable of producing little else than pasture for cattle, and offering no conveniences for the display of commercial industry either by sea or land. If it excites our astonishment that the inhabitants of such a district should have had the refinement to delight in works of this kind, it is still more wonderful that they should have had the means to execute them. This can only be accounted for by what Horace says of the early Romans :

*“Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum.”*

This is the true secret of national power, which cannot be equally effective in an age of selfish luxury.”

In parting with the temple of Apollo, we descended along the northern projection of Mount Cotylium, and after some rolling and tumbling, we joined the road of Tragogi, and continued on it till we came to Andrutzena, which, being situated about twenty miles to the west of Karitana, overlooks the great valley of Alpheus. The town contains about

five hundred habitations; and as many of the houses are scattered on the heights of St. Elias, it presents a somewhat flattering outside, but the interior, though not as bad as that of Karitana, is nevertheless very uninteresting. The place depends for support upon its prinokoki, its wines and silk. The only thing of any note within it is a copious fountain, and a very remarkable plane-tree.

After a short rest at Andrutzena, we resumed our journey, and in the course of less than an hour's ride we came in sight of Fanari, which was, previous to the revolution, the chief place of the province, but which, having been inhabited principally by Turks, is now in ruins. Out of its three hundred houses, and five mosques, there is hardly anything left, and its situation is only known by the still standing walls of some of the Turkish towers. To the north of Fanari, and on the heights far beyond the stream of Alpheus, are the still more extensive ruins of Lala, which, though one of the most important strongholds of the Turks in this part of the Morea, was reduced to ruins in the early part of the revolution.

In the ruins of these towns, and the villages, were still to be seen the ravages of the last war, but the farther we advanced towards the river, the less we saw of ruins, and the more of villages; and though we were yet on the sides of the same mountains over which we were labouring the day before, the immediate as well as the distant objects were

as mild and as social as the former were lonely and austere. Indeed, from Fanari as far down as the valley of Alpheus, which for the greater part of the day lay parallel with the public road, the hills were covered with the arbutus, and as, in many parts, the branches of this beautiful tree overarched the road, its ripe fruit afforded us a pleasant and refreshing treat.

The arbutus is to be met with all over Greece; but I do not recollect to have seen it in a more vigorous or more flourishing state than in this part of the Morea. This shrub is an evergreen, and is so partial to mild climates as to grow neither on the mountains, nor in the valleys and plains, but principally on the hills. Though it belongs to the class of ornamental shrubs, its fruit, which is so beautiful to the eye, is by no means unpleasant to the palate, provided it is mellow and ripe. It is often brought into the market of Athens, and the country people extract from it a very pleasant beverage, but the tree is more noted for its beauty than for its usefulness; though beauty in one sense of the word is undoubtedly the most useful of created objects, and in that respect it has hardly an equal. It often attains a considerable size. Its leaf resembles that of the laurel, though it has more gloss, and the fruit, when ripe, is half red and the other half yellow. At the time when the gold and crimson fruit hangs in clusters, and contrasts itself with the light green leaves, the branches are covered with the

blossoms, which hang in a profusion of pure white bells. It is the luxuriance and the rich combination of colours that render the arbutus of the poets the most beautiful shrub in Greece.

We descended from the hills into the valley, and forded the Alpheus at a point where, having received its principal tributaries, it has the appearance and the dignity of a large river. Fortunately, the rainy season had not as yet set in, and we were thus enabled to ford the river about eight miles above Olympia, instead of having recourse to the flat boat twenty miles below it. On the other side of Alpheus, we found the peasants still in their corn-fields, and they very kindly put us in the way of finding the road we had long lost. In our way to the khan, which was about six miles farther in the valley, we fell in with a number of peasants, who, being like ourselves, bound for Pyrgo, were going to the same khan. The farther we penetrated into the valley, the more frequent became those accidents and accompaniments which add so much to the life and the animation of well cultivated and well inhabited regions. The valley was by no means as thickly inhabited as the beauty and the richness of the surrounding regions deserved to be; but in comparison with the deserted and inclement mountains of Arcadia, it presented quite a bustling scene of life. On the banks of the river were to be seen droves of cattle, while on the hills were flocks of sheep and goats. Nor were here wanting the huts of villages,

with their stacks of hay and heaps of corn, with their barking dogs and braying donkeys. The scene with which the day was about to close, was as different from that with which it commenced as it could well be. The severe and solitary grandeur of the Arcadian mountains was no longer to be seen. The smooth and soft valley, and the wooded hills, were full of beauty and quiet repose; while the ever moving and majestic Alpheus rolled on as proudly as when Olympia was the seat of Jove.

CHAPTER XXI.

OLYMPIA AND PYRGO.

THE khan, which we reached late in the evening, was rather a wretched concern, though in comparison with other khans in the Morea, it was very superior. The tower, which protected the gate of the establishment, had a lower and upper apartment; and the khangee placed at my disposal the only oda that was fit to sleep in, but I was not allowed to enjoy this distinction without partners. In the latter part of the evening, the khan was stormed by another party, and I found it necessary to share the delights of the oda with a gentleman who had in addition to his wife, half a dozen other little accidents that kept the room in continued turmoil. It was, therefore, with no ordinary pleasure that I left my *room-mates* in possession of the room and placed myself on the back of my trusty Arab, who plunged and neighed as if he too felt the animating influence of the scenes by which we were encompassed.

At a short distance to the west of the khan, we crossed a mountain stream—which we found to

be the Arpinades—and passing by the heights of the “divine” Pisa, entered the beautiful valley of Olympia, and continued till we came to the newly excavated ruins of the temple, where we alighted in order to enjoy the scene. The vale of Olympia is of moderate extent—to the east it has the stream of Arpinades, and to the west that of Claudius, both of which descend from the neighbouring heights to the north, and empty themselves into the Alpheus. The hills around the valley are tossed about in every possible form and shape, and though in some points are seen strata of light clay, they are generally clad with a luxuriant growth of forest trees. The Alpheus, to the south of the valley, is overshadowed by plane-trees; but its waters are not entirely concealed, and its strong current adds life and animation to a scene remarkable for its solitude and repose.

Olympia is the most remarkable valley in Greece; the verdure of its surface is as soft as the outlines of its hills are graceful; and it was doubtless the beauty of the locality which suggested to the Greeks the idea of adding to the inimitable charms of nature the sanctity of religion. The gods consented to exchange their celestial abodes for the valleys of Olympia; and their altars, which in process of time became the centre of the most celebrated festivals of Greece, exercised no ordinary influence upon the destinies of the most civilized and the most wonderful nation of antiquity. The temples and monu-

ments, like the generations of men who for ages crowded to the Olympic games, have disappeared, and the only things that are left are the foundations of the principal temple.

The dimensions of the newly excavated foundations of the temple are precisely the same with those which are mentioned by Pausanias, who has left us the most accurate description of Olympia. The temple was two hundred and thirty feet long by ninety-five broad, and its height, from the end of the portico to the summit of the pediment, sixty-eight feet. The materials out of which it was built, were neither as beautiful nor as durable as those of the Parthenon ; but the proportions, the size, and ornaments of the sanctuary, were in every respect worthy the indwelling deity. In addition to the golden vases which adorned the ends of the roof, each of the pediments had a golden statue of Victory, surrounded by twenty or twenty-five colossal figures. The most remarkable object in the interior of this imposing edifice, was the celebrated statue of the Olympian Jove, who in his right hand held a statue of Victory, and in his left, the sceptre of power, surmounted by an eagle. The throne was refulgent with costly stones, and the god, in his sitting posture, was sixty feet high. The Jove of Phidias was copied from the Jove of Homer ; and the work of the artist, like the creation of the poet, represented the " Father of men and of gods " in the power and majesty of his divine attributes.

The temple and statue of Jupiter, though the principal objects of interest, were by no means the only works of art in Olympia. The temple of Juno had within it twenty-two figures of ivory and gold. In the Philipian were five Chryselephantine statues of the royal family. In the Metroum reposed the statues of the Roman emperors, and the whole of the altæ were peopled and crowded with the choicest works of art. Altars, treasures, porticoes, and statues were scattered in all directions; among the latter were fifty-seven of Jupiter, and two hundred and sixty of heroes who distinguished themselves in the Olympic games.

Out of all the monuments that once embellished and peopled the valley of Olympia, the lately excavated foundations of the principal temple are the only remnants of its "departed greatness." The gods, who once presided over the scene, have deserted their altars; the deified heroes have descended from their pedestals, and nature has once more resumed her reign over Olympia. The destruction of so many monuments has been brought about in such a way as to appear miraculous, and we know nothing of the why and the wherefore, excepting the fact that Olympia, unlike Athens and other places of renown, emerged from the darkness of the middle ages without a vestige of its former splendour, and as naked as when Hercules planted in its fertile soil the olive-tree, which, according to

Pindar, he had transplanted from the land of Hyperboreas.

Col. Leak says—"At Olympia, as in many other celebrated places in Greece, the scenery and topography are at present much more interesting than the ancient remains. When the plane trees in the lower valley near the bank of the river are in full foliage, the valley must be one of the most beautiful of this picturesque country. The hills which rise from the northern and eastern sides of the upper end, where the ruins are situated, as well as those on the opposite side of the Alpheus, are of the wildest forms, carpeted with the finest turf, and shaded with the pine, wild olive, and a variety of shrubs. Some of the accidental clusters of pines dispersed on the sides and summits of these hills might serve as studies to the artist in landscape gardening. But the whole is little better than a beautiful desert; in the length of three miles, only a few spots of cultivation are seen, and not a single habitation. What a contrast to the spectacle which it presented during eleven or twelve centuries, specially at the end of every four years, when it was the scene of the greatest of those periodical exercises of emulation which contributed so much to Grecian excellence both in art and arms. When, adorned in the centre with the finest monument of art, it was animated in every part with horses, chariots, and men in the highest state of excitement, or covered with the encamp-

ments of those who had resorted to the festival from every country which had felt the effects of Grecian civilization!"

From Olympia, where we remained long enough to visit the various points of interest, we traversed the hills and the plains to the west of it, and after a ride of three hours reached the city of Pyrgo, which, having become in the latter part of the Greek revolution the head-quarters of the Egyptians, has suffered the fate of other towns. Fortunately the fertility of the soil, and the extent of its lands, has attracted a population far greater than that of Mothone or Navarino, and the rolling hills in the midst of which it is built, are already smiling with young and vigorous groves of olive and mulberry-trees, and with extensive plantations of vines and currants; the last of which produces more abundantly here than in other parts, though the quality of the grape is inferior to that which grows on the shores of the Corinthian Gulf.

Pyrgo, it will be recollected, is the capital of Elis—one of the most extensive provinces in the Morea—and though at some distance from the sea, it is so near to the ports of Pyrgo and Coraka, as to enjoy better advantages for traffic than any other town in the province. Elis, however, is more noted for its agricultural than commercial advantages, and its resources in this respect were so great, that even in the days of the Turks, it contained, besides the two large towns of Pyrgo and Gastuni, one hun-

dred and forty villages; and though we can form no correct estimate as regards its population, we are credibly informed that the number of sheep and goats amounted to four hundred and fifty thousand head.

The devastations of the last war have diminished the villages and the population one half, and the rich province of Elis is at present in a state of continued deterioration. The main ditches, which during the days of the Turks were kept in tolerable order, have been neglected, and the richest portion of the plains are changed into marshes; and unless the government adopts some efficient means against this increasing evil, the water must cover the land in summer as it does in winter. The local authorities, I understand, have not neglected to acquaint their superiors with the actual state of things, and it is to be hoped that the men in power will not fail to give their attention to a matter of such importance to the interest of the country.

I closed my afternoon stroll through the city, with a visit to the governor of Elis, whom I found intelligent, and well informed in the history and condition of the province. In the course of his conversation, he said that Ibrahim was in the habit of calling Elis "Little Egypt," and that the name was very appropriate, as Elis is as rich and as neglected as Egypt. The government-house, which covers the heights of the hills to the southeast of the town, commands a splendid panorama of Elis. Its

rich and extensive plains are encompassed by the mountains of Arcadia and Achaia; its valleys are watered by the Alpheus, and its mild shores exposed to the influence of the Ionian Sea.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANCIENT ELIS, AND MONASTERY OF MANOLADES.

HAVING spent a day and a night in the present capital of this interesting province, and having seen the little it contained of interest or novelty, we started the day after for the ancient capital of Elis, which is situated to the northwest of Pyrgo, and at a distance of nearly five hours' ride.

Before reaching the pleasantly-situated village of Dervish Tjelebi, the general solitude of the scene was in some instances relieved by the mild seas and the rocky island of Zante, that ran on the other side of the straits; but as soon as we left the last-mentioned village, with its vineyards and olive groves, behind us, we found ourselves in a region of country as remarkable for its beauty as it was for its solitude and neglected condition. The sites of deserted villages, and the ruins of churches in the midst of shady groves, heightened the feeling of solitude, and recalled to mind the happy period when the hills and valleys of Elis, reposing under the protecting influence of her guardian gods, were dotted with populous villages, and adorned

with temples and altars, which, according to the testimony of Strabo, were situated in the midst of groves and by the side of fountains. Every part and portion of this living picture has disappeared, and when we came in view of the "divine Elis" itself, we found the site of the city transformed into fields of corn; and, as if to add to the sad solemnity of the picture, a number of husbandmen were engaged at the time in ploughing the very area which, in ancient times, teemed with life and action.

Some few ruins of Roman origin, and a single fragment of a Doric column in the bed of the Peneius, are the only remnants of this great city of antiquity. The temples and the altars of Elis, like the monuments of Olympia, have disappeared, and the surface of the one, like the area of the other, is reduced to corn-fields and pastures. If the destruction of so many monuments has been occasioned by the accumulation of the soil, the time may yet come when the treasures in the bosom of Elis and Olympia shall yield a richer harvest than that of corn and tobacco.

We issued out of the hollow valley in which the city was built, and crossing the rocky bed of the Peneius, ascended the heights beyond it; from whence we saw as fine and extensive a prospect as is to be seen from the top of Kaloskopi, the Belvedere of the Venetians. To the south of the Peneius was the rich and fertile plain of Gastuni, and to the

west of it the rocky heights of Kholmützi, with the castles of Tornezi and Clarentza, which, though situated at some distance, are nevertheless near enough to be recognized. The panorama embraces many of the localities that are mentioned by Homer; but, with the exception of the "divine Elis," and the Olenian rock, the rest are matters of doubt and conjecture. The effects of time, however, are visible only upon the works of man—those of nature pay no tribute to time or to man.

Shortly after leaving the heights of Tragano, we joined the public road; and in our way to the monastery of Manolades, we had to the right the sloping hills of Mount Scollis, and to the left the rich plains along the margin of the sea, with the villages of Andravida, Lechena, and Retuni upon the shores of the sea-lakes, which form so prominent a feature in the western coast of the Morea. From Mothone to Patras, the shores are in perfect contrast with those to the south and the east. The high promontories, with their magnificent amphi theatres of mountains and plains, at the head of the great gulfs of Argolis, of Sparta, and Messenia, disappear, and in their place we have either the elevated regions of western Messenia and Triphilia, or the low plains of Elis and Achaia. The mountains, instead of throwing out their promontories, lie with their flanks to the sea; and as a natural consequence of this conformation, the whole western coast, with the exception of Navarino, is without a safe port, and

exposed to the westerly winds, which have given rise to sand-bars, and these to a number of shallow lakes or lagoons. From Cape Coryphasium to that of Papa to the north, there are no less than nine of these "sea-lakes," almost all of which are valuable fisheries,* and are farmed out by the government.

These lakes or fisheries are fed by the streams; and their outlets, having been long neglected, their waters begin to interfere even with the little cultivation of the times; and we were informed by the inmates of the monastery where we spent the night, that the fields and the pastures are so overflowed, that the communication between Elis and Achaia is often interrupted, and the people are, at such times, under the necessity of travelling over the sand-bars between the lakes of Kapaeto and Kotichi. The monks, whose poverty but ill comports with their rich possessions in these regions,† assured us that their crops for the year were less than the seed they had thrown in the soil; and that their flocks of sheep had so suffered by a species of leech, that they were indebted to their buffaloes for the yaourt and the cheese that were on the table. Indeed, the inconveniences and the losses to which the people have been subjected, are so great and so grievous that the vil-

* Out of the sixty-one fisheries in the kingdom of Greece, nine are in Achaia, Elis, and Pylia; and the revenue of the latter amounts to one half of the whole—that is, to \$8,933 32.

† The Metochi of Manolades, which belongs to the monastery of Taxiarchis, in Achaia, owns ninety farms.

lage peasants, who are only tenants, and who cannot take any very great interest in the preservation of the national property, have proposed to open, at their own expense, the branch channels, provided the government would contribute to the opening of the principal outlets. The government is well disposed, and at some future period it may yet do something, but at present it wants the means; and, though it expends for the department of foreign affairs, for that of the interior, for the navy, for the army, and for the civil list, a sum exceeding one million and a half of Spanish dollars per annum, it can hardly spend twenty or fifty thousand dollars for internal improvements—a fact which is rather remarkable, when it is recollected that the annual revenue arising from tithes, from taxes on the cattle, from rent of public property, and the sale of national lands, is over two millions of dollars.

The country in general, and Elis in particular, deserves a better fate. This province is not only one of the largest, but the richest in internal resources: its lands are as fertile as its clime is mild; the most delicate and the most valuable of plants grow in the open air; with but little culture it is capable of repaying abundantly the labours of the husbandman and the shepherd: and yet the province upon which nature has lavished so many of her favours, is as desolate as Egypt. The resources with which it teems must continue to be of lit-

tle avail, so long as they form a part of the national domain. Let the landed estates become the property of individuals, and a few years will suffice to transform Elis from a desert to a garden.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ACHAIA AND ITS CAPITAL.

FROM Manolades to Alli Tjelebi, and from thence to Metochi, both of which belong to the monastery of Megaspylæon, the country is level, and the surface, being interspersed with fields and woods, it has the appearance of one continued park. Among the streams which descend from the mountains, and which add to the wealth of the land, as well as to the beauty of the scenery, are those of Pierus and Larissus, the latter of which, now as in ancient times, divides Elis from Achaia.

From Alli Tjelebi to the sea-shore, the country on each side of the road is principally occupied by the groves of the valanidi oaks, whose shade and beauty are alike agreeable to the eye. The valanidi groves are to be met with in every part of Greece. In the valleys and the hills of Etolia, of Phocis, of Attica and Laconia, are to be seen better and larger trees than the generality of the trees in the groves of Achaia; but in no part of Greece is to be found so large a body of trees, so extensive a forest, as is presented by the valanidi oaks of Achaia; and the

effect produced upon the eye by these extensive groves of sturdy oaks, was still farther heightened by their want of any underwood, and the beauty of the rich turf, which was enlivened by herds of swine and flocks of sheep.

The valanidi, the cup and the acorn, the last of which serves as food for the swine, while the cup is an article of commerce, and is exported to the markets of France, Italy, and England, and is used for the purposes of tanning and dyeing. The exportations of this article amount to between 60 and 70,000 cwt., and the value to about \$100,000.

Half an hour after we cleared the valanidi oaks of Achaia, we began to catch some partial glimpses of the sea, which at length spread before us in the broad and beautiful bay of Patras. To the north-west, north, and north-east, the blue waters of the bay were bound by a splendid border of low lands and high mountains, which were the more interesting as we could recognise the plain of the heroic Messolonghi, the mountains of Etolia, of Phocis, and of Achaia. The mountains to the rear of Epactus, the high tops of Parnassus and Panachaium were all in sight, but the chief object of interest to our eyes at this time was the city and the castle of Patras.

We continued along the southern shores till we came to Neochori, and entered the little plain which lies between the sea and Mount Panachaium, which, rising to the height of 6263 feet, takes the whole of

it under its protection, and leaves it exposed to the beneficial effects of the sea-breezes, which seem to be peculiarly favourable to the growth of the currant. This plain, which is less than six miles in length, and with a breadth of two or two miles and a half, owing to its position, is, for its extent, one of the most valuable plains in Greece. Previous to the revolution, it was estimated at half a million of pounds sterling; and as land has advanced two to one since that period, the value of this plain is greatly enhanced, owing to its peculiar adaptation for the growth of the currant.

"The currants," says Mr. Strong, "which form by far the most important, and indeed the staple article of Grecian commerce, are the produce of a species of vine, so nearly resembling the grape vine in form, leaf, size, and mode of growth, as to show no apparent difference to the general observer. The name is a corruption of Corinth, in the neighbourhood of which they grow; and which has given them the same appellation in all European languages, in some of which it is less corrupted than in our own; as, for instance, in French they are called *raisins de Corinth*, and in German *Corinthen*.

"It is an exceedingly tender plant, requiring the greatest care and attention, but well repays the cultivator for the labour bestowed upon it. Currants will only grow in some of the Ionian Islands, and on the shores of the Peloponnesus, which consequently monopolize the trade, and supply the whole

world with this article. Attempts have frequently been made to transplant the currant vine to other countries of similar temperature, but uniformly without success. In Sicily and Malta, they have degenerated into the common grape, and in Spain would not even take root at all. Recent experiments to remove them, even to a short distance, as to Attica and the plain of Argos, have signally* failed."

The crop of the currant, owing to the evils of the last war, is by no means as great as it was before the revolution; but when the old plantations shall have recovered, and the new arrive at maturity, the crop will probably be doubled, if not tripled. The high prices which have been given for a number of years, and which have left in the hands of the cultivators from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre, have stimulated this branch of agriculture, and the vines that are now planted hold out to the Greeks the prospect of a lucrative and valuable staple.

The price of the currant is more fluctuating than even that of the cotton. In 1838, it was as high as \$82 for every 1000 lbs.; while in 1839, it fell to \$77; in 1840, to \$65; and in 1842, to \$30 per 1000

* Mr. Strong is rather hasty in his conclusions. The experiments did not take place till some time after the pacification of the country, and as the currant cannot bear before the seventh year, the success or failure could not be easily ascertained. I found the currant plantations in the plain of Argos very promising.

lbs. The crop for 1839, both in the Ionian Islands and in Greece, amounted to 25,630,700 lbs.; and out of these were exported to

England,	18,464,797 lbs.
Trieste,	1,867,923 "
Holland,	1,275,956 "
Hamburg,	1,049,948 "
United States,	474,076 "

From which it appears that John Bull stands the *first* in eating plum-puddings, and that Brother Jonathan has been beaten in this respect not only by the English, but by the Germans, the Dutch, and the Hessians!

At the termination of the currant plantations, we passed by the gardens, and soon after entered the city of Patras. At the north end of the principal street we found the Hotel of Great Britain, which, however barbarous it may appear in sound, was one of the few comfortable things I had met with in the course of my travels; and after submitting to all the indescribable inconveniences of private hospitality, and to the miseries of those villanous holes, the Greek khans, it was really delightful to fall in with a good hotel, and enter its precincts not by courtesy but by right.

Patras, though one of the oldest cities in Greece, did not attain the zenith of its glory till the days of Augustus. It was after the memorable battle of Actium, that Patras, like the city of Nicopolis, on

the shores of Epyrus, was raised, at the expense of her sister cities, to a Roman colony, and adorned with temples and edifices, some of which were considered as second only to those of Athens. Power, agriculture, and commerce, united in her favour, and enabled her to continue a large and populous city long after her contemporary, the city of Nicopolis, had become a ruin and a desert!

After the extinction of the Roman power in the Peloponnesus, and the subsequent contest between the Christians and the Turks, the temples and the monuments of Patras offered materials for the castle of Villehardouin, one of the hard villains of the times, and also for the mosques and the baths of the Turks; but while the works of art fell before the ravages of ruthless tyrants, the natural advantages of position enabled the city still to hold its pre-eminence, and Patras was considered in the beginning of the present century as "the most populous city to the south of Yanina."

Previous to the Greek revolution, the city of Patras, besides a flourishing commerce, had a population of 10,000 inhabitants, and was ornamented with the palaces, the mosques, and the gardens of the Turks. But with the opening of the struggle between the Greeks and their oppressors, the city became the scene of successive misfortunes, and at the close of the revolution, besides the ruined castle and some few magazines, there was little else to be seen but ruins and rubbish.

The destruction of the old city was so complete that Capodistrias—who was too good a statesman not to know the importance of its position—took advantage of its misfortunes and removed the city nearer the sea shore, and adopted a plan which promises to Greece a convenient and regularly built town. The principal street was to front the sea, and the rest were either parallel or at right angles with it, and besides public squares, all the streets but the front were to be embellished with colonades, a plan peculiarly convenient in this hot climate, but rather too expensive for the means of the Greeks, who, though they have complied with

- the requisition of the plan, were not able to attend to uniformity of style, and the pillars which front their houses are anything but Grecian columns. They deserve, however, great credit for having adhered to the original plan, and we hope that time and means will enable them to pay some attention to uniformity of style. The streets are all wide, and when the trees and the fountains shall have shaded and refreshed the public squares, the city itself will be worthy the beautiful views of sea and of land that are seen through the streets. Unfortunately for Patras, the authorities who succeeded Capodistrias thought fit to sell lots between the main street and the sea, and as the buildings that are erected there front the main street, their backs which are exposed to the sea are a standing shame to their sordid originators, who, for the sake

of a little gain, have spoiled the principal street in the town, and have marred the beautiful appearance which the city would otherwise have presented.

Amid the changes, the hopes and the fears of the last ten years, the city of Patras has been progressing with rapid strides. Her internal and commercial resources, her proximity to the currant plantations, and her magnificent port, which, though not the safest, enjoys superior advantages of communication with the Ionian, the Adriatic and the Corinthian seas, have developed her agriculture as well as her commerce, and have attracted, in addition to an heterogeneous population of Greeks, a number of Greek and European merchants, and the worst of all, a crowd of consuls, who, though still the most important characters of the place, have lost some of the privileges and importance which they enjoyed in the days of the Turks, and which are now monopolized by their superiors in the court of King Otho.

On entering the city I passed by the church of St. Andrew, who is supposed to have suffered his martyrdom at Patras, and I took occasion to visit the spring in the vicinity of the sanctuary. The church is supposed to occupy the site of the temple of Ceres, and the spring must be the oracular source of water which foretold the fate of the applicants on the face of a mirror. The temple has disappeared, and though the Nymph of the foun-

tain makes no longer her responses upon the surface of the mirror, the waters of the spring are still considered by the people of the day as miraculous, and are believed to be effective against fevers. Thus while the goddess has given place to the saint, and while churches rose where temples stood, the superstitions of the people still continue in force!

In the latter part of the afternoon I went in company with Judge P. to visit the sights, and his interest in the progress of the city induced him to give me an introduction to the house of Mr. —, which is one of the finest private establishments I had seen in Greece. The iron work was bronzed very beautifully, and the walls of the hall, and the saloons were tastefully decorated with frescoes. I could not but admire the taste of the proprietor, and yet I could scarce help regretting this early exhibition of luxury in a city which is still encompassed with ruins.

Leaving the house of Mr. — and passing by the castle, whose walls form so beautiful a background to the city, we gained the heights of the public promenade, which commands the city, the seas, and the mountains, and after a few rounds we fell in with a number of ladies and gentlemen, whom we accompanied to the public garden in the neighbourhood of the promenade. The garden, like the public walk, commands a magnificent prospect, and the marble columns which were here discovered in the course of the improvements, leave

no doubt that the garden occupies the site of an ancient temple. Among the fragments of antiquities I noticed the remains of a female statue on a marble globe, which may yet be proved to be "the sitting statue of earth," described by Pausanias. These were interesting, and at another place and time might have been more attractive, but here the works of art were strongly contrasted by those of nature, and my eyes wandered from the imitative works of the one to the realities of the other. By the side of the rich grapes and under the branches of the lemon and the orange trees, were to be seen groups of Greek children, and—

"Their classical profiles and glistening dresses,
Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic cheeks,
Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long tresses,
The jesture which enchants, the eye that speaks
The innocence which happy childhood blesses,
Made quite a picture of these little Greeks;
So that the philosophical beholder
Sighed for their sakes—that they should ere grow older."

CHAPTER XXIV.

CASTLE OF PATRAS AND ÆGIUM.

EARLY in the morning, while my men were making their preparations for our departure, I left the hotel, and passing through the outskirts of the upper town, sought the castle, which, at this hour of the day, was seen to better advantage than when its walls were lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. The way to it, though not without its difficulties, was comparatively easy; and the broad and well paved street led me, without the aid of a guide, to the gate of the fortress. The flag which was waving on the rampart, was an evidence that the fortress was not abandoned; but there being no sentinel on duty, I took the liberty to cross the drawbridge, and passing through the arched gate, found myself in the interior of the castle, which, being on the site of the ancient Acropolis, is undoubtedly the spot which was occupied by the earliest inhabitants of Patræ.

The interior of the castle of Patras, like the interiors of almost all the castles which girt the shores of the Peloponnesus, presents a mournful picture of

desolation; and in this instance the more painful, as in the walls of the fortress are to be seen fragments of pillars, and portions of statues of the temples which adorned the site, and of the gods that watched over its interests. With the exception of the Turkish mosque, itself now in ruins, there is nothing left of interest or importance; and yet there was in its ruins and desolation something peculiarly interesting—a rough, but legible page of man's glory and sufferings.

Here, however, as in other similar localities, the principal objects of interest to the general observer, are the views which open at the foot of the castle, and also the time-worn walls and towers of the castles themselves. The prospect, though less extensive than that which is to be seen from the heights of Acrocorinthus, has more character; that is, the prominent objects of the panorama, being viewed from a nearer point, stand out in bold relief. The city at the foot of the walls, and the broad bay, which has the appearance of a lake, are encompassed by a magnificent frame, in which are to be distinguished the islands of Zakynthos and Cephalonia, the low lands of Messolonghi, the mountains of Ætolia and Achaia, and the castles of Tornesi, of the Little Dardanells, and of Lepanto, the latter of which forms of itself an object of peculiar interest. Nor is the point of observation less interesting. The walls of the fortress, though

in ruins, are very imposing; and like the castles on the Rhine,

“ They stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles passed below ;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.”

In front of the castle, and a few paces from the gate, is a large plane-tree, and under its protecting shadow a clear and copious fountain, which had doubtless attracted to this position the earliest inhabitants of the place; and which ever since has continued to lavish its refreshing favours upon the Greeks, the Romans, the Franks, and the Turks. Here, as at other fountains in Greece, I observed those interesting accompaniments, women and children, which give so much life to the scene, and which are the more pleasing, as in them we see a continuation of those habits and customs which have descended from the ancient Greeks.

In the earliest days of Greece, the village fountain was undoubtedly the principal place of resort; and when those places around which clustered the most pleasant associations of the people, were adorned with temples and statues, the fountain still continued to be the scene of important transactions; and we are inclined to believe that the oracles,

which were delivered at the sources of the principal fountains in Greece, were the opinions and the sayings of the wise men; and that the poetic fictions about the youths and the maidens who were transformed into graceful poplars and pure streams, relate to mutations of names, and not of persons. The beautiful story of Alpheus and Arethusa, had its origin, no doubt, in some love affair, or runaway match, consummated under peculiar difficulties.

When the temples and the statues which adorned the borders of the fountains disappeared, when gods and nymphs ceased to be the presiding genii of these localities, the primeval scenes began to return; and now, as in the earliest days, the village fountain has become the place of resort and amusement to the old and the young. The village elders hold their councils by the fountain, while the matrons and the maidens resort to the same place, morning, noon, and evening; and though none of them have been so unfortunate as to be transformed to fountains and poplars, they have not been always exempted from misfortunes, for it has often happened that the prettiest girl of the village has been made away with while at the fountain, by some modern Alpheus. Every afternoon, the beauty and the life of a village are to be seen by the fountain; every young girl and maiden is out, and the boys are heard to sing a very common, but very meaning ditty, the burden of which is,

“ When you go to the fountain, Nerussa,
Tell me, that I may go too.”

About ten o'clock in the morning we mounted our horses, and passing by the gardens and the vineyards to the north-east of the city, entered the little plain of Casteli, which, though very interesting on account of the objects in its vicinity, is so cut up by the rocky beds of Meilichus and Charadrus, as to be of little use for the purposes of agriculture. From Patras to Cape Drapano, on the southern shores of the Corinthian Gulf, and from thence to the Pass of Vathi, the scenes on either side of the road were peculiarly interesting. To the right of us we had the ever-varying ranges of Mount Panachaicum, and to the left of us the castles of the Little Dardanells on either side of the narrows, with the magnificent mountains of Ætolia on the other side of the seas. The castles of the Morea and Rumeli, the Rhium and Anterhium, though very important for the protection of the narrows, and very interesting as parts of the landscape, are by no means to be compared in magnitude or appearance with the castles of Patras and Epactus, the last of which, though at first at some distance, continued to grow upon us as we advanced farther and farther to the east, and by the time we passed Cape Drapano, its walls, bastions, and embattlements rose from the sea to the mountains, and displayed to the best possible advantage all its inimitable beauties. The object was brought so near,

that I could almost distinguish the palace, which recalled to mind the pleasures I had enjoyed in the society of the brave Suliotes.

Half an hour beyond the khan of Psatho-Pyrgo we met with a disappointment. We were so unfortunate as to miss seeing the water-fall which has been described by almost all the travellers, and has been considered by some as one hundred and by others four hundred feet high, descending from the mountains and leaping to the shore by the sea side. Our disappointment was the greater as it was not owing to any mistake on the part of our guide, who, by his stories, had heightened my expectations. On the contrary, the locality was before us, but alas! for the falls of Greece, the stream had dried up on account of the drought!

From the heights of Vathi, which command a very extensive view of the gulf, and which, in the course of the late revolution, became the scene of a very important transaction* between the Greeks and the Turks, we descended to the mild regions of Ægialeus, which, though very fertile, and in many portions covered with the plantations of the currant, had, nevertheless, a deserted and neglected appearance. The villages were too high among the mountains to be seen, and the neglected appearance of the plain was still further increased in con-

* It was at the pass of Vathi that, after the defeat of Dramali, Lord- obliged a body of three thousand Turks to surrender.

sequence of the stones, and the gravel which the mountain torrents had spread over a considerable portion of the level country. On the banks of the Phoenix we found a number of peasants who were busily engaged in fencing in with boards an arm of the stream, and who informed us that their work, though slight, was sufficient to arrest the rising waters in their first stage, and that the gravel formed afterwards a sufficient barrier. May the saints help them !

Shortly after crossing the ancient Megarites, which, in consequence, we suppose, of some Turks having been drowned in its waters, has been since called Gaidaropnectes, i. e., the Donkey drowning, we reached Ægium, the Vostitza of the Turks, which being situated on the brow of an elevated platform, overlooks the sea and the plains on either side of the town, the back ground being occupied by some lofty peaks of the neighbouring mountains. At the foot of the hill, and within a few paces from the port, we found a few khans and magazines, a copious fountain of eighteen spouts, and a plane tree, whose magnificence has justly attracted the attention of all those who have visited the place, its circumference being forty feet.

At Mr. O's., where I was hospitably entertained, I had the pleasure of meeting the Secretary of the governor, and also a number of distinguished Greeks, who gave me a very flattering account of Achaia in general, and of Ægium in particular, which con-

tains a greater number of wealthy Greeks than any other city in the Morea, and it seems to have made a greater progress in the development of its resources. After the extinction of the Achaian League, which held its councils in this place, the city of Ægium was superseded by Patras, and continued to be of little or no importance till the latter part of the last century, when it became the residence of men who were destined to play a distinguished part in the affairs of the country, and if it is true that "the liberties of Greece expired in this city," it is also true that it was here that they were revived. The primates of Vostitza—the men who suffered most during the revolution of 1770—were the first to join the secret society, the first to raise the standard of the cross on the heights of Kalavryta.

In the course of the revolution the people of this place managed to keep their currant plantations in pretty good condition, and when the great struggle was over, during which their Zaimes and their Londos distinguished themselves, both in the field and in the councils of the nation, they received the benefit of their intrepidity and enterprising spirit, in being able to monopolize the market, and to rise in wealth by the high prices which the staple of their land commanded for a number of years after the pacification of the country. The enterprise and perseverance of the people is truly commendable; but what we admire most in their character is not the abilities they have displayed in making their

fortunes, but the liberality with which they enjoy them. The houses of the wealthy, though built somewhat in the Turkish style, are not wanting in the comforts of civilization, and they have had the good sense to keep up those habits of living which, though they recall the by-gone days of the Turks, are in their case very natural and very appropriate, and exceedingly comfortable. The open courts of their houses, their ample and easy dresses, the little coffee-cups, and the long amber-mouthed chebouks still keep, the confined habitations, the constrained dress, and the cigar of the Frank at a distance.

Next to Syra, Ægium is the only place where the people have found time and inclination to attend to matters of public interest, and I was not so much surprised or so much delighted with anything I saw in the course of my travels through the Morea, as with the places of worship and with the schools I saw at Ægium. One of the churches was more spacious and more richly decorated than any in the city of Athens, and the Lancasterian school room for boys and girls was more ample, and better built than any other school in Greece. Their female school house, though not yet completed, promises to be equally well built, and I have no doubt that it will be equally well sustained by the people !

CHAPTER XXV.

KALAVRYTA.

FROM the streets of Ægium we descended to the river of Vostitza, the ancient Selinus, and having forded its waters, entered the beautiful plain which stretches to the east of the town, with the light and graceful chains of the mountains to the right, and the blue waters of the gulf to the left. The scenery was very beautiful, and the plain pretty well cultivated, and yet there was scarcely a village to be seen; and the secretary of the governor, who was pleased to accompany me to Kalavryta, and who seemed to be acquainted with the topography of these regions, pointed out to me the site of Helice, which, even in the days of Pausanias, was better known to the fishermen than to the antiquarians of his times.

From Selinus to Bokhusia, that is, for an hour and a half, we continued on the plain, and then turning to the right, we entered one of those wild passes which so frequently open upon the plains of the Ægialeus, and continued to ascend from the glen of Bokhusia, the ancient Cervnites, to the high

regions above it, till we came to the site of Ceryneia, where we were appalled by the awful effects of the earthquake which destroyed the place and its inhabitants. It seems that Achaia, like Laconia, is "easily shaken;" and the effects before us, as well as the general appearance of the hills and the mountains, brought to mind the words of the inspired writer: "He touches the tops of the mountains and they smoke; he looks upon the hills and they tremble."

Earthquakes, in this part of Greece, though of frequent occurrence, are in general not very violent; and yet history has recorded some of the most terrific shocks that have ever taken place. The earthquake which destroyed Helice was so great, that the waters of the sea rose above the groves of the temples. By another shock the neighbouring city of Bura was buried under the mountains, and in both these cases the destruction of life was so great, that their territories were left without proprietors. The earthquake which, as late as 1817, destroyed a great part of Ægium, commenced with a loud explosion; and with the first shock, which continued about a minute, the sea rose so high as to overflow the level ground below the city.

From the ridge, on which the remains of Ceryneia are situated, we began to descend towards the glen of the Boraicos, the present river of Kalavryta, and in our way to it we met with some remarkable mountain scenery; but the object which formed the

point of attraction, and to which we devoted the most of our attention while at the little hamlet of Zaklura, was the monastery of Megaspelæon, which, rising abruptly on the other side of the Boraicos, looked more like the castellated fortress of some proud tyrant, than like the humble retreat of peaceable monks. It not being our intention to visit this remarkable monastery at this time, we satisfied ourselves, like Ibrahim Pasha, with a temporary reconnoitre, and then descended into the glen of the river, through whose windings and wild gorges we sought our way to the capital of Cynætha.

The province of Cynætha, though exceedingly mountainous, is nevertheless more populous than that of Achaia. From Bufaris to Kalavryta we saw a greater number of villages than we did from Patras to Ægium, and almost all of them on the top or the steep sides of the mountains. Even Kalavryta, the ancient and present Cynætha, though situated on the edge of a little plain, and watered by beautiful springs, is cut up by a mountain torrent, and hid among high and precipitous peaks, one of which is surmounted by a Venetian castle. The name of Kalavryta, (beautiful springs,) was given to this city in consequence of the copious fountains in its vicinity; and it ought to have been retained, first, because it is a far better sounding name than that of Cynætha, and secondly, because it is associated with one of the most important events in the history of modern Greece.

It was in this place that the Bishop of Patras, the daring and intrepid Germanos, and the Primates of the Peloponnesus, were brought together either by intent or accident, at the very moment when the chief Turks of the Morea were convened at Tripolitza; and instead of continuing their journey to the last mentioned city, they concluded to throw off the mask, and reveal the great mystery of the Secret Society to the people. Accordingly, on the 25th of March, 1821, the most memorable day in the annals of modern Greece, these distinguished individuals raised the standard of revolt.

The scene of this important transaction is the monastery of Agia Lavra, in the neighbourhood of Kalavryta, and the impromptu banner, around which they marshalled themselves, was a common cotton sheet, with a blue cross sewed on it; thus showing the immeasurable distance between the means of the people, and the great object they proposed to attain. The engraving which represents this important event, and which is justly considered as the declaration of Greek independence, exhibits no written formula of grievances; but under the clear skies of Greece, and in the midst of her magnificent mountains, we have "the sword, the bannes, and the field," and a group of heroes, among whom we recognise the venerable Bishop Germanos, raising on high the cross, and a crowd of noble-hearted and resolute chiefs rushing to its support with sword in hand!

The city which witnessed the first scene of the revolution, was not exempted from the consequences of this affair. Almost all of its habitations were either burned or torn down, and the effects of these repeated misfortunes are yet to be seen in the general misery of the place. On our entrance into the city, we first passed through the lower quarter of the town, and then repaired to the upper, where once were the residences of the chief Turks, and where we found the tower of Capt. Petmezas, the chief I had met on the Isthmus.

Capt. P. happened to be absent at the time, but the gates of his tower, formerly the konack of some distinguished Turk, were both open, and we met with a cheerful welcome from the wife and the brother of the absent chief, who had left particular orders for our reception. The family of the chief, which consisted of his wife, two beautiful daughters, and a troop of boys and attendants, occupied the harem of the Turkish establishment; and the scenes in the interior, though unlike the scenes it witnessed in former times, were nevertheless sufficiently Eastern to be interesting. The reception-room, where we were entertained by the lady of the chief, and waited upon by her beautiful daughters, besides being lined with ottomans and pillows, was pretty well decorated with swords, guns, and yatagans, and to make the picture still more Oriental, a number of Macedonian hounds were playing the Turks on the ottomans.

The European fashions which have been introduced into the cities of Greece, and which have spoiled so many of the Greeks, have not as yet found their way among the mountains, and while in the family of this distinguished chief, we lived as the people did in the good old times. We did not of course like the idea of being waited upon by the beautiful daughters of our hostess, and yet we did not altogether dislike it; for it was one of those attentions which is bestowed only upon the guests who are entitled to the hospitality of the castle; but we did like the want of restraint, the want of chairs, and forks, and knives, and bedsteads as high as the Acrocorinthus.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MEGASPYLÆON AND ACRATA.

WHILE at Kalavryta, I was very much tempted, by the accounts of the people, to pay a visit to the River Styx and the Lake Stymphalus, but I concluded to leave this for some *future* day; the more so as the monastery of Megaspylæon, the place where *penitents* should go, was almost in sight. Retracing, therefore, our steps to Zaklura, we crossed the stone bridge of the Boraicos, and then commenced our ascent to the monastery over the zigzags of a path, which at the time was enlivened by a number of pilgrims, who, like ourselves, though for a very different purpose, were climbing to the monastery, apparently by the aid of the saints.

On reaching the terraces in front of the monastery, we were met by one of its inmates, who welcomed us to their retreat, and then leading us through the arches of the principal gate, which at the time was pretty well crowded with monks, carried us through a labyrinth of piazzas, corridors, halls, and stairs, to the apartment of the Abbot, where we found, in addition to some very easy otto-

mans to rest upon, a very excellent breakfast, which, after a ride of two hours through an atmosphere and a scenery peculiarly exhausting, was exceedingly welcome.

The prebiary being situated in the highest story of the establishment, commanded almost all the points of access, and from its windows we enjoyed a prospect peculiarly interesting. The gardens and the terraces, with their green swards and cool fountains at the foot of the monastery, are succeeded, first, by the gorge through which the impatient Bo-raikos struggles in its way to the sea, and then by the imposing forms of the mountains, whose rugged sides and lofty crags seem to exclude every other object but the heavens.

It was undoubtedly the inaccessible situation of this locality, and the safety it promised, that gave rise to the monastery; though the origin of this monastic retreat is attributed to the discovery of an image or picture of the holy virgin by the Princess Euphrosine, who had retired from the palaces of Constantinople to this romantic retreat of Zaklura. In the discovery of the virgin's picture, the pious princess was doubtless aided by the inspiration of her dreams, and perhaps by the fitness of the place, whose vast and gloomy cave was well calculated to inspire the beholders with awe and wonder.

To the discovery of an image followed miracles, the concourse of pilgrims, and with them the acquisition of wealth, which, being at all times the great-

est of miracles, peopled the void cave with an establishment, which, though somewhat chaotic in its internal arrangements, became in the course of time one of the wealthiest, and the largest in the land. Its name, which means the "great cave," is sufficiently descriptive. Everything but the front wall, which has a thickness of twelve feet, is within the cavern, and as most of the cells are without draughts, neither prayer nor fasting can keep dampness and rheumatism at bay.

The interior of the monastery, whose appearance from the hills of Zaklura is as imposing as the mountain prospect from its windows is magnificent, can be likened to nothing but a created chaos ! Its various stories, its halls, churches, chapels, and cells, besides being built at different times, had to accommodate themselves to the shape of the cave ; and accordingly, they have in general the appearance of gloomy dens, more fit for the abode of evil spirits than for human beings. In different parts of this chaotic pile, however, are to be found some few points that are visited by the light of heaven, and are sufficiently interesting to be regarded as the curiosities of the place. Besides the fountain, which does not see the light of heaven, in the inner cave, is to be seen in the basement, the cool cellar, with its monstrous vats ;* the church on the first story, with its brazen

* In the cellar I saw two vats, Angalaki and Stamati, the first of which holds 6000 and the second 10,000 gallons of wine, both of which being filled and emptied every year, prove that the good

doors and Mosaic floors ; and also the long and antique dinner hall, which was in constant use in the primitive days of the establishment, and which is still very interesting, though

“ many hours and years have past,
Since human forms have round its table sat,
Or lamp, or taper, on its surface gleamed !”

There is no religious establishment within the limits of liberated Greece, that had either the wealth or the influence of Megaspylæon. Its property and agents were scattered all over Turkey ; and the high prerogatives it enjoyed enabled its inmates to extend to the people of Greece not only the rites of hospitality, but those benefits and services to the cause of letters, of religion, and liberty, for which the religious establishments of Greece are so justly celebrated. Through the dark ages of Frank and Turkish oppression, this celebrated establishment continued to be a place of safety to the unfortunate ; and when the people of the country threw off the yoke of the Turks, its generous inmates added their mite to the support of the national cause, and converted their monastery into a castle, which was found too strong even for the efforts of Ibrahim Pasha.

The monastery of Megaspylæon, like the nation

fathers are not unmindful of their *spiritual* devotions, though their wines, like their prayers, are more for others than for themselves.

to which it belongs, has exhausted almost all its available resources, and in some respects it has lost the pre-eminence it enjoyed previous to the emancipation of the country. To the loss of its wealth at home, has been added the confiscation of its property in the provinces of Turkey; and to this, which was of itself sufficient to shake its interests, was added the still greater injustice of the Greek government, which reduced the estates of the monasteries to national property, and the monks to a sort of government vassals. These losses, however, though great, are nothing in comparison with the misfortune they have sustained in losing the prerogative of *begging*, or rather the right of considering the property of others as their own; and now, instead of singing, with the hermit of St. Dunstan,

“The Friar has walk’d out, and where’er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is mark’d for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop where he tires,
For every man’s house is the barefooted Friar’s,”

they are obliged to stay at home, cultivate their own vineyards, and mind their own goats.

But while the misfortunes of the past, and the changes of the present times, have reduced the wealth of the establishment, and the prerogatives of its inmates, the monastery of Megaspylæon is still a stronghold; its estates, even under the present incumbrances, are immense; and the influence of the monks, though of little importance with the great, is still paramount with the people, before

whom they still stand in the light of spiritual fathers.

After a pleasant visit of half a day in the monastery, we left its hospitable inmates, and recommenced our journey, which continued over high mountains and deep glens till we came within a few hours of the sea-shore, where the surrounding regions grew more mild, and where the fir-tree of the mountain gave place to the olive and the vine. From the sloping hills of Acrata, which is nearly half way between Patras and Corinth, and which has nothing but a poor khan, we enjoyed a finer view of the gulf than from any other position. "I doubt," says Col. Leak, "whether there is anything in Greece, abounding as it is in enchanting scenery, and interesting recollections, that can rival the Corinthian Gulf. There is no lake in Europe that can compete with it. Its coasts, broken into an infinite variety by the ever-changing mixture of bold promontory, gentleslope, and elevated land, are crowded on every side by lofty mountains of the most pleasing and majestic forms. The fine expanse of water enclosed in this noble frame, though not so much frequented by ships as it ought to be, by its natural adaptation to commerce, is sufficiently enlivened by vessels of every size and shape, to present at all-times an animated scene. Each step in the Corinthian Gulf presents to the traveller a new prospect, not less delightful to the eye than interesting to the mind, by the historical fame and illustrious names

of the objects which surround it. And if, in the latter peculiarity, the celebrated panorama in the Saronic Gulf, described by Sulpicius,* be preferable, that arm of the Ægian is in almost every part inferior to the Corinthian Sea in picturesque beauty. The surrounding mountains are less lofty, and less varied in their heights and outlines; and unless where the beautiful plain of Athens is sufficiently near to decorate the prospect, it is a picture of almost unmingled sterility and rocky wilderness, in every possible form of mountain, promontory, and island. It must, however, be admitted that it is only by comparison that such a scene can be depreciated."

* "On my return from Africa, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me. Ægina was behind, Megara before me, Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left; all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or to be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view."

CHAPTER XXVII.

ÆGIALEUS AND CORINTH.

ON leaving the khan of Acrata early in the morning, we first crossed the river Crates, which carries the waters of the Styx to the sea, and then continued to coast along the sea-shore of the gulf and the mild plains of Ægialeus, which has been so well and so accurately described by Mr. Wordsworth. "The land," says this author, "which stretches along the southern coast of the Corinthian gulf from Rhium to the citadel of Corinth, is about sixty miles in length and ten in breadth, and is backed to the south by a chain of mountains from six to seven thousand feet in height, decreasing in altitude towards the eastern termination of this range. Everything here bears the appearance of openness and liberty. Numerous rills flow down its acclivities, all running parallel to each other in a northerly direction, and, after a short and uninterrupted course over the plain, or along hollow valleys, fall into the waters of the Corinthian gulf. Unfortunately for the maritime qualifications of the country to which we allude, the distance traversed

by them is so insignificant, that they have no time to swell into navigable rivers, nor force to form in the coast-line any projections which might have supplied a want very remarkable in so extensive a shore—that of a commodious harbour. No port exists in the whole of Achaia. What might have been the result if the contrary had been the case, is evident from the commercial importance attained by the cities of Patræ and Sicyon in ancient times, although possessed of very inconsiderable advantages in this respect.”

The Ægialeus is by no means a continued plain. It consists of several small valleys, which are separated from each other by a number of promontories or high regions which approach the sea, and among which are to be classed the passes of Vathi, of Ægium, of Acrata and Argo. Nor are the streams, to which these little plains owe their origin, altogether rills; some of them are furious mountain torrents, and though they have not force enough to form “land points,” have brought, and continue to bring every year, an immense amount of gravel and rocks, and are so erratic in their disposition, that if a road be ever constructed the government must either bring the truant streams to their bridges, or carry the abandoned bridges to the waters.

A striking feature in the scenery of the Ægialeus consists in the frequent occurrence of those wild and magnificent gorges, which open upon the plains, and which, while they serve to diversify

the prospect, also produce the most agreeable effect upon the climate, by giving passage to the mountain breezes, and thus cooling the temperature of the plains. Nor is this all : the proximity of the plains to the mountains renders the Ægialeus an epitome of all climates ; for while in the plains the currants are gathered by the middle of August, the mountain villages supply the markets with grapes as late as November.

In our way to Corinth we passed through six large villages, and by a great number of farm houses, in the currant plantations, which, though deserted at this time of year, present an interesting scene of life and animation during the latter part of spring and summer. Even now these frequent signs of life give to this part of the country a mild and social air ; and if this is so at present, when Corinth and Sicyon are in ruins, what might have been the case if the capital of the kingdom had been located on the Isthmus. Then the whole coast of the Ægialeus, from Corinth to Patras, would have presented one unbroken continuation of prosperous towns and happy villages, and the waters of the gulf, which are now so remarkable for their solitude, might have presented once more as stirring and active a scene of life and prosperity as when Corinth was proud and opulent. But, as the Turks say, "it was otherwise destined."

As we progressed towards the east the mountains continued to diminish in altitude, and as soon

as we crossed "the Asopus and the Helisson of Sicyon, the broad and soft plain of Corinth, with its mild seas, its picturesque villages, its rich meadows and dark olive groves; with the hills, the mountains, the ruins of the city, and, above all, the wall and the towers of the Acrocorinthus, spread before us a scene so abounding in beauties, and so replete in wealth—so unconscious of the ills and the misfortunes it had witnessed, as to excite no other feeling but that of admiration and contented enjoyment.

I could not regret the circumstances which obliged me to spend the night in one of the villages in the plain, and which enabled me to enjoy this magnificent prospect through all its transitions of sunshine, purple hues, mellow twilight, and evening shades, until there was nothing else to be seen but the dark masses of the Acrocorinthus, uplifting itself against the clear and starry skies of Greece.

Had I gone to the city I might have been entertained by some of King Otho's courtiers, who were awaiting the arrival of the Queen, with the last intrigue of the capital, and perhaps with a spiced dish of Athenian scandal; but though I had none of the dainties on which the modern Athenians subsist, I was so fortunate as to enjoy the society of the Albanian peasants. The Albanians of Vochah seemed to be exceedingly dissatisfied with their present condition, and complained bitterly against the injustice of denying them the lands for

which they had fought. They would have been less dissatisfied if no grants had been made to others, and they think that the reason of this was not because they did not fight, but because they did not know "how to read, write, or lie," the last of which they seem to consider the most omnipotent instrument of civilization.

In the morning, on our way to Corinth, we forded the streams of Nemea and Cleonæ, and passing through the extensive olive groves, ascended the heights to the north of the town, and soon after entered the streets of the city, which, although enlivened by the civil and military show of King Otho's court, was still encompassed by ruins and desolation. The great and "wealthy" city of Corinth is humble indeed; of her former splendour time has left

" But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be;
What we have seen our sens shall see
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay !"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONDITION OF GREECE.

ON taking our leave of Greece, it may not be inappropriate to review what has been done for the development and formation of the national resources, interests, and institutions, from 1833 to 1843, that is, from the establishment of an absolute government to the adoption of a constitutional monarchy.

On entering Greece, the first thing that arrests our attention, and excites our wonder and our regret, is the great want of symmetry and proportion between the magnificence of the government and the poverty of the country; for, while on one hand, we behold a king with all the etceteras of monarchical institutions, and a government requiring for its support from two to three millions of dollars, on the other hand, we have a territory of less than twelve millions of acres, and containing a sparse population of eight hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants!

From 1832 to 1843, the government of Greece has succeeded in spending a loan of twelve millions of dollars, and nearly twice this amount from the

revenue of the country. With the exception of four millions, part of which was paid to Turkey as an indemnity for the island of Eubœa, and part to the bankers through whose hands passed the loan, the rest has been spent for the maintenance of the government, the country having derived little or no advantage, so far as its internal improvements may be concerned; for, after the lapse of twelve years, and an expenditure of thirty millions of dollars, we meet with but few of those improvements which are better indications of a nation's prosperity than thrones and uniforms.

It is true, in examining the country, a stranger finds, besides a king and a huge palace, some half a dozen Plenipotentiaries, the last of whom are as potent for evil as were the Turkish Pashas in the days of the Sultans; but these are the tinsel of a civilized government, and we look in vain for those substantial indications of a wise and well directed authority. The Macadamized roads from Piræus to Athens, and from Athens to Thebes, the quays of the Piræus and of Syra, one corvette, and two steamers, half a dozen of government establishments, with some thirty or forty military towers, principally on the frontier, constitute not perhaps the whole to a fraction, but the sum of those national improvements which owe their existence to the government.

The government has not only neglected to devote a portion of its attention and means to the creation and maintenance of internal improvements, but it

has taken no efficient measure to increase the population of the country, or bring into cultivation the immense national estates which are lying idle, and going to waste for want of hands; for, let it be remembered that, limited as the extent of the country may be in appearance, in reality Greece at this moment stands in greater want of hands than territory, her present population being a little more than that of Eubœa in the palmy days of Greece; and though the further acquisition of territory might be attended with great difficulties, that of population could be accomplished with little or no effort, so long as Turkey is peopled by Greeks, who would have been ready to emigrate, had the Greek government held out better prospects, or offered the slightest inducements to the Greeks out of Greece. Had the Greek government adopted a wiser and more liberal policy in this particular, Greece would have been well peopled before this, and the seed of liberty that has been planted within her narrow bounds might have burst its limited confines of its own accord, and might have spread long before this over Thessaly, Epyrus, and Macedon.

The commercial and shipping interests of the country have received a still smaller share of attention than that of agriculture. The government, it is true, has concluded some very important treaties of commerce and navigation with different nations; but treaties are not of themselves sufficient to create commerce, and it is a painful fact,

that Greece, occupying the most important position in the Mediterranean, encompassed by seas, enriched by some of the best ports in the world, peopled by a race whose element is the sea, and possessing at this moment not only wealthy and distinguished merchants in almost all the European cities, but thirty-five thousand brave and intrepid sailors, her commerce and her mercantile navy are in a worse plight than while under the misrule of Turkey!

While agriculture and commerce are thus neglected, the manufacturing interests are not even thought of; and it is hardly necessary that they should be, so long as England and Austria can supply the market, and carry off the little money which the people and the government can spare; but we cannot imagine the reason which induced the government to leave the country, till 1842, without a national bank, and expose its people to the exactions of the English, German, and Greek usurers, who did not blush to exact from the poor people the enormous interest of 24, and even 36 per cent. This system of exhaustion and of improvidence, on the part of the government, is seen nowhere in so bold and prominent a form as in the management of its own affairs. With a revenue which, from seven millions of drachmas, rose in the course of eight years to seventeen millions, the government began to find itself embarrassed as soon as the loan was exhausted, and at the end of

1843, its budget showed a deficit of six millions of drachmas. Notwithstanding all this, like other bankrupts, it managed to keep up appearances at the expense of its creditors. It continued to maintain its army, and what was even a greater nuisance, its foreign ministers and plenipotentiaries, who, having no other duties in foreign courts, served to represent the poverty and the folly of their own ! and this is the government which owes its existence to the concentrated wisdom of the Allied Powers.

Notwithstanding the protection of the Allied Powers, the country and the people were not altogether abandoned by Providence, and though Greece and the Greeks have been sorely afflicted, their nationality was strengthened in proportion to the evils which oppressed the land ; and their patriotism shone as brightly during the days of European absolutism, as in the glorious times of the revolution. It was the heroic devotion of the people to the cause of their country, which enabled them to resist the new and refined system of oppression and extract from it that little good which has been aptly called the "soul" of every evil ; for while we acknowledge that the Greek government was but ill adapted, both in spirit and form, to the country and the people, we also admit that the Greeks showed no ordinary wisdom in submitting to its authority, and thus proving, by their *voluntary* acquiescence, their fitness for a better system.

The submission of the Greeks was based on their

love for law and order; and though the government failed to attain the highest end of its mission, it nevertheless succeeded to make its authority *felt*, and in this respect it attained a great object; for it created the habit of obedience to the laws, and familiarized the people with the forms of civilized governments. Nor was this all. As the officers of the government were most of them Greeks, it made them practically acquainted with the duties appertaining to the various departments, and thus avoided the farther necessity of importing Bavarians for the service of the government.

It is very true, that under the Greek government, the taxes were far heavier than those which were collected by the Turkish authorities, but the pressure was now felt alike on all sides. The requisitions were established by law, and the people could calculate with some certainty their tax and income. The future being certain, the Greeks, who panted after a better state of things than the precarious life which they had led, girt their loins, put their shoulders to the work, and in the course of ten years most of them have rebuilt their houses, have cultivated their estates, have replanted their olive, their mulberry, their fig, and currant plantations; and the great results of their economy, industry and perseverance, can be easily ascertained by referring to the difference in the amount of taxes for 1833 and those of 1840, showing an increase of nearly ten millions of drachmas, or one million and four

hundred thousand dollars, which, being gathered principally from tithes and land taxes, is a pretty sure indication of the progress which the people have made in agriculture; and if this be so under the existing state of things, what might have been the case if King Otho, instead of coming to Greece with an army of five thousand mercenaries, and with as many bayonets and swords, had brought with him five thousand oxen and as many ploughshares? and instead of building a palace for his courtiers, he had established a bank for the accommodation of his industrious subjects?

The same spirit of industry and perseverance which animated the husbandman of Greece, has been equally active with that class of her people who are particularly interested in commerce, and whose capital has done more for the resuscitation of the commerce and the shipping of the country, than the voluminous treaties of His Majesty's government. The mercantile navy of Greece, which, in the course of the revolution achieved such wonders, but which at the end of the war had exhausted itself in the service of the country, has already risen from its ruined condition. The flag of Greece is to be seen in almost all the ports of the east. The number of ships cannot now be less than four thousand sail, while the exports and imports carried by Greek ships in the various ports of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, is estimated for the year 1840, at 181,320,000 drachmas.

The progress of agriculture and of commerce, great as they are, under the existing state of things, are not to be compared, either with the natural resources of the country or with the moral and intellectual improvements of the people—for while the hills and plains of Greece have, in a great measure, the appearance of beautiful deserts, the institutions for which the people have made so many and so great sacrifices, and upon which their national prosperity is based, have been better fostered by the government, and still better supported by the people. The cause of religion, of justice, of letters, and education have hitherto made such progress as to offer the most cheering promises for the future.

The Greek church, which is the oldest and most remarkable institution of the land, which triumphed over the schisms of the west, and which having survived the dissolution of the eastern empire, became the main instrument in the preservation of the Greek race and language, did not fail to elicit, both from the government and the people, the attention it so justly deserved. Accordingly, as early as 1823, the independence of Greece from Turkey was consummated by the independence of her church from that of Constantinople, “without prejudice to the unity of the faith hitherto recognized by all orthodox oriental churches.”

In taking this important step the Regency was doubtless actuated, by political, rather than religious considerations, and accordingly, the church which

was set free from the authority of the Patriarch, and which apparently was placed under the guidance of a Greek Synod, was at the same time chained to the foot of the throne; but the Greeks, who owe their national existence to this institution, and who are better acquainted with its importance, both in a religious and political point of view, than the members of the Regency, have cut asunder these chains, and by means of their late constitution, have given to this establishment the rank and the importance it deserves.

The church, besides being the main stay of the nation at home, constitutes the bond of union between the people of Greece and the Greeks that are scattered all over Turkey and Europe. It is, indeed, an institution of far greater importance, even in a political point of view, than it is thought to be by those who are but partially acquainted with the condition of Greece; and the church, through the means of her three thousand parishes and their ministers, exercises no small influence over the people. Generally speaking, the ministers of religion have not as yet the education which is called for, by the position they occupy in society; but the new state of things has brought them into contact with a new set of men, and they are so sensible of their inferiority, that many of them have had the courage to begin their education when their beards had already become gray. The church, though by no means rich, is not altogether poor,

and to other means of education is now added the school of divinity, which has been lately established in the neighbourhood of Athens, and which owes its foundation to the benevolence of a Greek, who has bequeathed to it 700,000 drachmas.

Next to the church in importance is the establishment of the judiciary system. During the supremacy of Turkey the administration of justice was simple enough and terrible enough. No delays, and no lengthened arguments of law and lawyers were allowed to interfere or impede the work of the truly *Stern* Goddess. The plaintiff made his complaint in person, and the defendant was called to the residence of the Cadi or the Bey, to answer why he should not pay, be imprisoned, bastonaded or hanged. Both accusation and defence were carried on with true Turkish brevity.—Cadi, addressing himself to the accused—"Have you heard what has been said against you?" Accused—"I have." Cadi—"Are you guilty?" Accused—"I am not." Cadi—"Can you swear to it?" Accused—"I cannot." Cadi—"Then you must go to prison," and the accused was sent to prison, or perhaps to the largest plane tree in the town to be hanged—"alemi kibret itchin"—for the terror of the beholders!

With the opening of the revolution Turkish authority and Turkish justice, with all her simple blessings, were thrown overboard, and the new system of law and jurisprudence, which commenced with

the provisional government, and the Presidency of Capodistrias, was finally and more perfectly developed by the Regency who, after some difficulties, arising from the great want of books, and the still greater want of well-educated lawyers, succeeded in introducing into the country, not only a well-digested system of laws, but in general a full and well proportioned judiciary system. There are few things in Greece which speak so well, either of Greece or of the wisdom of those who were entrusted with the management of her affairs, as the courts of law through all their branches. The system was undoubtedly faulty, so long as the appointment and the removal of the judges was left at the disposal of the king, but this defect in the system has been happily removed by an expressed provision in the constitution, and Greece has now an able and independent body of judges.

Another and very important branch of improvement is to be found in the public press. Anterior to the revolution the Greeks had, besides the printing press in the church establishment at Constantinople, and one in the university of Scio, a number of presses for the publication of books, but the only newspaper, or rather periodical review, was the "Logios Ermes." With the opening of the national struggle, a number of journals sprung up in different parts of Greece; and we feel confident in asserting that of the many agents which were at this time brought to the support of liberty and freedom, none

were more efficient or more powerful than the journals of the day. The Chronicles of Messolonghi, the Minerva, the Saviour, the Mirror, and the Apollo, are among the first journals which appeared in Greece, and which aided in the development of the national interests, and in making known those great events which were transpiring in different parts of the country.

Subsequent to the establishment of the present government, the number of journals increased with such rapidity, that in the course of a few years the city of Athens, besides a number of presses for the publication of books, had twelve weekly and semi-weekly newspapers, almost all of which are busily employed in the good work of scattering throughout Greece and Turkey the principles, the opinions, the feelings, and the passions, which are created or imported, and which keep in perpetual agitation the capitals of Greece and of Turkey. Like the principles of good and of evil, the press and the government are in a state of perpetual warfare; and the authorities of the land, in contending with the press, have resorted to every species of oppression except that of a censorship. But the press of Greece, like her Prometheus, the more it was bound and fettered, the more eloquent, the more inspired, the more indignant, the more tempestuous, the more reckless, the more Jove-defying it grew.

Great and important as the progress of other improvements has been, they are not to be compared

with that of education. The Greeks were not without schools and colleges even while under the rule of the Turks ; but on the first indications of rebellion against the established authorities, the flourishing colleges of Smyrna, of Aivale, of Salonica, of Yanina, and of Scio, with all the schools and academies in the principal towns, and in the monasteries of Mount Athos, were either given to the flames, or suspended their operations ; and though some few of the more courageous of the teachers continued their work amid the din and the confusion of arms, the American Missionaries and the Benevolent Societies who aided them have the honour of having established, within the limits of revolted Greece, the *first* schools, and are entitled to the credit of having given to Greece the earliest and most important hint of her present system of education. Among the most distinguished of those who aided in this work, is the well known Jonas King.

The schools of the American Missionaries, though very excellent in themselves, and very important as auxiliaries, when we consider the state of the country, were never regarded as national institutions ; and while there were many of the Greeks who thought them great blessings, the mass of the people, with the church at their head, looked upon them with suspicion, and believing them to be nurseries of proselytism, never failed to oppose their influence and their progress. Without any regard to these considerations, it was thought neither proper nor

practicable to leave the education of the rising generation to strangers, who, though distinguished for their knowledge and virtues, had not the power of imbuing their pupils with the spirit of nationality, which constitutes the life of progress and success in the career of every nation.

While the political existence of Greece was still problematical, Count Capodistrias did not neglect to pay some attention to the subject of national education; and though he manifested a great dislike to the establishment of high literary institutions, he showed great solicitude for the education of the people. He was the first who introduced into Greece the system of public instruction; and the establishment of the Orphan Asylum at Ægina, with the school-houses in different parts of Greece, cannot fail to connect his name with the cause of primary education in Greece.

The efforts of Capodistrias in this respect, though interrupted for a while, were continued by the present government, and the primary schools of the President were succeeded by the Prussian system of public instruction, which placed the interests of education under the immediate care of a minister of state, and gave a new and important impetus to the best interests of the land. Under the new system of education, was established one normal school for the preparation of teachers, sixty-four Hellenic schools, or academies, four gymnasia, one polytechnic school, one military academy, and one univer-

sity, all of which were maintained at the expense of the national treasury.

The new system of education, though very important for its extent and uniformity, was not without its defects; and even if it had been perfect, the means of the government, it was feared, would not be adequate to the support and development of the system. Fortunately for Greece, the great zeal of her people counteracted the tyrannical tendencies of the new system, and the generosity of the Greeks removed some of those deficiencies which owed their origin to the poverty of the government, and perhaps to the want of inclination on the part of those who directed the affairs of the nation.

The system of public instruction contemplated the education of both sexes; and yet the daughters of the best Greeks, and the beneficiaries of the government, were entrusted to the hands of Madame Valmarange and Mrs. Hill,* both of whom being foreign ladies, were of course strangers in religion

* The boarding-school of Mrs. Hill, though too fashionable to answer the high end for which it was established, was nevertheless very superior to that of Madame Valmarange, though the government treated them alike; and the services it rendered entitled Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Willard, who gave it the first impetus and support, to the gratitude of those who profited by the labours of the one and the benevolence of the other; which benevolence is acknowledged by Mrs. Hill, who, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Willard says, "If any good has been accomplished, you and they," *i. e.*, Mrs. Willard and the ladies of Troy, "were certainly the originators of it."

and feeling to Greece and the Greeks. It was undoubtedly the desire of having a *national* female institution, which suggested to some of the Greeks the idea of establishing "the Education Society;" and though in the onset they met with some difficulties, they so far succeeded in the attainment of their object, that the society, which, in 1836, was launched upon the world with nothing but its charter, in 1842, had risen so high in the estimation of the Greeks, both at home and abroad, as to be regarded as the most important, as well as the most useful society. Its central female school at Athens, which at first suffered for want of a proper directress, was finally placed under the superintendence of the energetic Madame Mano, the sister of Mavrocordato, and her accomplished coadjutress, Miss Watson; and while this national establishment superseded the boarding-schools of Mrs. Hill and Madame Valmarange, the society was in so prosperous a state, that the treasury, at the close of 1842, after an expenditure of 61,069 drachmas, had a surplus of 42,539 drs.

The University of Athens, though the most important institution in the land, and endowed with thirty-seven professorships, had, till 1838, a name, but no local habitation, and as the Greek government was unable to erect a proper building, the friends of education came to its aid, and appealed to the public for voluntary subscriptions. The call of the committee was responded to both by the Greeks and their friends with a generous ardour—

a sum exceeding fifty thousand dollars was collected in the course of two years, and a beautiful and commodious edifice raised at the foot of Mount Anchesmus.

Previous to the erection of the University, besides the library, which contained 18,373 volumes, and which was constantly receiving new additions, the establishment had been presented with a valuable collection of curiosities and paintings from two Greeks at Calcutta and Vienna, and also with a collection of corals and pearls, ancient and modern coins, gold and silver medals. This last collection was valued at \$100,000, and was bequeathed to the University by the last of the Zosimades, who are so well known for their generous and princely patronage of the cause of letters, as to merit the title of the *Illustrious Five*. Subsequent to the erection of the University, Baron Scena, a native of Macedon, residing at Vienna, has added to the establishment an observatory, and supplied it with the necessary instruments.

Notwithstanding the calamities to which the nation has been subjected since 1821, there has been no want of benefactors to the cause of letters and religion—indeed the public spirit and noble generosity of the Greeks at home and abroad constitutes one of the most pleasing features in the character of the people. The legacies bequeathed to the church and education since 1821 by the brothers

Zosimades,* by Barvaki, by Botzo, by Rizaris, by the Ionides, and other benevolent individuals, amounting to within a fraction of a million of dollars, and if we add to the interest that might accrue from this constantly increasing source, the revenue arising from the estates of the suppressed monasteries, and the support given to it by the constitution, by which the schools and seminaries of learning are to be supported at the expense of the national treasury—we may form some idea of the means that are placed at the disposal of the Greek government for the promotion of education.

The national resources devoted to education, have not been managed as they ought to have been; but notwithstanding this, the cause of education has been progressing, and we cannot examine into any of its departments without meeting with gratifying results. The normal school has sent out in the course of eight years; upwards of three hundred teachers, and the pupils of the various schools in 1839 were estimated at 23,565. These were exclusive of those who were in the polytechnic and military academies, in the gymnasium and the University of Athens, the pupils of the two last, in 1842, were not far from eight hundred.

* The Zosimades have devoted a princely fortune and a whole life to the cause of their country. The fund which they bequeathed for the college of Yanina gives an annual income of thirty thousand dollars. The Barvaki legacy is estimated at 1,542,552 Russian roubles.

The removal of the Greek government to Athens, and the subsequent establishment of literary institutions, and more especially of the Greek University, have rendered this city not only the centre of intellectual activity in Greece, but the school of the whole east. The learned Greeks of the day have returned to the birth place of letters and science, and by their labours and devotion to the interests of their country, have given to it—among the cities of the east—something of the enviable pre-eminence which it enjoyed in ancient times. Around the Professors of the Greek University are gathered, not only the sons of those who are established in Greece, but the sons of the Greeks who are scattered in the provinces of Turkey, and in the various cities of Europe, and the monuments of antiquity, the fallen but splendid ruins of Athens, have once more become the abode of those who are devoted to the pursuits of letters and of science, and who, we doubt not, are destined to complete the unfinished mission of the ancient Greeks—the civilization of the east.

It was through her nationality and her institutions—through the agency of her church, her press, her schools, and her scholars, that Greece was enabled to oppose herself to the evils which threatened her interests, while under the absolutism of her late government, and to come out of the contest victorious. The glories of her late revolution grow dim in the presence of her late and splendid tri-

umph in behalf of *constitutional liberty* ; and these we cannot but hope, are to be followed by triumphs equally great, equally honourable to herself and her people. Her liberty, be it ever so great, cannot be regarded as complete, so long as the Greeks of Crete, of Samos, of Thessaly, of Epyrus, and of Macedon, are in bondage—so long as the freedom of the Greeks is confined to a portion of their race. Now, as in former times, she is the champion of universal freedom—her struggle is with the oppressors of the human race, and though confined within narrow limits, she has something that eludes the sagacity of tyrants, which cannot be fettered by treaties or protocols. The fire which was caught by her Prometheus from heaven, for the benefit of man, is not altogether extinguished—the light of its long smothered embers is beginning to brighten the horizon of Athens, and may yet set the east in a blaze—the Allied Powers and the Turks to the contrary, notwithstanding.

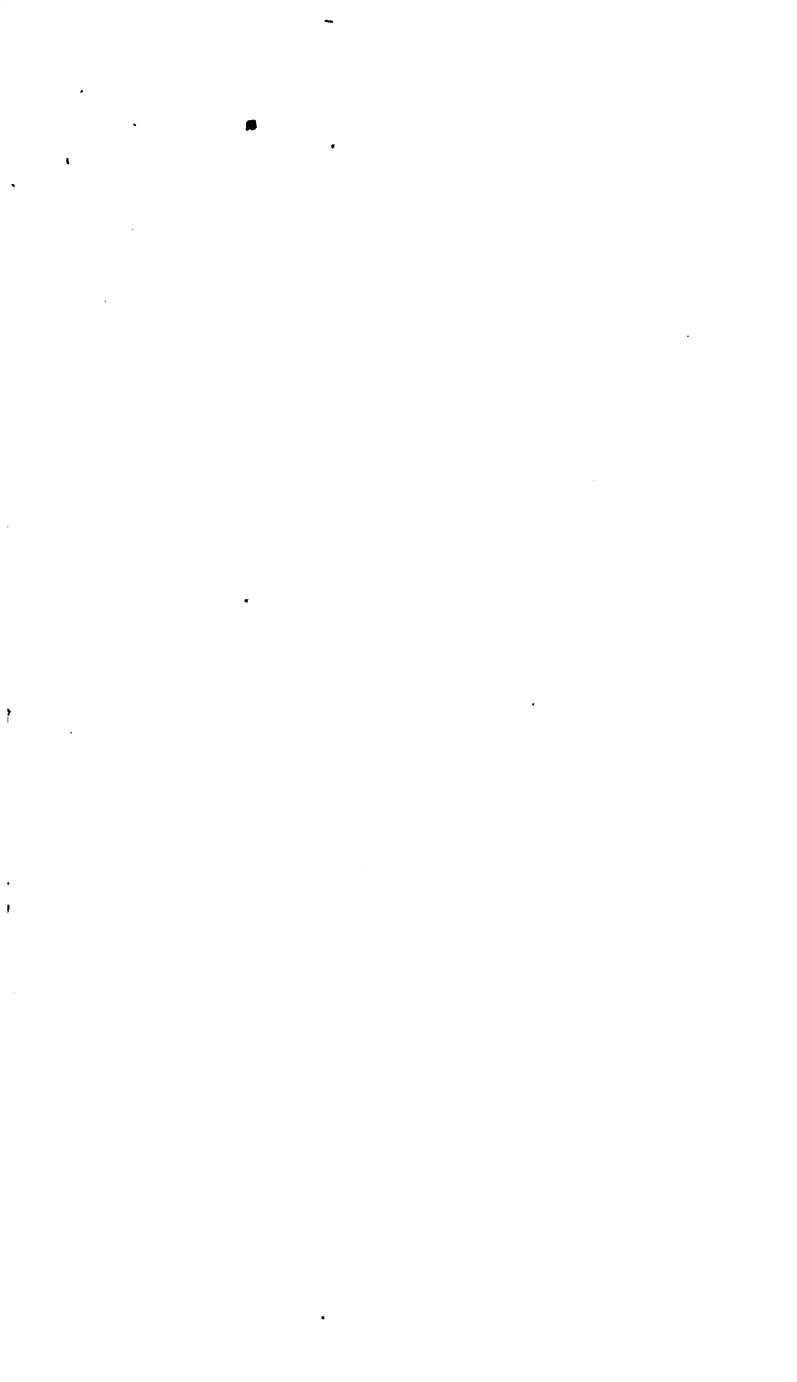
THE END.

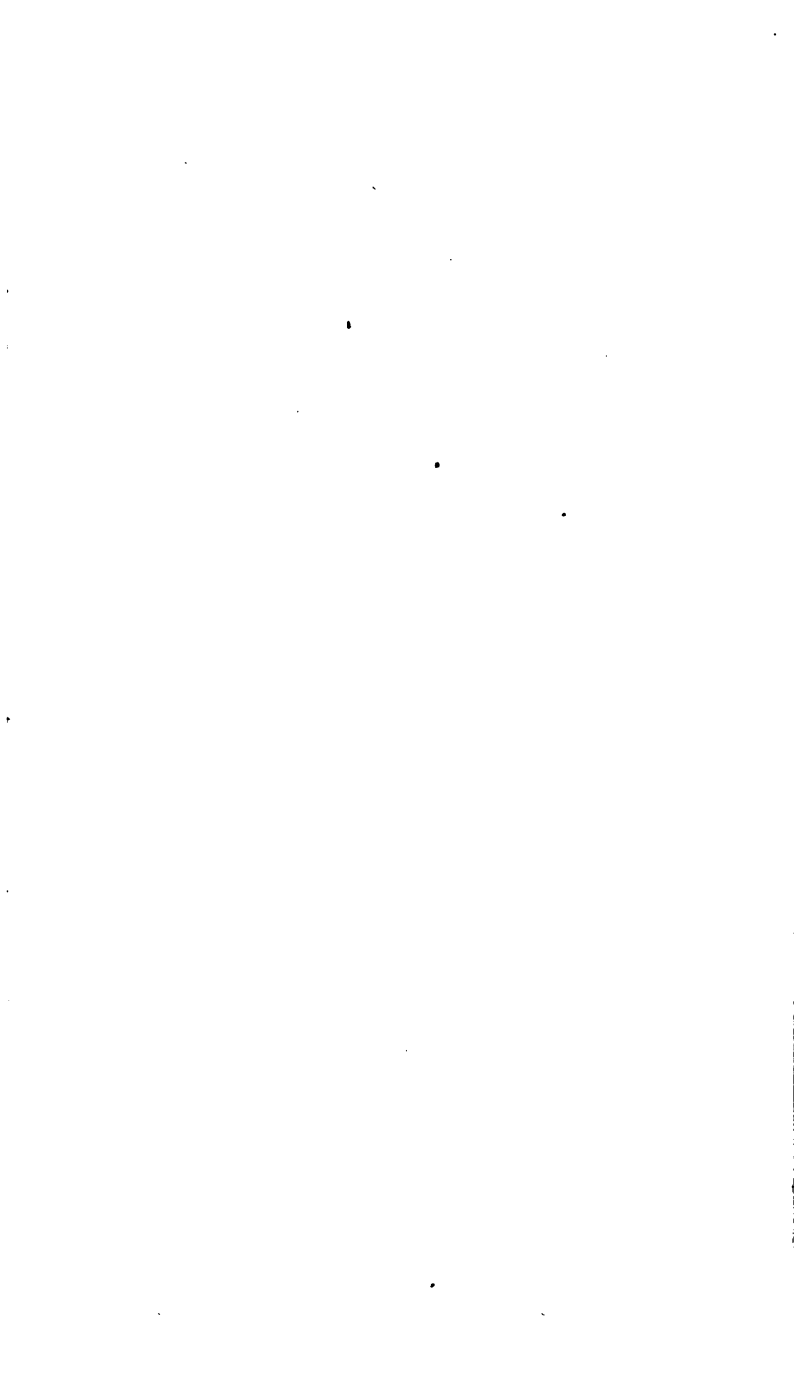
CORRIGENDA—Vol. I.

Page		For	Leak	Read	Leake.
3,					
" 16,		"	Machiavalian,	"	Machiavellian.
" 23,		"	Munichia,	"	Munychia.
" 23,		"	Symplegadies,	"	Symplegades.
" 28,		"	Ilissus,	"	Ilissus.
" 32,	(Note)	"	Delapidation,	"	Dilapidation.
" 46,	(Note)	"	Chariatedes, and	"	Caryatides and
		"	Chariates,		
" 48,		"	Vetruvius,	"	Vitruvius.
" 48,		"	Klapsydra,	"	Klepsydra.
" 51,		"	Terracota,	"	Terracotta.
" 82,		"	Houte Volee,	"	Haute Volée.
" 83,		"	Eleucinian,	"	Eleusinian.
" 87,		"	Colonæus,	"	Colonus.
" 89,		"	do.	"	do.
" 90,		"	Acroceronian,	"	Acroceraunian.
" 91,		"	do.	"	do.
" 94,		"	Cephisia,	"	Cephisia.
" 97,		"	What,	"	What.
" 99,		"	Messogea,	"	Mesogea.
" 100,		"	Cephesus,	"	Cephisus.
" 107,		"	Affected,	"	Effectd.
" 122,		"	Cethæron,	"	Cithæron.
" 123,		"	Bona Fides,	"	Bonâ Fide.
" 126,		"	Cethæron,	"	Cithæron.
" 130,		"	Demarch's,	"	Demarch's.
" 137,		"	Sperchious,	"	Spercheius.
" 138,		"	Lybathum,	"	Libethum.
" 138,		"	Demark,	"	Demarch.
" 154,		"	Amphyssa,	"	Amphissa.
" 157,		"	Graves,	"	Groves.
" 157,		"	Amphyssa,	"	Amphissa.
" 169,		"	Via et armis,	"	Vi et armis.
" 175,		"	Epyrus,	"	Epirus.
" 178,		"	Ante-Rheum,	"	Anti-Rheum.
" 178,		"	Patrass,	"	Patras.
" 184,		"	Born,	"	Borne.
" 190,		"	Shatter,	"	Shutter.
" 193,		"	Paresites,	"	Parasites.
" 210,	(Note)	"	Peloponessus,	"	Peloponnesus.
" 230,		"	Propinguity,	"	Propinquity.
" 249,		"	Ægian,	"	Ægean.
" 249,		"	Coursaires,	"	Corsairs.
" 255,		"	Ptown,	"	Ptoun.
" 284,		"	Phydian,	"	Phidian.
" 285-6,		"	Glyptothek,	"	Glyptothek.

CORRIGENDA—VOL. II.

<i>Page</i> 23,	<i>For</i> Ægian,	<i>Read</i> Ægean.
" 28,	" Sycion,	" Sicyon.
" 28,	" Cryssa,	" Crissa.
" 29,	" Cytheron,	" Cithæron.
" 37,	" Tyrinth,	" Tirynth.
" 37,	" "When Greece, in suppliance bent,"	" "When Greece, her knee in sup- pliance bent."
" 42,	" Propylææ,	" Propylæa.
" 121,	" Lacedemon,	" Lacedæmon.
" 123,	" Eurotus,	" Eurotas.
" 130,	" Cranæ,	" Craneæ.
" 137,	" Council,	" Counsel.
" 160,	" Cadmian,	" Cadmean.
" 163,	" Epyrus,	" Epirus.
" 182,	" Curates,	" Curetes.
" 210,	" Nileus,	" Neleus.
" 212,	" Dionissias,	" Dionysias.
" 214,	" Phygalia,	" Phigaleia.
" 217,	" Pegassus,	" Pegasus.
" 223,	" Lapythæ,	" Lapithæ.
" 245,	" Megaspylæon,	" Megaspelæon.

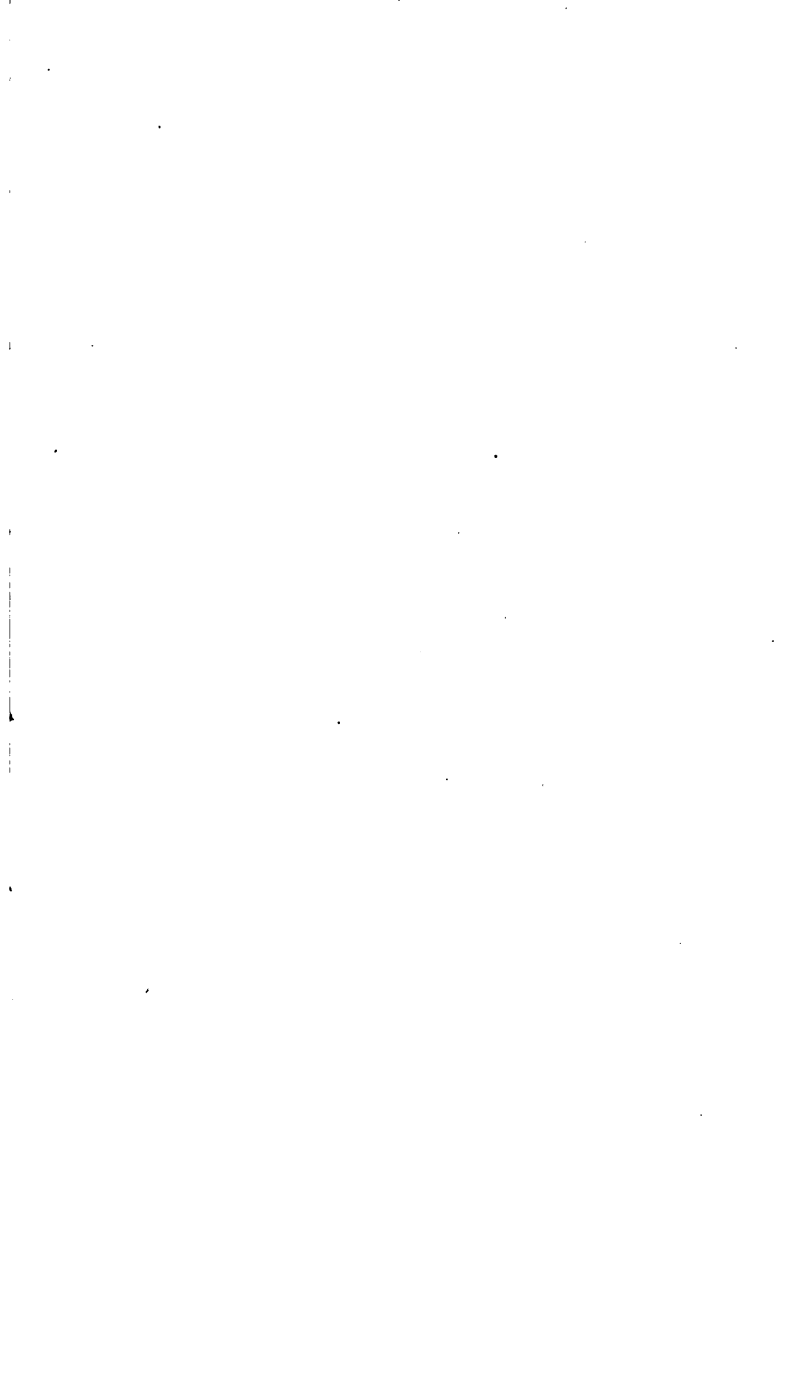


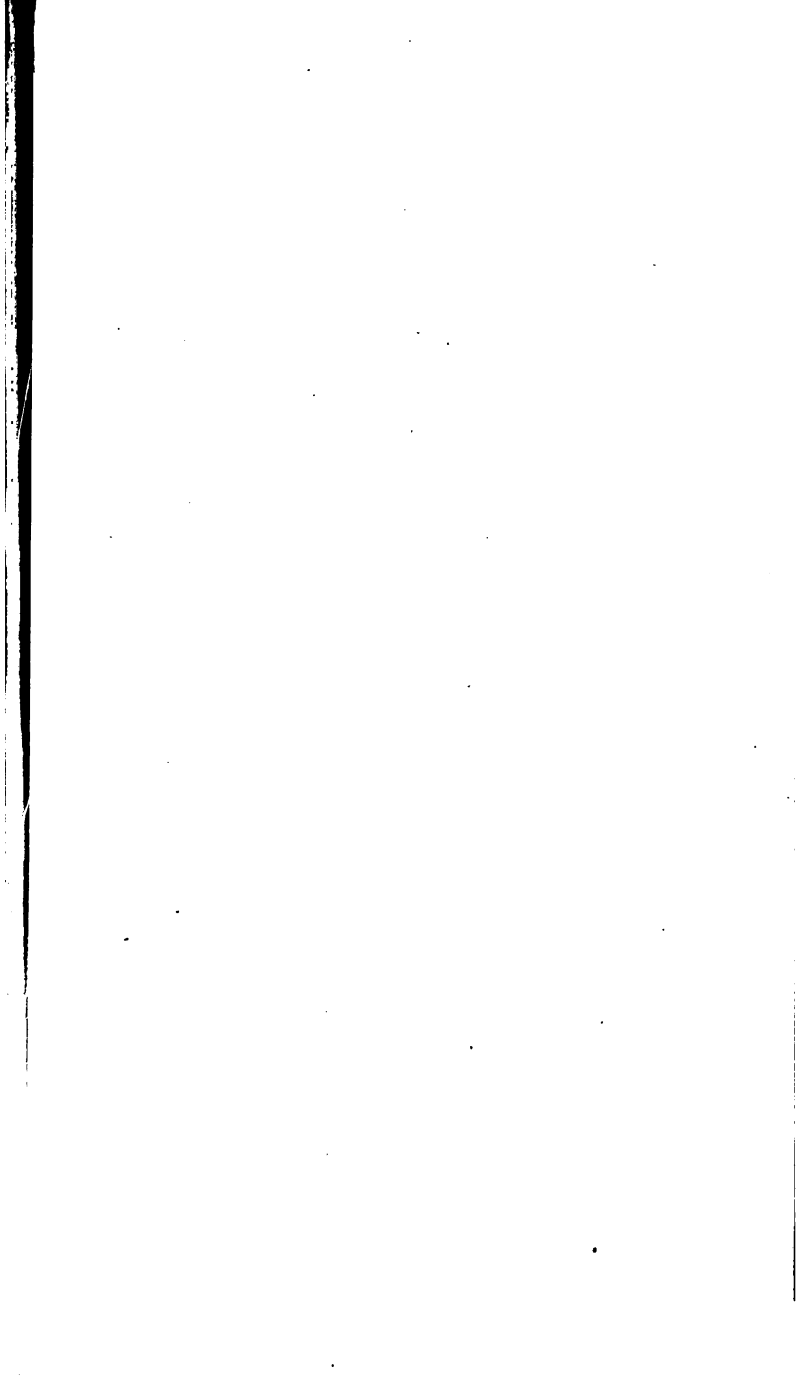


7

2

11/1





**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

7-23-18

8-5 AUG 4 1915

192

297

